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The Silver Question.
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AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER V.

On Monday Sterne's liquors came. It was soon noised about the neighborhood that the "opening" was to take place that night, and most of the young men, and many of the old ones, were excited over the event, and decided to go down "just to see what was going on." They talked about it among themselves, but for some reason they said nothing about it in their families.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon Philip Conway went with some work to the blacksmith shop that stood on one of the corners near the old tavern, and while he was waiting for his work to be done, he went into Mr. Sterne's "bar room" partly to see what had been done there, and partly because he thought it would be a pleasanter place to lounge in for an hour or two than the blacksmith shop was.

"Good afternoon," said Sterne pleasantly, across the bar, as Philip came in. "Glad to see you. Sit down by that window, and you'll find it comfortable, I think. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes," and he went on with his task of filling decanters and long-necked bottle from some kegs of liquor that were hidden by the bar.

Philip sat down and looked about him. The lower half of the windows had been covered with something imitating ground glass, and these, with the rather dark paper on the walls, gave the room a cool look very refreshing on a warm day in summer. Everything was neat, and in its place, and Philip was favorably impressed with the new order of things. The afternoon sunshine came in through the branches of an old apple tree, and little shafts of light struck across the decanters on the shelves and their contents sparkled temptingly.

Presently Sterne's task was completed.

"There! How does that look?" he asked, as he placed the last decanter on the shelf and stepped back to observe the effect. "I always like to see these things arranged well. Can you suggest any change that would be an improvement?"

"I don't think I can," answered Philip.

Sterne took down a decanter from the shelf and a couple of glasses, and came up to where Philip sat. He placed them on one of the little tables and drew up a chair opposite.

"I want you to drink to my success," he said, filling one of the glasses and pushing it over to Philip's side. Then he filled one for himself.

"I—I don't know as I ought to drink this," said Philip, hesitatingly. "I am not used to liquor, and it doesn't take much to muddle me."

"Oh pshaw! One glass, or two, for that matter, won't hurt you," said Sterne. "Some men's liquors might, or rather, some of the stuff they sell as liquor might, but mine are different. If you're any judge of the article you'll say that I don't deal in 'forty-rod' and 'sure death.' This brandy's the clear thing. Try it and see."

Philip took up the glass and put it to his lips. The liquor almost strangled him. It seemed to burn his throat, but he drank it down.

"You don't often find anything better than that," said Sterne, as he filled the empty glass again.

"I'm not a judge," answered Philip.

"Try another,' 'said Sterne. "It's my treat to-day. The boys are welcome to all they want from now to 12 o'clock."

"I don't care for any more just now," said Philip. "I'll drink this before I go home."

Sterne watched his victim sharply, and saw, ere long, that the liquor was having its effect on Philip's brain. He soon became quite talkative, and laughed noisily at everything that was said.

"Take another drink," said Sterne, and Philip drained the glass the tempter thrust before him.

Then Sterne began to question him about his family matters and Philip, whose tongue was let loose, told many things he would never have thought of telling under other circumstances.

"Rob's going to be married next winter," he said, when Sterne turned the conversation on his brother. "He's engaged to Dora Graham. She's coming home from the East soon. She's a splendid girl, I tell you, and Rob'll do well in getting her. Don't get him to drinking, for if you do it'll make trouble between him and Dora. She's death on whisky, and she wouldn't marry a man that drank."

Sterne's eyes sparkled. He saw how he could strike a blow at the family he hated. And every blow counted.

"Your work is done, Conway," called the blacksmith from the shop door.

"I must go," said Philip, getting on his feet. His head was light and he walked unsteady.

"Take another drink before you go," said Sterne, and filled the glasses again. "Here's to better acquaintance."

Philip realized, in a kind of bewildered way, that the best thing he could do was to say no. But the spell of the demon was on him, and he took the glass with a shaking hand, and drank its contents down. Then he got out of the house as soon as he could, and started for home. His head seemed light as a feather. He felt as if he wanted to sing, but he had sense enough left to keep from doing it. As soon as he was out of sight of the tavern door he sat down under a tree where there was a spring and bathed his face in the cool water. That partially sobered him. He sat there for some time. But he felt the effect of the liquor still when he got up and went on up the hill.

"I wonder if they'll suspect anything," he thought, as he went in through the gate. "I guess I'd better try the effect of a little cold water from the pump before I venture in."

So he went to the pump and bathed his face again.

CHAPTER VI.

When Philip Conway entered the house he felt so light of brain and so generally unsteady that he dared not trust himself to feign entire sobriety. So he threw himself on the lounge in the pleasant sitting-room pleading a headache.

"It's been so very hot out of doors this afternoon," he said to his wife as he pulled a newspaper over his face. "I'll lay here a little while, and perhaps my head will feel better."

"Let me bathe it in cold water," said Sarah, with wifely solicitude, as she came and sat down beside him.

"No, no," he said, holding the paper over his face. "It's nothing but one of my headaches. I'll feel better after a little I'm sure. All I need is quiet."

His utterance was unnaturally thick, and he felt that his words were hardly as distinct as he would have liked them to be. But he was not drunk. One glass more of John Sterne's brandy, however, would have made him thoroughly intoxicated.

All at once a breeze came in through the open window and whirled the paper he had drawn over his face to the floor.

Sarah sprang to replace it.

As she did so the odor of liquor came so strongly on the wind that blew through the window that she looked at her husband with keen, swift suspicion. He was lying between her and the window, and the peculiar scent could come from nowhere else.

She caught her breath with sudden pain as the conviction came to her that her husband's indisposition was the effect of liquor drinking.

She said nothing, but turned away with a troubled face, and sat down by the door and tried to busy herself with some sewing. But the stitches were far from being as neat and regular as usual.

He watched her covertly for a moment from under a corner of his paper, for he had seen her start, and the questioning look she gave him. Then a drowsy feeling came on, and presently he dropped into a deep sleep, forgetting everything for the time in the spell of the slumber caused by the liquor he had taken.

Robert came in presently.

He saw his brother lying on the lounge, and looked at Sarah questioningly.

"What's the matter with Phil?" he asked. "Has work in the hayfield tired him out?"

"He has a severe headache, he said," answered Sarah. "He came back from the blacksmith shop an hour ago and laid down to try and get a little rest. I think he is sleeping now."

"Is arnica good for the headache?" asked Robert.

"Not that I know of," answered Sarah. "Why?"

"Because I thought I smelt liquor," answered Robert. I knew that you kept arnica for bruises and burns, and I supposed it was the liquor you put the tincture into that I smelt, and thought perhaps you had been bathing his head with it. That was what made me ask."

Sarah felt a hot flush of conscious shame creeping to her very temples—shame that her husband's condition had been discovered by any one but herself. She would have concealed the disgrace in her own bosom.

Robert got up and went out soon.

Sarah sat there and sewed on, waiting for her husband to wake up.

At last he stirred. Then he looked about him in a stupid, sluggish way. It was getting dark. The other members of the family had eaten supper at an early hour, as was customary on the farm, and his was waiting for him on the table.

"Don't you want something to eat?" asked Sarah, putting by her work and coming to his side.

"I don't feel hungry," he answered with a yawn.

"Does your head feel any better, Philip?" she asked, gently, as she passed her hands gently over his hair.

"It feels all muddled up, some way," he said. "I think I slept too hard," he added, stretching himself as he spoke.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" she asked. "And some toast. Perhaps after you have eaten something, you'll feel better."

"I don't care for anything," he said. "I'll go to bed pretty soon. A good night's sleep will bring me out all right, I think."

Then an interval of silence followed their constrained conversation. The shadows of evening fell, and presently the room was full of half darkness.

She broke the silence at last by saying gently:

"May I ask you a question, Philip?"

"I suppose so," he answered, feeling instinctively what the question was to be. "What is it?"

"Does Mr. Sterne sell liquor?"

"I think he does," answered Philip feeling his face flush guiltily in the darkness that filled the room.

"Don't you know that he does?" she asked, coming to his side, and standing by him, with her hand upon his shoulder.

"What makes you ask that?" asked her husband with a nervous little laugh.

"I'm afraid I have only too good reasons for thinking you know," she answered. "Philip, you have often told me that you love me, haven't you?"

"Yes, Sarah."

"And you were in earnest "

"Yes, Sarah," again. "What is the matter with you to-night You ask such strange questions?"

"If you love me, Philip," she said, slowly, "I implore you by that love to keep away from the man who has begun his life in our neighborhood by dealing out liquor to his neighbors. Only harm can come of contact with such a man. Keep entirely away from him. Will you, Philip?"

"I only drank a little out of friendship sake," he answered, seeing that there was no use to attempt further concealment of the cause of his sudden indisposition. "He asked me to drink and I couldn't very well refuse a neighbor, without giving offense."

"But how long will it be before the occasion presents itself for you to return his so-called kindness by treating the man who treats you? Can you refuse to do so, if you accept his treat, without being called niggardly and mean? You could avoid this by saying no to his offers of liquor. How long will it be, if you accept such offers to drink, and return the favor, as I suppose you call it, before you will get liking enough for liquor to buy it for yourself? He was throwing out a temptation which he will strive to keep you under the influence of. If you go there the temptation to drink will be constantly before you. You will meet men—neighbors—there whose invitations to drink you cannot refuse as easily as you could his. Isn't this so, Philip?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered. "But, I'm not going to make a fool of myself, Sarah. You needn't be afraid that I'll be a drunkard. I despise drunkards as much as you do."

Then he got up and went out.

"I don't see the sense in making so much fuss about such a little thing as accepting a treat or two," he said to himself. "It's no more than neighborly courtesy to do so, because its customary." With this specious argument he tried to convince himself that he had done nothing wrong. It wasn't at all likely that he would drink another drop for six months. It seemed to him the temperance idea was being carried too far when it interferred with neighborly courtesy, and made itself a source of disagreement in the family. He felt in the right mood to justify himself and blame others. If he could only have seen into the future!

(To Be Continued.)

Why He Was Called Colonel.

Jenkins—Hello, colonel, did you ever get title in the cival war?

Colonel Jonsing—No, indeed, sah, I never fo't a stroke, sah.

Jenkins—Well, what are you called colonel for?

Colonel Jonsing—Bless your heart, sah, I do'n' know, 'nless it's 'cause I'm from Delaware, down in the peach district, sah. They calls me the peach colonel, sah.—Boston Standard.

She Had Never Thought of That.

"Why, Jeanne, however came you to marry that man? You are eighteen and he is thirty-six, just double your age. When you are forty he'll be an old fellow of eighty."

Jeanne—Good gracious. I never thought of that!—Geillustreerd Familieblad.

Poetry.

ODE TO A MOSQUITO.

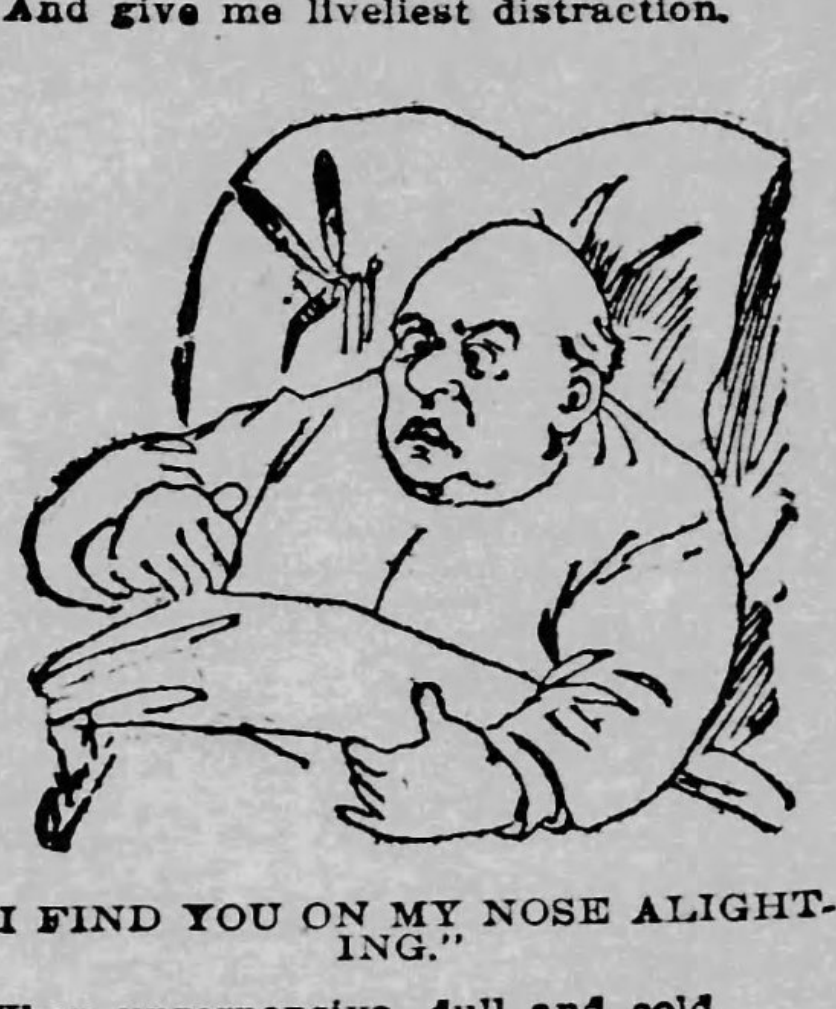
A MISPRIZED MINSTREL.

Poets have sung the cricket's praise,
  The virtuous ant her share is getting,
The dragon fly has lived in lays,
  And bards with beetles are coquetting.
The butterflies their laureate claim,
  Watts makes of bees melodious minute,
The very moth is known to fame,
  But the mosquito isn't in it.

Shy minstrel of the summer night,
  Despairing of a fancy finer,
Your unrecorded praise I write
  To your unaccompanied minor.
Companion of my darkest hour,
  When bird and butterfly forsake me
And bees are housed in hive or flower
  How cheerily you overtake me!

You sing as Patti never sang,
  Never a curtain call declining,
As soft as Philadelphia slang
  And tender as a maid's repining.
You whisper to my ear apart,
  Then hover o'er a hand inviting,
And when I'd clasp you to my heart
  I find you on my nose alighting.

When, at the dying of the day,
  I muse upon each hapless action,
You come to drive my care away
  And give me liveliest distraction.



"I FIND YOU ON MY NOSE ALIGHTING."

When unresponsive, dull and cold,
  Upon my listless temper stealing,
Your gauzy wings you gently fold,
  And show me that I still have feeling.

I know that you are termed a bore,
  But while my blood your veins is filling,
How can I clamor for your gore,
  Or to attack my kin be willing?
With mine your birth may not be matched,
  But I ignore your social station;
To me you are so much attached
  I love you like a poor relation.

Let others sing the summer girl,
  At once so artful and so artless;
But as I watch your dizzy whirl
  I think you not half so heartless.
Come, then, and to my spirit speak,
  Nor heed how callow cads may lash you!
Light boldly on my waiting cheek,
  And linger there until I mash you!

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
  We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
  Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time and the river flows
  Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
  Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and the palace rears
  Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where a forest grew
  A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
  And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
  Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time our lives speed by
  Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
  Another, and more on them;
And as time rolls on, your mind will shine
  With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
  Is wisdom's proven rule.
    —Christian Union.

Miscellany.

THE "BICYCLE FACE."

A Chicago Man Has Discovered Cause and Cure.

"I have discovered the secret of the bicycle face," said the man who spent most of his time loafing at the club window. "I know the cause of it and I know how to cure it. I'll bet I can cure the worst case of bicycle face that was ever seen on the streets of Chicago."

"Going to begin the manufacture of patent medicine?" asked one of the other loungers.

"Medicine nothing! It isn't a case for medicine at all; it's just a case for a little investigation and the application of commonsense. A blacksmith could cure it better than a doctor, and the bicycle manufacturer better than a blacksmith. I made a study of the question during a short trip out of town. I was in a little place up in Wisconsin, and I noticed that while nearly every one rode a wheel there was hardly a single haggard, woe-begone bicycle face to be seen. The riders looked as if they were enjoying themselves, and that is something you seldom see in Chicago.

"Of course, I wondered why it was, and in the end I had the matter settled—at least to my own satisfaction. The secret of the bicycle face lies in the handle bar of the bicycle. The most horrible and ghastly faces to be seen on the streets of Chicago today can be changed by a slight operation performed upon the handle bar of the wheel. The bent handle bar is the cause of the bicycle back or curved spine, and the bicycle back is what makes the bicycle face. The people that I saw while I was away, who looked as if they were enjoying the ride, sat upright on their wheels; the people I see in Chicago, who look as if they hadn't a friend on earth, have to bend over to reach their handle-bars and then throw their heads back in the most extraordinary and uncomfortable angle in order to see what is in the road ahead of them. That gives them the bicycle face; that and nothing else. If you will watch them you will agree with me. You will never see that haggard, worried expression on the face of one who is sitting upright on his or her wheel. You will never see it absent from the face of one who is trying to make a semi-circle of his or her spinal column."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Biggs's Accustomed Awakening.

"How do you manage to wake up so early every morning?" inquired Boggs of his friend Biggs, who goes to work at 6.

"Alarm clock," replied Biggs.

"I have one, too, but I never hear it go off."

"I never hear mine, either," declared Biggs.

"Then how in the world do you wake up?"

"My wife wakes me up every morning by saying: 'For goodness' sake, get up and stop the alarm on that clock! It will arouse the neighborhood.' By the time I am awake it has stopped."—San Francisco Post.

His Choice of Volleys.

"Whisky," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he pointed his finger at the audience, "whisky has killed more men than bullets."

"All the same," said the watery-eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap ruther a man would fill me with whisky than with bullets." — Indianapolis Journal.

WHY THINGS GO ASTRAY.

A Study in Stupidity That is Founded on Familiar Occurrences.

When one considers the happy-go-lucky methods of some clerks and messengers the wonder is not why things go astray, but how any arrive at their destination, says the New York Tribune.

The day before Christmas a parcel from an uptown dry goods shop was delivered on Wall street to the office boy of Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank had gone away to spend the holidays, and did not report at the office for two weeks.

"How did this come here?" he asked. "My name is Blank, and there is no Mrs. Blank. And this is addressed to Pine street, and our office is on Wall."

"The feller that brought the goods said you onct had a place on Pine."

"Yes, but I left it more than four years ago."

The goods were returned to the shop, and Mrs. Blank received her belated Christmas gift about the second week in January.

"I ain't much o a hand to read writin'," explained a man who had tried to insist on leaving a large package of stationery with a bridge company, though it was plainly addressed to a life insurance firm.

"You can read writin' better'n me," was the only excuse of a boy who went through a large office building inquiring for Y. Hickson. He was about to leave the building without finding an owner for the telegram, when a man took it from his hand to look at the address and found it was for himself, T. Johnson.

"Is Mr. Null in?" asked a young woman who had just entered an office.

"He is not in the city," answered the clerk.

"Not in the city! We had a special delivery letter from him this morning and he didn't say a word about going out of the city. I've come all the way from Orange to see him."

"He went away the night before last. Was the letter post-marked 'New York?' "

"It was either from his New York or or Brooklyn office."

"There must be some mistake. Mr. Null has no Brooklyn office."

"There is no mistake, and Mr. Null has a branch office in Brooklyn." The tone was indignant. The stranger evidently believed that the clerk was telling untruths, and she could not divine his reason. "This is incomprehensible. I shall look to see if he has left any message for me." She began to search the tables and shelves, as if she had the freedom of the place, and when she found nothing addressed to her glared at the clerk as if he had made away with the note, which should have been there.

"If you will give me writing materials I will leave a letter for him."

"Shall I forward it?" asked the clerk when the visitor handed him a carefully sealed letter.

"No, leave it on his desk. I know he is in town." As she went out of the door she said, in an audible aside: "If I have no answer by to-morrow morning I shall know he has not received it, and in that case I shall not fail to inform him where the blame lies."

When Mr. Null returned and opened the letter addressed "R. Null, Personal," he turned to his clerk in amazement. "How did this come here? It is not for me. My name is Robert, and I am addressed as 'Dear Dick.' I have no acquaintance named Josie Dash, and I don't understand what family matters she refers to."

The clerk explained.

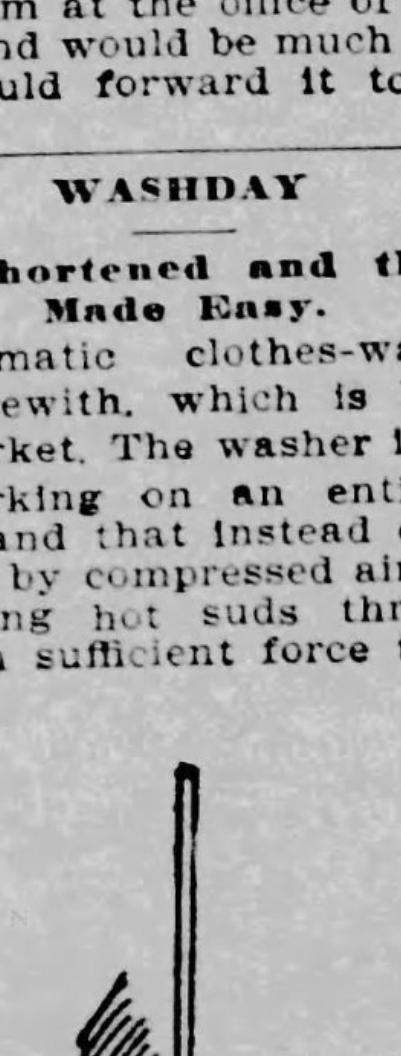
"What am I to do with it?" asked the perplexed recipient. "It is evident she came to the wrong office. There are several Richard Nulls in town, but there is no one on this street so far as I know, and she gives no address."

A few days later a letter came from one of the Richard Nulls, explaining that his cousin had by mistake left a note for him at the office of Mr. Robert Null, and would be much obliged if Robert would forward it to a given address.

WASHDAY

Greatly Shortened and the Work Made Easy.

A pneumatic clothes-washer is shown herewith, which is being put on the market. The washer is referred to as working on an entirely new principle, and that instead of friction it operates by compressed air and suction, forcing hot suds through the goods with sufficient force to remove the dirt from a tub full of clothes, cleansing them in from two to five minutes. It is said for the washer that it will cleanse the finest and most delicate lace or the heaviest bedspreads, quilts or blankets, as well as any small wearing apparel, in one fourth the time it can be done by hand, besides making the work easy, with comparatively no hard labor.



A NEW CLOTHES WASHER.

LICK'S TWELVE MONUMENTS.

Will of the Great California Philanthropist is Carried Out.

The trustees of the James Lick estate, of San Francisco, have finished their work of nineteen years' duration, and asked the courts to relieve them of their responsibility Their report, as published by the San Francisco Call, shows they have carried to a successful issue the following philanthropic projects provided for by Mr. Lick:

Statue of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," erected in Golden Gate park, at a cost of $60,000.

Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, $700,000.

Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco, $25,000.

Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Jose, $25,000.

Ladies' Protection and Relief society of San Francisco, $25,000.

Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, for the purchase of scientific and mechanical works, $10,000.

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of San Francisco, $10,000.

Family monument at Fredericksburg, Pa., $20,000.

Old Ladies' Home of San Francisco, with separate trustees to manage it, $100,000.

Free baths on Tenth street, under separate trustees, $150,000.

School of Mechanical Arts, under separate trustees, $540,000.

Monument in City Hall park, $100,000.

The trustees consider securing the great 36-inch lens and the completion of the observatory on Mount Hamilton as their greatest work, attracting, as it has, the attention of the entire civilized world, and furnishing in fact as well as in name an enduring monument for James Lick, marking his grave as well as his memory.

Lighted Washington's Cigar.

Louisville claims the honor of having within her dominions the oldest person now living in this country, if not in the world., in the person of George Brown, colored, a native of Virginia, who boasts of 131 years and of having acted as a servant of George Washington. He claims to have frequently blacked the boots of and lighter cigars for the Father of his Country. He has a certificate from Ed. Cronigan, his former master, certifying that he was born in 1764.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

$25,000,000 TREASURE.

HIDDEN AWAY IN THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

Carl Badendiek's Search for the Treasure—Pirates Buried It.

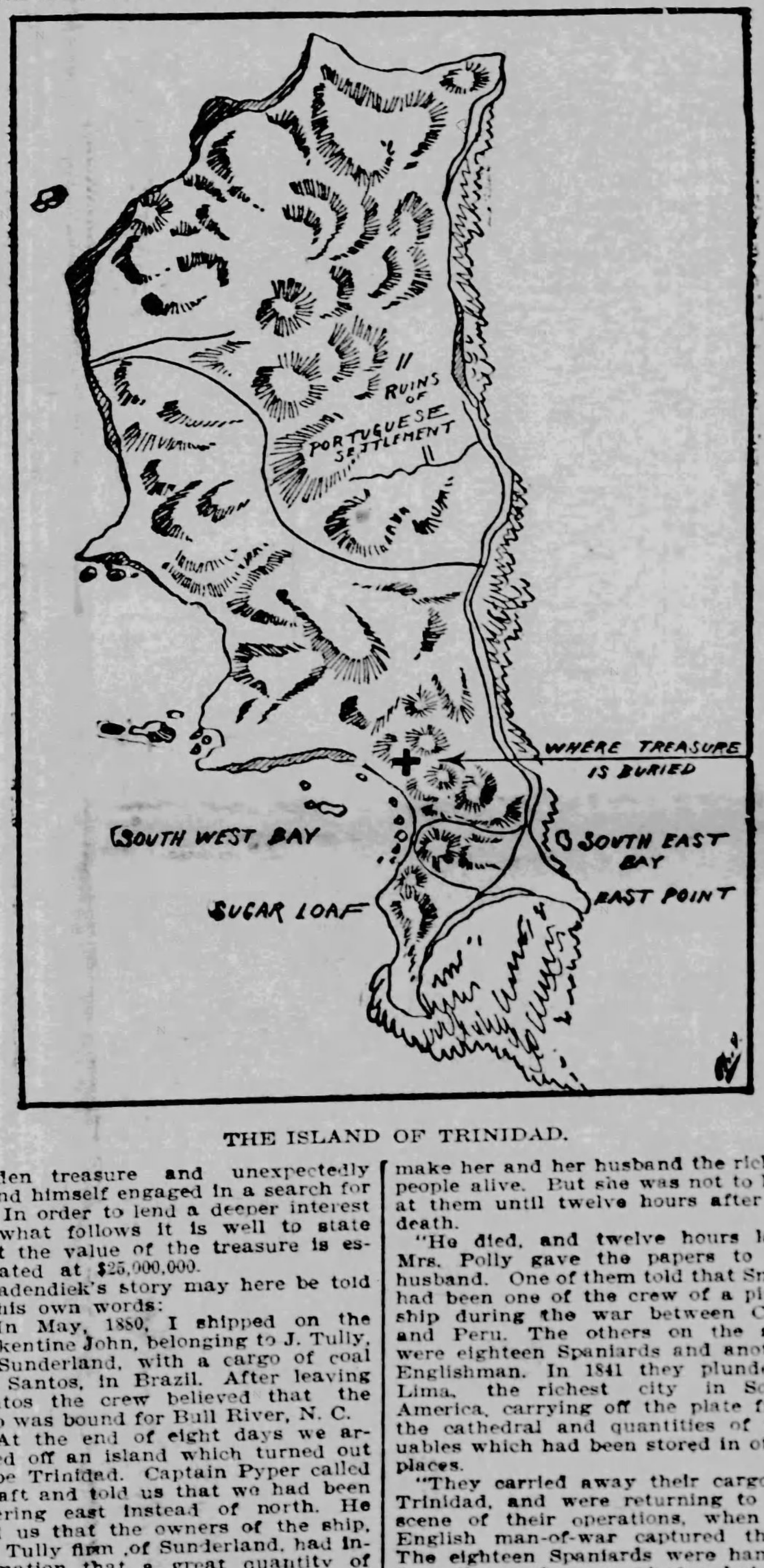
The recent trouble between Great Britain and Brazil concerning the sovereignty of the Island of Trinidad, and the ridiculous formal notification by Baron Harden-Hickey that he claims sovereignty over it, under the title of Prince James I. of Trinidad, renders the following story of buried treasure thereon of current interest.

Trinidad lies far out in the South Atlantic, does not support a single inhabitant, and is almost impossible of access. It lies in latitude 20 degrees 30 minutes south, and longitude 29 degrees 22 minutes west. It is about seven hundred miles from the coast of Brazil. It must not, of course, be confused with the important British colony of Trinidad in the West Indies.

This desert island of Trinidad is also that upon which Baron Harden-Hickey has established an alleged principality. At present the principality only exists on notepaper. The baron is married to a daughter of Mr. John H. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate.

The Buried Treasure.

The following story is told in the New York World by Carl Badendiek, now a prosperous inhabitant of Jersey City. He was many years a sailor, and his last voyage was in the year 1880 on the barkentine John, from Sunderland, in England, for Santos, in Brazil, and Bull River, N. C. It was then that he first heard of the hidden treasure and unexpectedly found himself engaged in a search for it. In order to lend a deeper interest to what follows it is well to state that the value of the treasure is estimated at $25,000,000.



THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

Badendiek's story may here be told in his own words:

"In May, 1880, I shipped on the barkentine John, belonging to J. Tully, of Sunderland, with a cargo of coal for Santos, in Brazil. After leaving Santos the crew believed that the ship was bound for Bull River, N. C.

"At the end of eight days we arrived off an island which turned out to be Trinidad. Captain Pyper called us aft and told us that we had been steering east instead of north. He told us that the owners of the ship, the Tully firm ,of Sunderland, had information that a great quantity of money and valuables was hidden on this island. The captain was ordered to conceal this plan from us lest any of the sailors going ashore at Santos should talk about it and put the government on our track.

"Captain Pyper told us that if we were willing to aid in the search we should have our proper share of the treasure if it was discovered.

"Among those on the ship was a passenger—a young man whose name was Polly, as well as I can remember it He was the son of a retired sea captain, living on the Isle of Wight, in England. It turned out that he was to take a leading part in the search for the treasure.

Efforts at Landing.

"The island is surrounded by huge rocky cliffs, which are in most places more than 3,000 feet high at the water's edge. There are only two small patches of beach on the island, one in the southwest bay and the other in the southeast bay. The former is guarded by a sprinkling of rocks and the surf was tremendous on the southern side when we went there.

"We made two unsuccessful attempts to land in the boat. Then young Polly asked the captain to take him as near shore as possible in a boat and let him swim ashore.

"The captain had orders from the owners of the ship that Polly should not be put ashore alone and told him so. He asked the crew if two men were willing to swim ashore with Polly, and McCarthy and I volunteered.

"On the third day we were taken in a boat to the southeast bay. When we had got as near as was safe Polly jumped overboard and we followed him. All of us reached shore safely.

"We landed at 6 o'clock. Things were not at all inviting. The shore was alive with gigantic crabs and turtles. Some of the turtles I believe weighed 1,000 pounds.

"The sun had made the sand terribly hot. We had gone into the water in our underclothing and we were obliged to take this off and bind it round our feet to protect them. The noise of the surf was so great that you could not hear a man speak five yards away.

"It was dark when we reached the high land, and young Polly told me it would be useless to look for the marks which were to lead us to the treasure till morning. We wandered about the island all night.

"I can hardly tell how hard a time we had. We were attacked continually by huge birds and had to stay awake fighting them off with sticks. A blow from one of their wings would knock a man down. I believe they were albatroses.

"The place where the treasure was said to be hidden was the Sugar Loaf, a high-pointed cliff on the southwest bay. It was not more than six miles across the island at this place and we got to the base of the Sugar Loaf early in the morning.

"South of the Sugar Loaf there is a deep, dry gully which leads some distance into the island. Polly told us that we were to follow this for a certain distance, looking for marks described in papers which he possessed. We should at last come to a hole leading four feet into the base of the Sugar Loaf. The treasure would be found buried three feet deep at the end of the hole.

"We followed Polly some way into the gully and found all the marks as he said they would be. At last we came to a place where a large part of the cliff had given away and fallen into the gully. Polly said he believed that this covered the entrance to the hole. We had no tools, and there was nothing to do but to go back.

"At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted the ship from the Southwest Bay. The ship put off a boat, but she could not get near shore. So we swam out to a rock in the bay and were taken off by the help of a cable.

"The captain consulted us about continuing the search and we told him it would take a good force of men, with plenty of tools and provisions, and that they ought to remain ashore at least two weeks. He decided that he could not afford the time and the risk. There was no safety for the ship as long as she remained near the island.

The Story of the Treasure.

"For three days after returning to the ship young Polly was very sick. When he got better he told us how he was connected with the enterprise.

"His father, about 1877, was captain of the ship Aurea, belonging to the Tully firm, and went to Callao, in Peru. On the return voyage he shipped a sailor named John Smith. This man was taken very sick by the time the vessel reached the Horn and found himself at the point of death. Captain Polly had his young wife on board and she cared for the man.

"He was grateful to her, and when he felt sure that he was dying he gave her some papers, which he said, would make her and her husband the richest people alive. But she was not to look at them until twelve hours after his death.

"He died, and twelve hours later Mrs. Polly gave the papers to her husband. One of them told that Smith had been one of the crew of a pirate ship during the war between Chile and Peru. The others on the ship were eighteen Spaniards and another Englishman. In 1841 they plundered Lima, the richest city in South America, carrying off the plate from the cathedral and quantities of valuables which had been stored in other places.

"They carried away their cargo to Trinidad, and were returning to the scene of their operations, when an English man-of-war captured them. The eighteen Spaniards were hanged from the yardarm as pirates, but the two Englishmen said they had been shanghaied in Callao and were let go.

"Smith was put ashore in Callao, and worked alongshore there for many years. He made up his mind to go back to the old country, and fell in with Captain Polly.

"Another of Smith's papers was a rough map of Trinidad, showing where the treasure was hidden.

"Captain Polly had to pass near Trinidad on his way home, but he had not time to land. In the English channel his ship was wrecked, but every person and the papers were saved.

"Polly told the story to the owners of the ship. They asked him if he wanted to attempt the search. He said he did not, but he would let his son go some day. So in 1880 the son went on the John."

A Matter of Personal Rights.

"Here, how is this?" demanded the conductor, savagely. "You have 13 chilldren, and they are all trying to travel on half tickets."

The man and woman addressed looked at each other, and a flush, that suggested them to be guilty of trying to swindle the railroad, came to their cheeks; but they made no response.

"How old is the girl back there?" continued the conductor, pulling his tawny mustache.

"She will be 12 the 2nd of November," replied the woman, figuring it out on her finger ends.

"And how old is that boy next her?"

"If he lives till the 27th of November he will be 12, too," answered the man, sharply.

"Ha! just as I expected!" gloated the conductor. "Now, how can you explain the proximity of their birthdays?" and he waited for the confession.

"That's easy enough," returned the woman frankly.

"It is, is it?"

"Yes. There is no law I know of that prevents cousins being born the same month."

"This ain't the smoking car," thundered the ticket puncher, as he bounced upon a girl eating a banana, to hide his confusion.—Truth.

Obedient.

"Tommy," cried Tommy's mother from the window, "didn't I tell you not to sit down on the damp grass?"

"Yes, mamma," returned Tommy. "I ain't a-doin' it. I wiped this grass off with a towel before I sat down."—Harper's Bazar.

Cloth From Hens' Down.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light and very warm waterproof cloth.

Cats in Harness.

A French boy has broken two black cats to harness. He drives his pets in single as well as double harness up and down the street every day.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GOLDEN ROCK,

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE BATTLE OF THE ROCK.

Inyami's regiment reached the river, crossed over with their shields and assegais held aloft, then wound through the dark like a glistening snake, until the gleam of the Zulu fires warned them that they were approaching the enemy. Sirayo halted the regiment, then, with the young Induna, went forward to examine the ground. About a mile ahead he found a large body of Zulus, numbering about 400, camped in a crescent shape, as could be judged from the embers of numerous fires. There were no pickets or guards of any kind, but two or three men sat about each fire, talking and smoking, the remainder of the force lying asleep. If they had been aroused by the shouting of Chanda's regiment, they now paid no heed to the distant murmur which indicated that the body of men on the move were advancing down the river.

The position occupied by the Zulus was the ridge of a tall grassy hill, and in the center of the crescent a dark object stood up, said by Inyami to be the sacred Rock. In front the ground was level, in the rear there was a smaller mound, which Sirayo closely examined.

The Zulu force in the valley, numbering about four hundred men, was in three detachments, forming an obtuse angle, the base of which would be about six miles in length. At the apex was the detachment, one hundred strong, by the river, threatened by the overwhelming force of Chanda; at the one end of the base was a similar body beyond the ruins, while the larger force at the other end was confronted by the slightly superior force under the command of Sirayo. The chief determined to cut off the larger body of the enemy, with the view of drawing the outlying supports from the neighborhood of the ruins, and deciding the battle on the plain. Everything depended on the quality of his men, and the prompt obedience of Chanda. If the regiment of the Snake failed to follow up on the heels of the Zulu detachment, camped by the river, which he was certain would advance towards the Rock at the first sound of battle, Inyami's regiment would be caught between the hammer and the anvil, with the prospect of instant annihilation.

As he stood on the summit of the mound, ruminating on the chances of the struggle, Inyami gave a warning hiss, and, turning, he heard the voices of several menadvancing from the river. Immediately the two men sank to the grass, and Sirayo began to wriggle forward to a spot which would nearly intersect the line of the newcomers. They were a party of warriors advancing in line, and from their talk it was evident that they had been sent to the force by the river to discover the meaning of the enemy's movements.

Inyami counted them. There were five marching swiftly, with a few yards interval, between the single files and faintly outlined. Five, no there were six, and the last man had lessened the interval between him and the leader. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again, startled. There were only four, two men had suddenly disappeared. The others continued, then stopped, and called to their companions.

"It is all right," said the fifth man, suddenly rising, "there was a snake in the path, and I have killed him."

The men advanced, and Inyami, marveling at what he had witnessed, moved down to the wake of Sirayo, until he scented blood, and remained outstretched, quivering, while his glaring eyes tried in vain to make out some dark object that lay before him. He crept on, touched it with his assegai, then lept to his feet with a muffled cry. It was a dead body; not Sirayo, as he had at first imagined, but an unknown warrior with his tongue protruding and a gash over his heart. As he stood looking about him suspiciously, with every nerve strained, he heard the Zulus talking, then caught the faint rustle of something moving through the grass. There was a warning hiss as he raised his assegai, and Sirayo, rising up, beckoned to him, and they moved steadily away back to the waiting regiment.

The young Induna kept looking up at his grim companion, and at last ventured to ask where he had been.

"I went with the others," said Sirayo. "They reported to the chief that a regiment had halted across the water. The chief laughed. He said one of his youg men would frighten a whole regiment of your people."

Inyami made a fierce exclamation.

"Oh, ay!, they treat your people as dogs. The chief promised his young men plenty of women in the morning and his old men much meat."

"We shall see," said Inyami. "I will tell this to my men, and their eyes will see red. There was a man dead in the grass, and Sirayo has washed his assegai."

"Aye, he is dead, and many will follow him before the sun is down tomorrow."

"And you took his place to hear what the messengers had to say; it was a great risk." And the young Induna looked, with something like awe, at the great warrior.

"Inyami, if you would be a great chief you must risk more than your warriors. Here are your men, go tell them what the Zulus say of your people."

Inyami went among his men, while Sirayo stood aloof, knowing that his deed would be spoken of, and that the blood of the men would be stirred to fighting point.

When the Induna had done his work Sirayo stepped before the line of warriors, took from the first man his assegai made for throwing, and longer in the haft than the Zulu stabbing weapon, and broke the haft across his knee. He went down along the line showing the shortened weapon, and then in low stern voice, bid the others do the same. They hesitated a moment, then Inyami broke his, and there was a noise of snapping passing down the line. Every man held a short weapon that could only be used in a hand-to-hand struggle.

"Good!" said Sirayo; "you will rush in like men, strike deep, and not hurl your assegais from afar. Come now in silence."

He led the way by a circuitous march to the little mound, and in the hollow beyond the men fell into line without a sound, except that their breath came quick and deep while they waited for the dawn. Sirayo broke them into two companies and placed himself at the head of one, while he directed Inyami to hold the other in reserve until he heard the rallying shout of the Zulus, when he was to hurl himself on the enemy. At the first flush of dawn, the tall chief mounted to the top of the mound, while his men gathered behind him in the shape of a wedge. Then he strode down the hollow at the head of this formation, and at the sound of naked feet swishing through the grass a Zulu called out:

"Who moves?"

There was no response, but from the great kraal beyond the river there came the muffled shout of men chanting. It came from the men led by the son of Unkomaas.

"Now," said Sirayo, "keep close and strike hard. Come!" and shouting his war cry he bounded up the mound, while the men behind followed fast. The Zulus scattered before the unexpected rush, leaving a few writhing figures on the ground, then, with a roar, they poured themselves on the line of shields that formed a double wall, completely encircling the triangular shaped formation, and seeking by their impetuous rush to sweep these daring enemies from their feet.

The level rays of the sun struck along their blades and showed their rolling eyes as they leapt and bounded striking furiously.

"Slay them—every man. They tremble. They are caught in the folds of the snake. Ay—hew—strike! Their blood is like water!"

"Stand firm!" roared Sirayo; "and heed not their mocking. See! they are men like yourselves!" and, with a straight stab, he sent his broad blade into the breast of a foe.

"It is Sirayo!" cried the warriors near.

"A lion among the jackals—a toothless lion—don't slay him—let us give him to the ants!" shouted others, jeeringly.

"Stand firm, my children!" cried Sirayo whirling a huge knobbed kerrie which he had caught as it passed by his head, preferring it to the assegai.

Gallantly they tried to keep their ranks intact, but the Zulu leader, collecting a band of picked men, dashed at one point beating down the opposition; and pouring in, completely breaking the formation. It was every man for himself, and no longer feeling the suppoart of his next file, the young warriors of the Rock began to quail before their terrible foes.

Inyami's shout rose above the din, and his hand now descended on the Zulus, who gave way a little till they could measure the strength of this new attack.

Sirayo, glad of the spell, roared to his men to gather again, then cast an anxious look over the plain towards the river. He saw the Zulu band coming on at a steady run in a compact body.

"Aye, look, Sirayo," said the Zulu chief, mockingly; "but the way is not open for flight. When our brothers come they will eat you, for they hunger for blood, not having washed their spears yesterday."

"I thank you for the rest," said Sirayo, grimly. "When your brothers come they will find us ready to meet them." He saw the head of Chanda's regiment descending the river bank, and time saved meant the safety of his men.

The two bands stood facing each other, with an interval of a few yards between, over which several wounded men, ignored by friend and foe, were crawling. Other forms lay motionless around, their faces disturbed, and dented shields and blood-stained assegais were strewn about over the trodden grass. With bloodshot eyes the warriors stood, glaring across the narrow space, their breasts heaving after their furious exertions, and their smooth skins shining with perspiration and spotted with blood.

"Look," said a Zulu, pointing with his assegai towards the river.

Sirayo beckoned to his men to draw up closer.

The Zulu Chief looked across the plain and saw a large body of men following fast upon the heels of his advancing supporters.

Sirayo, watching him, saw the fury leap to his face, and expecting that the next moment he would renew the attack with the desperate valour that had won victory again and again for the Zulus against overwhelming odds, he sprang out before his men, swept his eyes along their ranks, and the Regiment of the Rock were upon their foes, and then commenced a terrible struggle, accompanied by the clash of shields, the thuds of the assegais, and the grunts of stricken men, and the short sharp cries of victory as each individual combatant struck home. The Zulus were dashed back by the fierce onslaught, then they stood, and then foot by foot they pressed their enemies back except at the one spot where Sirayo wielded his formidable weapon, supported by a few fierce spirits attracted by his prowess.

"Fight on, my children, fight!" growled Sirayo, hoarsely, as his untiring arm rose and fell, beating down the shields as though they were of paper—leaping to avoid a thrust, twisting, and bounding from side to side. Himself unprotected by a shield, his body streamed with blood from a dozen flesh wounds; but few of his foes, though mad with the fighting fever, cared to come within reach of his long arm But the young warriors were beginning to look over their shoulders.

"Inyami—are you here?"

"Eweh, oh Chief!" cried a blood-stained form whose assegai ran red.

"Send a runner to Chanda to hurry."

"It is done!" said the Induna, presently.

"Bring your men together, shield to shield. Steady, my children, your brothers are coming! Steady, shield to shield, and you will sing the song of victory to-night."

There came the shout of the advancing Zulus, loud and threatening.

"They come," roared the Zulu chief, "sweep these dogs away so that we may fall with our brothers, or those who follow them. Your name will be a shame among the regiments if you are held off until help arrives. Strike!"

With a low moan the Zulus again flung themselves on the enemy, and half the survivors of Inyami's regiment fled. The remainder may have followed, but the horns of the Zulus closed them in, and they fought desperately, while Sirayo raged like a lion, and Inyami, with a sob, threw himself upon his foes.

Furious at the determined resistance, the Zulus raged round the little band, hampering their own movements, and utterly regardless of the advance of fresh foes, until Chanda's regiment was almost upon them, when half of them, blood-stained, terrible in their fury, hurled themselves on the Regiment of the Snake. The old warriors stood firm, opened their ranks, swallowed up their enemy, and a fresh battle raged. Then the men who had fled, seeing that help had arrived, plucked up courage and returned to the fight.

And as the desperate and now unequal struggle raged, the combatants at last mingling into one swaying body, there came the crack of rifles.

"Enough," shouted Sirayo, "see, your friends are flying," and he gave the order to his to fall back.

The Zulus, reduced to a third and formed up into a solid body, glared at their foes.

"It is false," said the chief.

"Look."

Afar off could be seen a body of men flying to the mountain, while behind them followed a straggling mass, out of which there came the report of firearms.

"You see you are alone."

"Nay, we have our weapons; and foe

each one of us killed two of you will die!"

"You have fought well," said Sirayo, "take the path through the wood, and go quickly."

"You say that so you may see our backs."

"Of what use to fight more? You would be killed to the last man. Now, go while I think well of you, and your men about the fires will say there has been no greater fight than this."

"It must not be," said Chanda, "when the tiger is at your mercy you do not spare him because he has fought well."

"Go," said Sirayo; and the Zulus sullenly turned, and with their heads up marched toward the upper end of the valley, where the forest joined the mountain, never turning to look back, while Sirayo faced the murmuring ranks.

"It is well," he said, "you have lost men enough. Let them go in peace, and they will spread the fame of this fight among their people so that your name will be respected.'

A singular rock stood near, with a circle of smooth stones around, and against this the chief leaned. A score of men, sorely hurt and wearied, sat around him, and the blood from them and the dead gathered in pools on the smooth ring.

The others stood watching the Zulus retire, thankful in their hearts that the fight was not continued, and when their enemies dwindled in the distance they remembered their victory, and raised their voices in a roar that was echoed from the crowd of women gathered beyond the banks, who streamed over to minister to the wounded.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE FIGHT IN THE RUINS.

The little party in the ruins passed through hours of terrible anxiety, until the cries of the regiment first set in motion told them that Sirayo had by some means succeeded in his task. Then came the answer of the Zulus far off, and the deep roar of those beyond the walls, and their fears momentarily quelled broke out anew.

What if the attack were made before help arrived? Webster paced up and down the narrow den chafing at his enforced idleness, and vowing again and again that he would open fire on the enemy at daylight whether help came or not.

And before the blush of morning appeared beyond the ridge of the mountain towering above, he and the Gaika had crept to the outermost wall to find out if possible the meaning of the continuous chanting that came from beyond the river. And while they were still watching and listening there broke out from another quarter, in the direction of the Golden Rock, the confused roar of men fighting.

The Zulus at the ruins heard the fierce din, familiar in their ears, and half a dozen runners dashed by in the direction, overtaking and joining the Zulu force hastening from the river. As the valley lightened under the rising sun, the receding distance, moving obliquely from the river, was the band of a hundred Zulus going at a swinging trot, the tufts of white hair streaming from their arms, as ever and again the warriors shook their weapons above their heads. Then, by the river, looming indistinctly through the melting mist, was a large body of men, Chanda's regiment, descending to the banks, and far away over the plain, on the right side of the valley, was a dark mass of men swaying and surging on a rounded hill; and from them came the angry roar of battle, subdued by distance, yet with a tone in it fierce and ominous.

Webster leaped on the wall the better to see, and an assegai whizzed by his ear, and struck against the wall at his back.

"Yinny," exclaimed Klaas. "Jump down, sieur."

"Wait awhile," said Webster, coolly. "Ah, I see him," and lifting his heavy revolver he fired at the shadow under the wall where the tuft of a shield stuck out. He stooped over to see if his shot had struck, then, to the consternation of the Gaika, leaped over.

"Come back, Sieur. They will assegai you," and he climbed to the wall to watch.

Webster stole along the wall, and round the opposite corner at his back a couple of warriors crept stealthily after him.

"Pass op," cried Klaas; but Webster stood still and dare not turn, for a few yards before him, protected by fallen stones, he caught the gleaming eyes of a warrior steadfastly fixed on him, and out of the corner of his eye he saw yet another a little to the left.

With a moan Klaas dropped to the ground, and with astonishing agility avoiding the fierce thrust of the first of the two Zulus drove his spear under the uplifted arm, then with his long kerrie fell furiously upon the second man, knocking his assegai from his hand and raining blows upon his thick skull until he turned and ran. As he stood hesitating a dozen men swept round the curve and he ran before them to Webster, the two of them placing their backs to the wall.

"We are caught," cried Klaas. "I told the baas not to jump."

"Yes, it is my fault, Klaas. The wall is high; mount on my shoulders and you can save yourself."

"Neh, my master. I will meet death with you."

"All right, Klaas, but we are not dead yet. Catch their spears on your shield while I pick them off," and with a smile on his lips and a strange light in his blue eyes, he began to fire coolly as though aiming at a mark.

One man fell, struck in the forehead, another dropped his assegai as a ball smashed his elbow, and a third went limping away. The rest gained shelter, save one who dashed away.

"He has gone for more men," said Klaas, who had skilfully used his shield to deflect the flying assegai. "They will come and we will lie there on the ground dead."

"Are those people moving beyond the river?"

"Yoh," said Klaas, thrusting his head forward, while his black eyes gleamed. "They are men coming at a run. It is Sirayo."

"How long before they are here?"

"If we stay we are dead before they come. Baas, let us run toward them."

"Can't we climb the wall?"

"Neh, sieur; they would stab us in the back. We must run."

"All right, then," and drawing a deep breath they dashed over the scattered stones, and away over the grass beyond before the astonished Zulus knew what they were about. Then, with a shout, they started in pursuit. After the first burst Webster showed signs of distress, and turned panting to face his pursuers. But instead of meeting them face to face he saw them standing still, irresolute, before they turned and ran.

"Come on, sieur, they have seen the men beyond the river."

"I think we had better return; they have left the way open."

"Neh, sieur, come. There are others watching, and if they see us go back they will surely fight."

"But our friends?"

"The Zulus will not attack. They will think of their own safety. Come."

"You go," said Webster firmly. "I will wait here," and Klaas ran off to hurry up the regiment, not led, as he thought, by Sirayo, but by the young son of Umkomaas.

In the meantime Laura and Hume, left alone with the wounded chief and the old native woman, wondered why Webster stayed so long, and in the dark and evil-smelling den suffered all the agonies of suspense, quivering at every sound they heard, and fearing every disaster their imagination rendered unnaturally active by their confined position could conceive, when they heard the crack of Webster's revolver, the deep shouts of the Zulus, and in the succeeding silence read the worst.

"What does it mean?" she asked, trembling.

"God knows," he muttered, sweeping his hand across his eyes, then he started violently, and his breath came quick and fast. "Tell me," he whispered, "if it is still dark."

"No," she said, "there is a faint light streaming through the cracks; why do you ask?"

"It is nothing," he said, bitterly, "but I thought for a moment that my sight had returned. It is black."

"It will come, Frank," she whispered, absently.

"Aye, maybe, but I would rather be blind for life if I could have my sight back for to-day."

He started away from the wall, turned his head, then gave a great shout. "It is true—I can see—I can see—oh, thank Heaven!"

She trembled violently, and pressed her hands together. "Oh, Frank, has your prayer been granted? You should have waited patiently."

"I can see," he cried, feverishly. "Where is my rifle?—where is Jim?—oh, the light, let me look at the sky."

"Sh——." It was the old woman who had entered from the next room, a frown on her wrinkled face, and her withered fingers to her lips.

Laura caught Hume by the arm and stared with wide opened eyes.

"There is some one coming," muttered Hume.

There was sounds of soft footsteps stealthily approaching, then whispering, and a blow was struck on the wall. Laura's grasp tightened, and the three stood listening and holding their breath.

"You inside," said a voice in Portuguese, "come out and we will spare your lives."

There was no reply.

"Do you hear? Corrambo, I have power here and will blow the wall down if in two minutes you do not surrender."

"You villain!" cried Hume, passionately.

"Lay the powder under the stone, Gobo. Be quick, you there, the seconds are precious and they are passing."

"Did you hear?—It is that man—Gobo."

There was a low laugh, and a voice replied: "Are you there mia bella? I have followed you far and now surely you will repay my devotion."

There was a sound of men running, a few hasty words—an exclamation of anger and alarm.

"Don't light that fuse. We must have them alive and keep them as hostages. We can hold this place against a thousand."

Quick excited orders were given, and in a few minutes the narrow passages of the ruins echoed with the cries of savage warriors.

"Come," said a harsh voice, "I have decided not to destroy you. This place is filled with my men—your friends have been killed."

Laura gave a cry.

"Yes—you see your case is hopeless. You would do well to give yourselves up, and that at once, else my men will weary of waiting—and then. Do you hear?"

"Take us," said Hume, savagely, "we will not surrender to a cowardly Portuguese, who fires on a woman and shields himself behind savages."

"Diavalo—tell where is the loose stone—burst it in."

There was a heavy blow, the stone fell with a crash, a flood of light streamed in, and the next minute Hume thrust his revolver through and fired.

A yell answered to the shot, and a bullet flattened against the opening, the fragments of lead bruised Laura's face, who cried out.

"Cowards," cried Hume, driven to madness, "show yourselves."

A mocking laugh greeted this, and there was a sound on the opposite side, proceeding from the inner chamber. The old woman plucked Hume by the sleeve and drew him to that crack—through which he saw a huge savage in company with the traitorous witch doctor. The latter was tapping with an assegai on the sanded floor, but Hume fixed his eyes upon a gigantic warrior.

"It is he," he muttered.

Laura did not speak, her throat was parched, but her eyes questioned him.

"The man who entered our camp that night the lion was shot, who struck me down and took that map, who traced us to the reeds."

Another shot was fired into the opening opposite, and when, after an interval, he turned again, the two men had disappeared. They have vanished, but in the center of the room was a loose stone overturned, and a gaping hole.

Before he could act a wild shout rose from beyond the walls, and Umkomaas, who had remained outstretched on the floor, indifferent to everything, lifted his head with a look of fierce joy in his face. At that noise, too, the Portuguese began to speak hurriedly.

"There is no time," said one; "we must get out of this; but first let us blow these obstinate fools to the devil. Light the fuse! Good! Now follow me, and with half the men we will make a dash for the mountain, if it is true that we are outmatched. Where is Ferrara? Stay, never mind—leave him to his gold."

"Quick!" yelled the other; "the fuse is burning."

As they darted away Hume sprang to the hole, struggled through, stamped upon a train of powder that was hissing viciously, kicked away a bag of powder, then turned quickly at a wild uproar that burst out, in which mingled the clash of iron, the shrieks of stricken men, and an unmistakable English "hurrah!"

Laura thrust her head through the hole.

"It is he" she cried; "he is not dead!"

"Back!" cried Hume; and even at that moment he felt a momentary chill at the joy in her voice. "Back! here they come."

Up the passage came two white men, their faces wild with terror, and behind them a pressing throng of Zulus. At the sight of the single man in the passage the men paused.

"My God!" cried one in Portuguese; "What is this?"

Well he might pause, for Hume was truly a terrible picture. His face, pallid even through the tan, looked white in contrast with the powder stained forehead, and his eyes, bare of lashes or eyebrows, were red, inflamed, awful.

Hume took a step forward and lifted his rifle.

"Don't shoot, for the love of God! we surrender," cried the first man, a black bearded rascal.

Hume lowered his rifle, and a ball from the second man passed his face.

"You treacherous hound!" he cried, and, pulling his trigger from his hip, the ball shattered the thigh of the leader. Then he fired again, and with his clubbed rifle leaped at Gobo, for it was he who had fired. He sought to fly, but the Zulus behind bore him on, and he fell like a log under the heavy blow.

Then Hume was borne back, striking furiously, knocked down and trampled on, as the Zulus, seeking for a last resting place, pressed on.

"Good God!" cried a voice, "is that you, Frank? Where is Laura? By heavens, if they've injured her."

"I am here, Jim," she cried. The Zulus are in the center chamber. Spare them."

Hume struggled up. "The hole!" he cried.

"Why!" said Webster, "you can see!" But Hume had darted away, and after him dashed Webster and a throng of excited warriors.

"Surrender," said Hume in Zulu as he stood at the doorway of the inner chamber, while he noticed that the stone had been replaced over the hole.

For reply a kerrie was hurled at him, and before he could parley the pressure behind him bore him in, and he was fighting for his life. The Zulus, caught and caged, fought like demons, and the sand soaked up the stream of blood till it could hold no more.

"This is awful," cried Webster, when the two of them, panting, leaned against the wall, the bloody work finished, and bodies piled on bodies.

"Aye," said Hume, with a sob; "I call to heaven I would have saved them."

"Let us get away out of this," cried Webster, "the sight will haunt me."

They went out through a press of wounded men to the hole in the wall, about which stood a body of silent men, into the chamber, where Laura lay in a dead faint and Umkomaas sat weeping over the dying form of his little son.

"Poor little chap," said Webster, "he would lead his men and was stabbed as he climbed the wall."

"Let us take her out," said Hume. And they passed the insensible form through the hole and carried her away from that scene of carnage to the spring beyond.

"I must go back to the Ruins," said Hume. "Will you rest here? Where are Sirayo and Klaas?"

"Klaas is hurt. I saw him fall. Sirayo was not with these men. Why do you go back?"

"I wish to find the Portuguese who fell in the passage, and that man of mystery who has dogged our steps."

He went back to the Ruins and pressed his way into the chamber where Umkomaas still sat, his eyes fixed upon his boy, who was now under the charge of the old woman.

"I want some of you men to help me."

"Take them," said the chief, without removing his eyes.

"Give them the word then."

Umkomaas called impatiently to a man who stood near, and bid him do what Hume wished. "Now leave me," he cried.

Hume collected twenty men and set them to remove the dead from the inner chamber, then looked about, for the Portuguese, both of whom, however, were past help. Any hope of learning the mystery of these proceedings from them vanished. He had them borne away—then turned back to the chamber, waiting until the last man was carried out—then told the bearers to search for the hidden well. They prodded the sodden sand in vain, and Hume himself bent to the distasteful task, detecting at last a hollow ring from the center of the room. The stained covering was cleared away, a flat stone removed, and a dark passage disclosed. He called out several times, but meeting with no response, he went down himself, with his revolver in his hand, down some rough-hewn steps; but the darkness was so intense, the air was so heavy and moist, that after listening in vain for any sound, he ascended again, and stationed two men to keep guard. In the afternoon Laura recovered from her swoon, but her strength had gone at last under the accumulated horrors, and they built a rough screen over her with mats. In the evening Sirayo came up with his regiment, and in the night the warriors danced and sang, while the women clapped their hands and plied them with native beer and meat brought across the river. In the morning they moved back to their villages, leaving a dozen women to wait on Sirayo and his party, and a score of men to attend to Umkomaas, who, waking and sleepless, watched by the side of his son, who breathed still, but whose large brown eyes had never opened since he had staggered to his father's side with a feeble cry of victory. Klaas had been found and given over to a woman to nurse, and the whole of the little party were alive and safe, but they were listless and weary.

All Run Down

Was my condition, says Mr. Wm. Weatherford, tax collector at Key West, Florida. My

Mr. Wm. Weatherford

appetite was poor and I was quite miserable. I have taken 6 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, am much better, have gained in weight, no distress after eating, have good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

With Sirayo Hume returned to the chamber, and descended into the vault, and with a torch searched it through. They found six vessels of clay filled with gold dust, and three large roughly made bars of gold; they found, too, the body of the witch doctor lying dead without a wound, but the gigantic stranger, the man who had followed them, was not there, nor did they find him. From a paper in Lieut. Gobo's pocket they made out that the stranger was a Portuguese half-caste, who evidently possessed the secret of the existence of treasure in the valley, and who had imparted the knowledge to a Portuguese trader of Inhambane, and on the person of the second Portuguese they discovered a letter from Gobo addressed from Madeira, agreeing to join his cousin in the proposed adventure. That was all, and out of it they had to find what clue they could to the proceedings and hostility of these ill-fated men.

In the afternoon Hume and Webster went down to the river, and on their way they deermined they would take Laura out of the country and then return to the treasure, having agreed with Unkomaas to give him a third. Hume after this in a clear pool caught the reflection of his face, and drew back with a feeling of terror at his heart.

"Jim," he said, "tell me what I look like."

"You'll be all right, Frank, when the hair grows," said Webster, while the blood rose to his face.

Hume looked steadily at his friend. "Tell me the truth, man; no woman will ever look at me."

"Nonsense, a woman doesn't marry a man for his looks."

"If he is not actually horrible;" and Hume turned to glance at his reflection again. "Look here, Jim," he said with a shudder, "it would be cruel for me to force myself on her. You must go alone—and if you don't come back, then——"

"Well?"

"I will know you have married her. And, Jim, I hope you will."

"I will go with her," said Webster, quietly; "it will be better for you, perhaps; but I will return."

The next day when Laura left, offering no objection, Hume was not to be found, but when the little party had gone on its way towards the Transvaal, through a secret path in the forest, he stood on the wall of the ruins and watched them go.

So she went with the faithful Klaas, and Webster, thoughtful beyond his wont, subdued and grave, and she never saw the Golden Rock, which had drawn them there by a reputation it did not deserve. It was no rock of gold at all, but a carved figure of a huge serpent coiled, with a head of polished metal and a bare ring of rock about it, still stained with dark patches of blood. The old people who had carved this serpent of stone, with its every scale perfect, had built the place which was now in ruins, and Hume spent many days trying to discover the secret of these old snake worshippers.

Sirayo, who was now an adopted chief, with a royal household, often accompanied Hume, and sometimes went with them the little boy chief restored to health, and with whom that grim warrior had struck up a curious friendship.

Three months Hume remained in the valley, and his face gradually regained some of its comeliness, and then one day the scouts reported the arrival of a stranger. It was Webster at last, and as their hands met Hume's eyes asked a question.

"I have not asked her," said Webster.

"Do you love her still?"

"Man, how can you ask?"

"Well, I have been thinking, and I have had little else to do while you have been away. She never cared for me. She liked you best. When you offer her her share of the treasure offer your hand as well."

"Don't you love her?"

"Yes, Jim, I do, and will always. Do as I say—it is best."

"There is only one objection."

"And that?"

"She likes you best."

The two friends looked at each other in consternation, then a faint smile hovered about their lips. "Suppose," they said together, "she prefers some one else better."

"If so," said Hume, "I will come back to this valley, and set myself to find out what became of Ferrara, the half-caste, and where the old snake worshippers come from."

"I will join you."

"Then you think she loves neither of us?"

"I am afraid so. You see, Frank, she has been with us so long that we are no longer an unknown quantity, but merely two ordinary individuals. There is no romance about us."

"Perhaps so; but we must ask her."

"Of course."

Five months afterwards they saw her in London, and she was so changed from the woman who, in a simple dress and gaiters, who tramped beside them in Africa that their hearts sank within them. It was absurd to suppose that brilliant, magnificent woman, with those wondrous eyes, and that imperious bearing, could condescend to hear them. Yet they went, and for courage they went together.

"Oh," she said, between crying and laughter, "I could not marry both of you."

"No, I suppose not," said Webster, stroking his fair beard, and looking hard at Hume. "Perhaps I should not have spoken, but Frank would have me come."

"It is conspiracy," she said, with a flash in her eyes. "You have come together out of some absurd notion of honor."

"No," said Frank, turning red under her glance, "we thought it was hopeless, yet we came to show that we loved you."

"And what are you going to do now?" she said, biting her lip.

"We are going back to the Valley of the Golden Rock."

"Are you?" she said, eagerly. "Then I am going with you."

THE END.

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism, that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth ave., New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

A BOTTLE CANNON.

How to Make and Discharge This Harmless Piece of Artillery.

Take a thick, empty bottle, a champagne quart bottle will do, and pour water into it until it is one-third full. In the water dissolve one of the powders—bicarbonate of soda that druggists sell to make seltzer water.

A QUEER CANNON.

Put the contents of the other package, tartaric acid, in a playing card rolled up into a tube and tied around with a thread, one end of the tube being sealed, or plugged, with two pellets of blotting paper.

Suspend the miniature cartridge from the cork by means of a piece of thread attached by a tin tack. The open end of the cartridge must be uppermost, and when all is ready you cork the bottle tightly, having allowed enough thread to swing the cartridge clear of the water.

To explode the cartridge and discharge your novel cannon, you lay the bottle horizontally upon two pencils on the table; they will act as your gun carriage.

Pretty soon the water will penetrate the blotting paper plugs and reach the tartaric acid. Effervescence will at once take place, and the carbolic acid gas thus generated will throw the cork from the bottle with a loud report, the cartridge training after it like a rocket.

And you will have still further imitation of field artillery in the recoil of the bottle, which will roll back several inches.

Make this little experiment; it is both pretty and harmless.—Philadelphia Times.

Kills Every Time.

"I see they are introducing an army musket which is said to be very deadly."

"Yes, it is so constructed that nobody can tell if it is loaded or not."—Detroit Tribune.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

The People's Bible History is a magnificent volume, which en passant, it would have been better to have been in two, edited by Rev. George C. Lorimer, LL. D., with an introduction by William Ewart Gladstone. The subject matter comprises contributions by 18 different authors, including Mr. Gladstone and the editor, and a fine steel plate portrait is given of each. The volume, aside from the splendidly written introduction, is divided into 15 distinct parts or books, beginning with the literature and manuscrips of the Old Testament. Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Queen's College, Oxford, is the author. It is published by the Henry O. Shepherd Co., Chicago.

A second and revised and enlarged edition of The Free Trade Struggle in England, by M. M. Trumbull, is published by the Open Court Publishing company, Chicago, in the Religion of Science Library.

From George W. Jacobs & Co., 103 South Fifteenth st., Philadelphia, come the following volumes:

Old Farm Fairies, A Summer Campaign in Brownieland Against King Cobrocover's Pixies, a story for young people, by Henry Christopher McCook. This is a very pretty book about a subject that always interests the youngsters for whom fairies have a peculiar fascination. The volume is plentifully illustrated.

The Worst Boy in Town, a most amusing and interesting story by John Habberton. Jack Wittingham is the son of the most popular physician in Doveton. He is one of the brightest of boys, full of mischief, and of enterprise, and not at all understood by his parents, who bid fair to ruin him, and would have done so had not Jack been a good boy at heart. The difficulties he is constantly getting into make an entertaining story.

The Little Ladies of Ellenwood and Their Hidden Treasure, by Sarah G. Connell, author of Carl's Home, Eleanor's Lessons, etc., is a pretty story for girls, teaching the lesson of cheerfulness and contentment under misfortune. It will instruct while entertaining.

A Splendid Inheritance, by Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, M. A., is a little book containing earnest words regarding the spiritual inheritance belonging to each human being who claims it. It is prettily bound in white with gold lettering.

Daily Cheer for All the Year is made up of quotations from different authors, to be used each day of the year, selected and arranged by Virginia Reed. The work has been very carefully done, making a volume that cannot fail to help those who take it up each morning, reading therein the words for the day, to live truer to the best there is in them.

Gleanings, Pure, Pointed and Practical, is a book of a similar character to the above, being selections gathered especially for the members of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League, as suggestive for half-minute talks, with a thought index.

Simplified Elocution, by Edwin Gordon Lawrence, published by the Lawrence School of Acting, 106 East Forty-second st., New York city, contains explicit instructions for the cultivation of the speaking voice and gesture, designed for the special use of teachers, actors, students, colleges, schools, and all who want to perfect themselves in oratory. Added to this is a complete speaker, consisting of poetry and prose suitable for recitations.

The Story of Woman's Municipal Campaign, edited by Mrs. Talcott Williams, and submitted to the American Academy of Political and Social Science by the Civic Club of Philadelphia, is published in that city by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The Annual Year Book of the Ohio Society, Sons of the American Revolution, has been issued for 1895 and a very tasteful affair it is. The portraits of the officers of the society, and of the board of managers are given, also those of others prominent in the order, as well as the officers of the National society. The addresses made at the banquet held at Columbus last June are presented in full and the volume also includes the constitution of the Ohio society.

The American Book Company, Cincinnati, has issued in the series of Eclectic English Classics, Oliver Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. This series will form a pretty addition to any library.

Another valuable work put out by this company is in the White Series of Mathematics. Elements of Plane Geometry is the volume. It is by John Macnie, A. M., author of Theory of Equations. Students will welcome this work.

The Old Settler, The Squire and Little Peleg by Ed. Mott, the author of Pike County Folks, etc., is brought out in good form by the United States Book Company, of New York City. Two of the characters which figure in the sketches, the Old Settler and the Squire, are drawn from life. They were, the author says, typical representatives of the back-woods lounger and gossiper. These sketches were originally published in the New York Sun and won considerable popularity therein. The volume is well illustrated by D. A. McKellar.

Lovell, Coryell & Company, New York City, publish The Choice of Books by Charles F. Richardson. The following are some of the titles of the chapters: The Motive of Reading; The Reading Habit; What Books to Read; The Best Time to Read; How Much to Read; Remembering What One Reads; The Use of Note-Books; The Cultivation of Taste and several more equally interesting subjects. The volume contains many hints and suggestions that will prove of great use to the young especially.

The Disagreeable Man is a novel by A. S. M., the author of the Yellow Rose of New Orleans, which is published in neat form by G. W. Dillingham, New York City.

Dr. Hathern's Daughters is a story of Virginia, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, also brought out by Dillingham. Mrs. Holmes has brought out life in the Old Dominion during war days in a charming manner. Local characteristics are well drawn, and a pretty picture made of the hospitalities and fine courtesies of the people. It is a story full of interest.

The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia issue in paper covers Best Selections for Readings and Recitation, Number 23. This is compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker.

In the Lafayette Library published by George Routledge & Sons, New York City, comes in paper covers Only a Commoner by Nat. Gould, whose pen name is Verox.

One Rich Man's Son, by Emma Lefert Super is published by Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati. In this well written story the author shows how a rich man's son may have struggles as severe as those of the sons of the poor. The characters are well drawn, all being thoroughly human, so to speak, and natural. The plot is full of interest and well sustained throughout.

Select Conversations With An Uncle by H. G. Wells, is brought out by the Merriam Company, New York City. These are very entertaining in style, and are dissertations upon various subjects, such as The Use of Ideals; On a Tricycle; An Unsuspected Masterpiece; The Great Change; The Pains of Marriage and other things that enter into ordinary life. The volume purports to be a tribute to the uncle.

He Would Have Me Be Brave, by Frances I. Katzenberger, of Greenville, Ohio, is published by the author. It is a story taken from real life inculcating a moral in regard to the results of harmful gossip. In it the principal character, Mary Grey, loses her husband after a brief but happy married life, and then struggles through many difficulties, caused by envious people around her. It is a first book, and is a fair promise of future good work.

Contes et Legendes, by H. A. Guerber, the author of Myths of Greece and Rome, is the first volume of a new series of French Reading Books, and contains 25 favorite stories told very simply. It has a full vocabulary and is adapted to the first year. American Book Company, Cincinnati.

Der Lindenbaum and Other Stories, by Heinrich Seidel, is one of the German texts now issuing from the press of the American Book company, Cincinnati. This one is edited for school use by Ernest Richard, the director of the Hoboken Academy.

Burger's Lenore is another of these publications, one of those issued monthly, at 10 cents each, for the use of students.

From the same Company, and to be used as a text book as well as by the general reader, comes Psychology in Education, by Rurio N. Roark, the Dean of Kentucky State College. The work is educational and intended mainly and primarily for teachers, as said before, but the author hopes to influence many to a broader view of the needs of the human mind.

Legends of Fire Island Beach and the South Side, by Edward Richard Shaw, is from the press of Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310-318 Sixth ave., New York. The stories embody the finest if only a small part of the folk-lore and tradition that pertain to the Great South Bay. These tales were told by a class of men now gone. Fact, imagination and superstition each contribute its part and the author has rewritten them in a fascinating and credible manner.

A CRY FOR HELP

RESULT OF A PROMPT REPLY.

Two Open Letters that Should Suggest to Thousands of American Women to go and do Likewise.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., *May* 11, 1894.

"I am suffering, and need your aid. I have terrible pains in both sides of my womb, extending down the front of my limbs and lower part of my back, attended by backache and pains in the back of the neck and ears.

The doctors have given me opiates to quiet the pain. I have a very high fever nearly all the time. I am nervous, and cannot stand. My doctor says I must keep in bed. Now I place myself under your care. I am only twenty-one years old, and too young to suffer so much."—MRS. CHAS. PARKER.

The above letter was received by Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., May 15, 1894, which received a prompt reply.

The following letter reached Mrs. Pinkham about five months later. Note the result.

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., *Sept.* 21, 1894.

"I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow-sufferers of all female complaints, that *Lydia E. Pinkham's* treatment and Vegetable Compound have entirely cured me of all the pains and suffering I was enduring when I wrote you last May. I followed your advice to the letter, and the result is simply wonderful. May Heaven bless you and the good work you are doing for your sex!"—MRS. CHAS. PARKER.

All the druggists in town say there is a tremendous demand for *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Compound; and it is doing lots of good among the women.

If you are sick and in trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham. Relief awaits you.

Lively Plays, by Thomas Stewart Denison, author of An Iron Crown, The Man Behind, Outlines of World's History, etc., are plays in which is found much novelty of incident and freshness of dialogue combined with originality in character study. F. S. Denison, Publisher, 163 Randolph st., Chicago.

Sentimental Studies, a set of village tales by Hubert Crackanthorpe, author of Wreckage, contains many interesting stories, which are: A Commonplace Chapter; Battledore and Shuttlecock; In Cumberland; Modern Melodrama; Yew-Trees and Peacocks; Lisa-la-folle; Saint Pe; Etienne Mattou; The Little Priest; and Gaston Lalanne's Child. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 W. 23d st., New York.

Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, by Ambrose Bierce, contain many excellent stories of exciting war and civil episodes. It is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310-318 Sixth ave., New York.

Cause and Effect, by Ellinor Meison, is a pretty love story appearing in the popular and dainty Knickerbocker series from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 W. Twenty-third st., New York.

Passion's Dream, a tragedy, by W. Boyd Sample is published by George W. Dillingham, New York.

Dr. E. W. Scripture, the director of the famous Yale Psychological Laboratory and the most prominent American representative of the new, or experimental, psychology, which had its origin in Germany, has written a book Thinking, Feeling, Doing, which is not only clear and scientific, but also lively and entertaining.—Flood & Vincent, publishers, Meadville, Pa.

The latest additions to the Library of Useful Stories that very convenient and interesting series are The Story of Primitive Man by Edward Clodd and The Story of the Plants by Grant Allen.—D. Appleton & Co., Pub., New York.

Thomas Hardy's famous A Pair of Blue Eyes is handsomely published by Harper & Bros., (Franklin Square, New York). The book contains an etching by H. Macbeth Raeburn and a map of Wessex.

Andy's Ward, a pretty story for boys, well illustrated by James Otis is published by the Penn Co., Philadelphia.

A Soldier of Fortune, from the clever and attractive pen of Mrs. L. T. Meade, is of absorbing interest and marked power. The story is naturally told, nowhere transgressing the probabilities, and with an excellent moral tone to it. There is a capital plot to the story, which is as admirably wrought out as it is well conceived. The characters are drawn with unusual skill, and their several fortunes are followed with a genuine and wholesome interest. The story should have a large and widespread sale among those who appreciate an interesting but not over-sensational domestic novel. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., 112 Fifth ave., New York.

A valuable little book, The Hand-Book of Sanitary Information, by Roger S. Tracy, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

When a book is "popular" enough to sell thirty thousand copies, and trustworthy enough to receive the discriminating commendations of experts in the matter of which it treats, it is surely worthy of being kept before the public. This is the case with Major Williams's graphic war story called Bullet and Shell, a new and cheaper edition of which has just been issued by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut. Bullet and Shell will delight any man who took part in the war and any boy who is stirred by tales of adventure and romance, besides conveying an admirably clear idea of the causes, beginnings, course and close of the great civil war.

Among pamphlet novels issued with covers for convenience and summer reading are A Study in Prejudices, by George Paston, and In the Year of Jubilee, by George Gissing from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York. Wedded to Sport, by Mrs. Kennard; Marjery of Quether, by S. Baring-Gould; A New Monetary System, by Edward Kellogg; from the United States Book Co., 310, 313 Sixth ave. Tiny Luttrell, by E. W. Hornung; A Pastoral Played Out, by Mary L. Pendered; The Story of a Modern Woman, by E. H. Dixon, are issued by the Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th st., Union Square, New York. One Hundred Bear Stories, by Halstead; Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.

On the Point, by Nathan Haskell Dole, who is so popularly known as the author of Not Angels Quite, has written another brilliant little tale of summer social life, a delightful book full of interesting average people, and with much philosophical sentiment expressed by the writer, the quaint conceit of which adds greatly to the interest of the book. The Joseph Knight Publishing Co., Boston.

The Martyred Fool, by David Christie Murray has been republished in a handsome new binding by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

Maud Muler Up to Date.

Maud Muller on a summer night went out on her bike in the bright moonlight. She pedaled around from six to ten on a trip that would fag the strongest men, but her heart was light and her spirits gay, for it wasn't work, 'twas nothing but play. Next morning, however, she'd a pain in her head, she was all played out and stayed in bed, while her mother hustled in the kitchen below—not to ride a wheel but to make things go. Though the morning was hot and she worked by the fire she didn't collapse with a punctured tire. Alas for the girl and the woman, see. Things are not as they used to be.—Vermillion Freeman.

Income of a $1,000,000 a Year.

One of the richest heiresses in the world is Lady Mary Hamilton Douglass, the 11-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, whose income is now $500,00 a year and will be well above $1,000,000 by the time she is of age. She will inherit the bulk of her father's property, including the Isle of Wight, but he cannot bequeath his titles to her.

"NOT TO BE VISITED AGAIN."

How the Book Agent Came to Write This Note.

Some time ago in the state of Michigan a young and enterprising American book agent was in the country, traveling from town to town, selling a work called "The Early Christian Martyrs," which he sold at $5 a copy, delivering the book and collecting the money as he went along.

He had been two days in a certain town, and had taken a fair number of orders there, when a little before noon he called in a grocery store, where he found the proprietor alone, says the New York Tribune. The old grocer asked him what he had, seeing from his samples that he was an agent of some kind. He replied "I am taking orders for a work called 'The Early Christian Martyrs' and have only a few copies left."

The old man's eyes beamed with delight as he said: "Is that so? Why it was only a few nights ago my wife and I were talking about that book and wondering how we could get it. She wants the book bad, and so do I." The agent delivered him a copy, and as the old man gave him a $5 bill in payment, he said: "Now, look here, don't you go over to the house and sell a copy to my wife, because we only want one in the family."

"Certainly not," said the book agent, "I wouldn't think of such a thing," and bidding the old man good morning he left the store. It was then about a quarter to 12, and the train which was to take him to Chicago started at 12:15. He said to himself, "I have just time to sell a copy to the old lady and get on that train."

So he entered the nearest drug store and getting the home address of the old man from a directory, he at once started there. Of course he had no difficulty in making the sale, as she was anxious to get the work, and, having received $5, he made all haste to catch the train.

The old man came home for dinner at 12 o'clock, reaching there not long after the book agent had gone. His wife came towards him smiling and congratulating herself upon having secured what she had for so long wished to possess, a copy of "The Early Christian Martyrs." He did not smile, however, but swore angrily and muttering something about he would fix him, hurried out (not stopping for his dinner) in the hope of reaching the station before the train started for Chicago, thinking that the book agent would be sure to leave town as soon as possible after this.

When he came within two hundred yards of the station he saw from the top of the hill which sloped down to the station that the train was on the point of starting, so, recognizing a friend of his who was nearly at the bottom of the hill and consequently close to the train, he began gesticulating and shouting to him to stop the book agent. His friend could only catch the word book agent, so he approached the book agent, who was smoking a cigar on the rear platform of a car, and asked him what the old man on the hill wanted. The book agent pretended to scrutinize the figure in the distance, of course knowing full well who he was and what he wanted; in a few moments he said, as idea seemed to strike him:

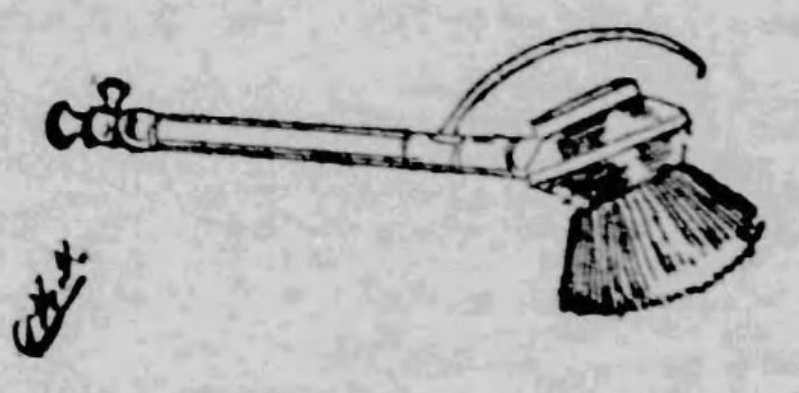
"I know, I know now; that is a customer of mine, he wants a copy of 'The Early Christian Martyrs,' and like a fool I never called on him; I forgot him. If you want to do him a good turn," he added, just as the train was going to move out, "you had better take the book from me, and give it to him so he won't be disappointed. The price is $5."

The man gave the book agent $5 for his friend and took the book, and the train started for Chicago. As the book agent leaned back in his seat he took a small book containing a list of towns and wrote opposite this town the words: "Not to be visited again."

WINDOW BRUSH.

A Jet of Clean Water Passes Through the Handle.

A new window cleaning brush is shown herewith. The handle is grooved from the bottom to within three inches of the brush end, and a tube is laid in the groove its full length, leaving the handle at its end. The tube then bends over the back of the brush and ends in a fan. On the lower end of the handle is a valve which will fit any ordinary garden hose. In use the water is simply turned on, the supply being regulated by the valve. The water passes through the tube, strikes the fan, is thrown in a sheet on the brush, which spreads it over the window. When used in rinsing, the brush is simply held away from the window, giving a stream of clear water. The handle is adapted for store, office, residence and railroad car washing.



NEW CLEANING BRUSH.

THE NEW ROBISON CRUSOE.

I.

It was on an isle far out in the Pacific Ocean.

The branches of the palm embraced the branches of the wild orange, and the banana bent its stately head and whispered of its love to his little cousin, the lemon.

II.

A man in a thatched roof and the skins of animals came walking along the beach, followed by his faithful dog. Had you looked at the calm, sad eye you would have known that he was a man with a past.

III.

Suddenly he stopped. An ashen pallor spread over his face. He saw something in the sand.

It was the print of a bare foot.

IV.

He cried aloud:

"I fled from the world because of it! It haunted me there! God knows I was innocent."

He fell to the earth and his eye became glassy.

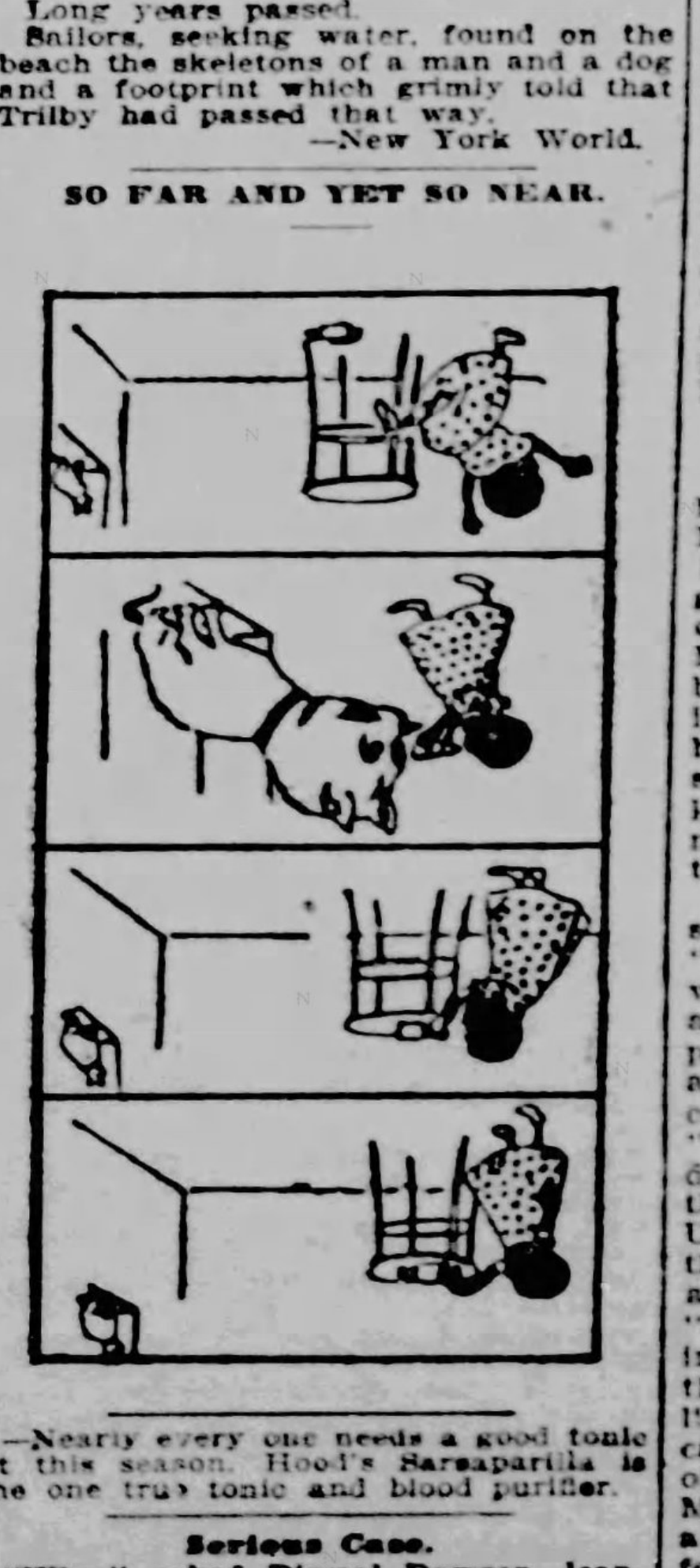
V.

Long years passed.

Sailors, seeking water, found on the beach the skeletons of a man and a dog and a footprint which grimly told that Trilby had passed that way.

—New York World.

SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR.



—Nearly every one needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

Serious Case.

"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?"

"Because I really like the job," said the new farm hand.

"Got a real liking for work?"

"Sure"

"You'd orter take treatment."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Thoroughbred Stock—Poland-China Hogs.

W. S. McK., Oregon: Thoroughbred stock is produced from animals of mixed lineage in-bred so long that they become essentially true to the type desired. Regarding Poland China hogs, they originated in Ohio, and are known as the Butler county, Warren county, Magie and Poland China hog. The precise history of the method adopted to produce the fine breed of hogs cannot be given as reliably as an exacting breeder would wish to know. In 1816 the Shakers of Union village, Warren county, Ohio, purchased at Philadelphia one boar and three sows known as the big China hog. These were bred extensively. The Shakers and other careful breeders in Butler and Warren counties continued to cross them with the Poland and Bayfield blood, that had long been in use there, and produced, by repeated crosses, the Warren county hog. There was no change in the breed until 1835 or 1836, when the Berkshire was introduced. The Berkshire blood was liberally infused into the stock, and crossing continued until 1838 or 1839. Then William Neff, of Cincinnati, imported some Irish graziers. These were used in crossing with the best specimen of crosses previously made. The breed being well established, no new blood has been introduced in the Poland China hog for many years.

Azoturia in Horse—Bunch on Heifer.

A subscriber, Pavilion: Azoturia is disease of the general system, caused by an excess of urea in the blood. It attacks both horses and mares. Its exciting causes are plethoric condition of the system, sudden exertion after a long rest in the stable, congestion and torpidity of the lungs and liver, etc. To treat, give a physic of Barbadoes aloes 5 drachms, linseed oil 1 pint. Give demulcent drink, such as linseed tea or barley water. If the animal is nervous, 4 to 6 drachms of bromide of potassium may be administered. Feed no corn and restrict the diet until the animal fully recovers. horse that has had one attack should have daily exercise. After the horse is convalescent give 1 oz. spirits of sweet nitre in drinking water for two days. The lumps of which you speak are the result of disarrangement of the digestive organs. Give 3-4 lb. Epsom salts in a quart of warm water. After this operates, give three times a day for five days, cream tartar, sulphur and nitrate of potash equal parts by weight in tablespoonfuls. Wash the affected parts with common baking soda, 8 ozs. to the gallon of water.

Hair Comes Off Calf in Patches.

A. T., Missouri: Your calf is attacked with a vegetable parasite known as Trychophyton tonsurans. It affects the hair and epidermic layer of the skin. Wash the affected parts with warm water and soap, after oiling so as to remove all crusts. Then apply sulphur ointment once a day. The place where the calf is kept must be cleaned thoroughly and whitewashed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Feeding for Pork.

All Canadians know that pork made from peas or beans is much firmer in texture than even cornfed pork. There is a special flavor of sweetness which no other pork has. The fat does not fry out so much in cooking, and it makes an ideal bacon for family use. Where we can raise the cow pea for hogs they will prove economical.

Over feeding is as wasteful as under feeding, and mischief usually follows having feed constantly in the trough. Moreover, such a trough becomes stale and uninviting even to a hog, and that figures not a little in its growth. There are gain and profit both in system and regularity in feeding.

Rye is a more paying crop on poor land than when sown on that which is rich. We do not yet prize fully the value of rye for hogs. It is through rye and clover and hogs that many of our exhausted regions of country are yet to be reclaimed and rebuilt. It has been demonstrated.

One of the great virtues of rye as a food for hogs is that it is a grain possessing more of the elements of growth rather than fattening properties, and the people now demand a bacon hog. The day of large fat hogs is over, and there is a call for lighter and better developed pigs of but 200 pounds weight.

We must grind the rye for our pigs, but it is not wise to feed it dry. It is too sticky to eat with comfort, and there is danger of choking. It is doubtful if it is wise to feed any young stock on dry food. Make a slop and have the pigs take a good "belly stretcher" ration every time, remembering, too, that he can be overfed.

Give the young pigs a fair start in life by feeding the sow upon milk producing rations. There is nothing much better than skim milk with shorts. Mangolds are excellent, having a cooling effect upon the system and stimulating the milk glands. After weaning, give the pigs a trough of their own.

Mix salt with the food of the growing pig and give him a box of ashes, into which a little sulphur is thrown. This prevents the loss of power in the hind legs, so common in highly fed swine. Fed just right, they should reach their 200 pounds in six months and be sold, for it will then pay better to give your fed to younger pigs.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

The Chufa.

It is a most desirable food for hogs, and fowls, too, eat it greedily. This crop can be planted from May to July, in rows three feet apart, dropping the seed about a foot apart in the row. The precaution of soaking from one to three days before planting is necessary to secure a good stand, but after the soaking they should not be planted during a dry spell. The soil should be moist when the seed are put in. About two hundred pounds of any good fertilizer will be sufficient for an acre. The plants, when they first appear above the ground, look like coarse nut grass. Two plowings and the same number of hoeings, will generally be sufficient to keep down any weeds and grass, and in about two months the ground will be covered with the rank, green tops, which are excellent food for cattle and horses. The crop matures in about three months, and hogs then turned in will fatten with surprising rapidity. It is the plan of an old farmer, instead of digging and saving his seed, to throw two furrows of earth on the bed before cold weather sets in. He says he has found that this will protect them perfectly until spring. A half bushel of seed will plant about an acre.—Farm and Home.

This Corn is King.

Samples of corn of a giant species have been obtained from Peru by the Department of Agriculture, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. The grains are four times the size of those of ordinary maize, and Secretary Morton believes that the plant may be turned to most valuable account in this country. It is very prolific and bears ears of huge dimensions. The species is quite distinct from any known in North America, and the name "Zea Amylacea" has been given to it.

The grains are extraordinary starchy even for corn; hence the name "Amaylacea." Already ten distinct varieties of the species have been ascertained. One of them would probably be excellent for canning, inasmuch as it contains an unusual percentage of sugar. It has been named "Zea Amylacea Saccharata." Undoubtedly the species is derived from the same source as the maize of the United States. All known varieties of this cereal, it is believed, came originally from the "Zea Tunicata," or "clothed" corn, which still grows wild in Mexico. Each grain on an ear of this primitive maize is enclosed in a little husk. It is believed that the earliest home of the maize plant was originally in the highlands of Central Mexico. The vegetable originated in a circumscribed locality, above 4,500 feet elevation, north of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and south of the twenty-second degree of north latitude, near the ancient seat of the Maya tribes. The Mayas were the first to cultivate it, and from them the use of it spread north and south. Probably corn was known all along the Rio Grande by 700 A. D. Three hundred years later it had reached the coast of Maine. In Peru the Incas grew it before the year 700. The tombs of ancient Peruvians are commonly found to contain maize. They built great irrigation works to help the cultivation of corn.

To Can Tomatoes.

Tomatoes are among the most healthful vegetables grown, and while they can be bought ready canned at a very reasonable price it is much cheaper and more satisfactory to can them than to buy, if they keep nicely. Many housekeepers fail of success with tomatoes if they are canned in anything else than tin, while even then some will spoil. This is expensive and there is always danger of the acid in the fruit acting on the tin and forming a poisonous substance.

The following rule for canning tomatoes in glass jars has been used by one housekeeper for over twenty years and not a half dozen cans have been spoiled in all that time. The tomatoes are seasoned with salt and pepper ready for table, and put boiling hot into the jars, filling them well up to the neck of the jar. Fresh, sweet, melted lard is then run over the tomatoes until the neck of the jar is perfectly full, and the cover screwed on as usual. When the lard cools it forms a thick coating on the top, most effectually keeping out all air, and the tomatoes when prepared for the table are so fresh and sweet as scarcely to be told from those just picked from the vines. The jars when cool should be wrapped in paper to exclude the light, and kept as any fruit would be.—Cor. Western Rural.

A Model Hennery.

A model house is, of course, one planned both for the health and the comfort of the fowls, which latter condition is inseparable from the strictest cleanliness. The structure therefore, should be large enough for the stock-keeper to enter. It must be watertight, and, while draughts are to be avoided, the house should be ventilated by apertures under the edges of the roof. This will furnish a very necessary current of air without injury to the inmates, for these should never be allowed to perch higher than a couple feet off the ground, as in alighting a well-conditioned fowl is apt to maim itself. The openings may be covered with a wire net or open zinc work, and I should recommend glazed windows, opening inside, which would permit of their more frequent use for ventilating purposes and also for admitting the sun in winter. At the bottom of the door there should be a square aperture to enable the fowls to move in and out, but this should be closed at night. It is good policy to turn the birds out in the early morning in search of food.

The experience of most fanciers on these various points is admirably summed up in Mr. Edward Broyn's article in the "Encyclopaedia," in the following words: "To maintain poultry in health they should have a house dry above and below, with 16 square feet of floor-space for every half dozen fowls of the medium-sized varieties; an outside shelter in which is placed a dust bath, this being the way in which their skin and feathers are cleansed, and an open run without, if they can be given full liberty it is all the better, for which reason movable houses placed out in fields or parks are the best, but often it is impossible to do this, and then not less than six square feet of ground should be allowed to each fowl if the run is laid in gravel or sand, or 100 square feet per bird if in grass, or it will be eaten off and the ground left bear. Absolute cleanliness is essential for them in houses, nests and runs, and the ground should be changed every two or three years, or it is liable to become foul from the richness of their manure. * * * Poultry are polygamous, and from four to ten hens should be placed with each cock bird, according to breed and season of the year. Under no circumstances should more than 50 be kept in one flock, and it will be found in practice that they will not wander far away from their home or mix with each other, even if the houses be placed in adjoining fields."

Boxes set apart for the laying of eggs should be placed on the floor of the roosting house, but those intended for setting should occupy a separate building, absolute rest in this case being essential to the well-being of the hen and her brood. The nest be comfortably lined with turf or wood ashes, covered with heather and straw. The hen leaves her eggs at day-break in search of food, and during her absence they should be well sprinkled with cold water after the first week, so that their temperature and that of the returning bird may be equalized. While she is absent also the nest should be examined and any broken eggs taken out. After the first week or ten days you may discover which of the eggs are bad by making a telescope of both hands and holding an egg in the outermost one toward the sun, or at night to a lamp. If you look through this telescope you will see the rudimentary formation of the egg, but if this shows no change there will be no chicken. The egg should therefore be removed. When the chickens appear the eggs should be taken away.—Mark Lane Express.

Sheltering Machinery.

To get the most out of the machinery purchased for use on the farm it is very essential that when not in use it should be placed under a good shelter. But to keep in the best condition storing is not all, unless properly protected the iron and steel will rust and the wood rot; for this reason it pays to keep all well painted.

Linseed oil with Spanish brown or red vermilion or ochre mixed to a proper consistency makes a good paint for all kinds of good work in machinery, while there are a number of good universal paints made especially for iron and steel. But in all cases before any paint is applied all of the dust should be cleaned off.

As soon as the other farm work will permit all of the implements should be gathered up and brought to the tool house and a thorough cleaning up be given and if necessary a good coat of paint.

A good coat of paint helps materially to preserve the wood, while to a very large extent at least it prevents rust on iron or steel.

Rust and decay caused by exposure, by changes in the weather and by dirt, damage machinery in many cases nearly or quite as much as the work done by or with them.

The iron or steel working parts should be well covered with unsalted grease or oil, or a light coat of paint can be applied as a little coal oil or turpentine will readily clean off when the tools are needed for use.

A little care taken now will save a considerable loss as well as considerable work and time also when the implements are needed for use again next spring.

Another item should be looked after in storing away the implements, and that is to put away so that they can be got at a conveniently when needed. Plows and harrows are generally first needed in the spring and then the corn planters, cultivators and lastly the binders, mowers and sulky rakes. A little pains taken in storing away will save considerable work when the tools are needed in the spring.—Cor. Western Rural.

One of Senator Palmer's Stories.

Senator Palmer tells a story about an Illinois farmer who for several years had been selling him wood for $5 a cord. "This year," said Senator Palmer, "he came to me with a load, and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at $2 a cord. I still refused and he wanted to know why I would not take it at $2. I told him I was using soft coal for which I paid $1.37 a ton. 'Gosh!' he exclaimed, 'I heard you was trying to demonetize silver, and now you are trying to defuelize wood.'"—Baltimore Herald.

A Bicycler's End.

In the morning, how swiftly he sped up the boulevard on his glittering wheel! At night they brought him home with his life crushed out by the same blundering ice-wagon that had wrecked the glistening steed. Bitterly she wept.

"Madam," said the white-haired minister, with tremulous voice, "do not weep. Mind thee, thy man is resting now."

"Nay, nay!" she wailed, remembering how he spent the Sabbath awheel, and not in sober worship, "nay, nay, I fear me he is scorching yet."—New York World.

Talmage's Sermon.

CHRISTIANS MAY STAND BY THEIR HOPE OF SALVATION.

"His Windows Being Open in His Chamber Toward Jerusalem."

New York, Sept. 9.—In his sermon yesterday, Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a theme overflowing with Christian cheerfulness and encouragement. The subject was "Open Windows," and the text selected was Daniel vi. 10: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."

The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Coeur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-hot furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters, and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hands and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he can not tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist; Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevices, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at 18 years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be 85 years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great, and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay-windows, and skylight-windows, and windows of conservatory, and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

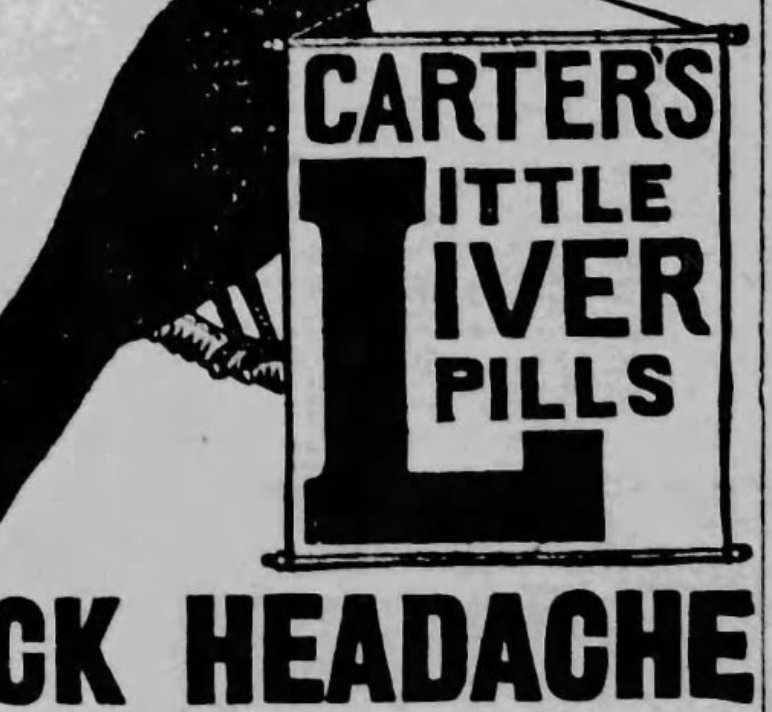
When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mailbags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the postoffices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say, "When are you coming home to see us. Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-bye."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering Western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas, there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them in early life drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris or to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyards. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forget sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

UNTOLD MISERY
FROM
RHEUMATISM
C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending $1000 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S
The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.
AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and, if you have surplus of means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of consanguinity as is no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward them!

But Daniel, in his text, kept this port-hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the holy of holies. There was the ark of the covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and once enfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but, out of 63 emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns and half crowns, crowns, Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks, and ducats, and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the saloon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed at the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crisis of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting postures. I now remember that one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa, his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and pray, and pray.

In olden times the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes; but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven. The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—four hundred francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expected to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is a new Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The excited evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf of the Icarian Sea foamed over the bouiders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by her sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced: "I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened!

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the Universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many nations and a parliament of all the world. Yea, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies and never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow or rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with the most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the God Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality. The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge, and deer, and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heartbreak. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draughts and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias, and catalepsies, and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah, in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strope joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation, and has calculated that there will be in heaven one hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose a hundred millions yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throne room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the king according to the promise: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander, Stephen, fled toward a fortress where the mother of their commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt; but those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

A Timely Reminder.

Each season forces upon our consideration its own peculiar perils of health. The advent of fall finds many reduced in strength and vigor, poorly prepared to continue the business of life. The stomach and bowels, the great highway of animal economy, is especially liable to disorder in the fall. The nervous system has also suffered in the struggle. Typhoid fever and malaria in particular find in the fall that combination of earth, air and water that mark this season as especially dangerous. The falling leaves, the decaying vegetables contribute their share of contamination. Hood's Sapsaparilla furnishes a most valuable safeguard at these important points, and should be used in the fall before serious sickness has laid you low.

Age and Youth.

He was barely 21. His mustache was barely a delicate hint—he had been to two French balls, had a bowing acquaintance with three third-rate actresses—and no one could ever tell him anything he didn't know.

He admired a woman whose age was a stationary 29, whose hair was adjustable, and whose tense was past.

He passed his hand wearily over his wrinkleless brow and paid his court in the following unimpassioned terms:

"My child, I have only the remains of a wasted life to offer you. I am tired of everything. Everything bores me. Society has been my ruin! But if you like to take pity on a man who had drunk the cup of pleasure to its bitter dregs and frittered away a noble career, I am willing to devote the poor remnant of my life to you entirely."

And the woman shook her head and turned aside to hide a smile, saying to herself, "Why, he is even younger than I thought."

Twenty years later he was naturally 41. He now preferred the circus to French balls, watched baseball games instead of playing poker, and was pretty nearly convinced that there were a great many things which he didn't know and would probably die in ignorance of.

He admired a woman whose age was a temporary 22, whose bright hair was indigenous and whose tense was decidedly future.

By this time he had dabbled in obesity cures, developed lead-colored pouches under the eyes, and his hair was gray and scanty.

His joints cracked loudly as he stretched forth his hands and paid court to his divinity in the following impassioned tones:

"I am a young man, with all my life before me! Although no saint—I have a clear record! I feel that I am called to glorious possibilities! Come to my arms—and with me walk down the long vistas of the future!"

And this young woman also shook her head and turned away to hide a smile, saying to herself:

"He must be very old to talk like that!"—Life.

Gold on the Brain.

They say a fellow in Henry county, Mo., is so cranky on the silver question that he digs up all the golden rods and marigolds, raises white corn, and won't speak to his wife because she has golden hair, is forever denouncing the gold cure, won't keep the golden rule and don't want to enter the golden gates.—Evanston, Wyo., News-Register.

WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!

THE BANANA PEEL.

Born of rich and honest parents, with ancestors known to fame,
Not a stain of foul dishonor e'er had crossed the noble name;
Not a single scion e'er disgraced the blood they loved so well,
Until he, the last descendant of the grand old family, fell.

Fell he sudden and completely—he, the cashier of the bank;
From his upright, high position, in a moment sad he sank;

"ONE MISSTEP."

Fell as fell so many others who have met the self-same fate—
One misstep and all was over—came repentance then too late.

When the fatal step was taken, and he'd fallen from his place,
Grim the shadow was of anger and of pain upon his face.
"I'd just give," he said, "a dollar for a moment's forceful talk
With the man who threw that peel of banana on the walk."

THE INSECT ORCHESTRA.

Night Made Musical With the Hum of Myriads of Small, Shrill Voices.

There is a full insect orchestra in the suburbs these August nights. There must be a day shift and a night shift, too, unless, indeed, the musicians do double turn, for the music keeps up the whole twenty-four hours, though it is only at its full after dark. It has a sort of dry and dusty sound all day, and in competition with the daylight sounds of business it seems insignificant, and might easily pass unnoticed. After dark, however, when suburban sounds have died down to the cityward horizon, save for the occasional hum of a trolley car, which, not inaptly, suggests some monster of the insect world, the soft, murmurous hum of many small voices seems to have for its field all between earth and sky.

Only an entomologist could identify all the sounds and give them names, and that might spoil the music. The ground work or accompaniment of the whole is the shrill cry of the cricket, coming from every side, now as a single voice, now in a chorus of many, a rounded note in minor key. There is no true base in this orchestra. The nearest to it is the katy-dids, firmly reiterated through indefinite scandal, that comes athwart the hum, the loudest, clearest note of all. There are smaller, dry, sharp cries, more frequent than the katy-dids, and almost as continuous as the crickets. They suggest a multitude of tiny explosions, or a rude attempt to sound the Morse telegraphic alphabet. These make up the great bulk of the music, but there are others that one listens for and enjoys. There are soft flutings, and low, long, mellow whistlings, that suggest the "horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

These occasional flutings and whistlings have a narcotic power to soothe and comfort, while the music as a whole suggests the presence of a multitude filling earth and air. Sitting indoors by an open window, one believes that a step outside must bring one in sight of these pigmy musicians by myriads. But they are found to be invisible. The music is the work of unseen hands, and the mind travels back to Prospero's enchanted island, with the haunting music of impalpable strings. From the wood's edge comes the music, mixed with the mystery of the night. The scene fits well with the soft blurr of sounds, for a late-risen waning moon mellows meadow and woodland. Dark masses of foliage are dimly outlined against the sky, and lawns are dappled with moonlight and shadow. If the night be high and clear with a northwest wind, the volume of sound seems to rise and lose itself in the bare vault overhead. If the night be sultry the music is concentrated near the surface of the ground along with intensified odors of honeysuckle and other blossoms until one can hardly guess which sense is most preoccupied.

While the moon yet falls in at eastward windows and the night is at its finest it is a luxury to go to bed with windows wide, so that light and sound and odor float in together. There is no such lullaby for the adult as this triple, mild appeal to the senses. Lying still one listens for the soothing and cooling long low flute note, and the not less musical lengthened whistle, etherial sounds that may easily come from other creatures than the insects. As the mellow horns are winding, sleep gradually comes, and in the half waking moment when ears still take in the music, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" seems a possible reality, and one easily believes that peas, blossom, cobweb, moth and mustard seed, with a multitude of their kind are just outside of the window. After the ears are deaf in sleep, memory and imagination rejoice in half-consciousness that the music is going on through all the hours of the summer night.—New York Sun.

What Constitutes News?

Just before reaching the North Carolina line I came upon a squatter's cabin, with the squatter himself smoking his pipe at the door, and when I turned in to ask him for a gourd of spring water, he cheerily called out:

"Howdy, stranger; what's the news?"

"Well, it looks like war in Europe," I answered, as I sat down beside him.

"I don't keer nuthin' 'bout Yurup—what else?" he replied.

"They think the cholera may reach us this year."

"Dod rot the cholera! Hain't thear' nuthin' more?"

"Perhaps you have heard about the great coal mine disaster in England?" I asked.

"No, and I don't wanter."

"But you asked for news."

"Sart'n I did, and I want news. I wanter know if the price of terbacker has riz. I wanter know what moonshine whisky is wuth down in Knoxville. I wanter to know if you'n has met up with anybody who has killed one o' them dod rotted revenew fellers lately. I wanter know why in sin the owner of this ornery patch o' land don't cum down yere and drive me off, and rouse up my pestiferous ambishun to git a move on me? If you've got that sorter news, stranger, spit 'er out and make me happy. If you hain't, why jog along to Bill White's place and leave me suck this old pipe and keep on with my thinkin'!"—Detroit Free Press.

For Brain-Fag
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. J. S. PARKE, Franklin, Tenn., says: "Have always found very satisfactory results from it in nervous exhaustion, brain fag and prostration of various kinds."

Woman's Suffrage in London.

The central committee of the National Society for Promoting Woman's Suffrage have compiled a list of members of the present parliament who are favorable to woman's suffrage. Out of 670 members now at Westminster, 222 are upon this list, says the London Queen.

Proposal Season at the Resorts.

May (ecstatically)—"I really believe that George will propose to me to-night."

Agnes—"I don't see why he shouldn't, now that all obstacles are removed."

May—"Why so?"

Agnes—I refused him last night."

Summer Chivalry.

Agatha—What are you standing there and gazing up at that window for?

Marie (agitated)—Willie has gone up to ask papa to consent to our engagement, and I want to stand under to break his fall.—New York World.

The Sunday School.

Joshua Renewing the Covenant.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24:24.

LESSON TEXT.

(Josh. 24:14-25.)

14. Now therefore fear the Lord and serve him in sincerity and truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord.

15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

16. And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods;

17. For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed:

18. And the Lord drave out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwelt in the land; therefore will we also serve the Lord; for he is our God.

19. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord; for he is a holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins.

20. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good.

21. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord.

22. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses.

23. Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.

24. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

25. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem.

Illustrative Applications.

Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve (vs. 14, 15). We are sure to serve some god. No living man is his own master. No man can claim that he yields no deference, gives no service, to any superior. One man serves his appetite; another his lusts; another his ambition. One man gives all deference to his political party, another to his country, another to mankind generally. One man is subservient to public opinion; another yields only to the opinion of his immediate circle, but he defers wholly to that; yet another is under the strong will of a single superior man. One man submits himself to what he calls Reason; another to what he calls Science; another to what he calls Common Sense; and each of these men is ready to yield himself unreservedly to that which bears the outward appearance of this master. Man is so constituted that he must, and will, be in service of some kind. The strongest illustrations of this are found in the bigots of unbelief. There is no sectarianism so narrow and intense as sectarian "liberality;" the sectarianism that is hostile to all positiveness of conviction outside of its own restricted limits. It is not, therefore, a question whether we shall serve the true God, or serve nothing at all; but the question is, Shall we serve the true God, or false gods? Shal we give ourselves up to that which is rightly above all; or surrender ourselves to that which we ought to be above? Unless we serve the Lord, whom do we propose to serve? Unless we are living for him, for whom are we living?

The Lord our God, he it is that did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way; therefore we also will serve the Lord (vs. 17, 18). God has done enough for us to justify his demand on our loving service. His doings in our behalf have been sufficient to inspire our confidence in him at all times. And the contrast of the Lord's doings with the doings of any other god we have known, or have attempted to serve, is in itself a reason for our committing ourselves to him without hesitation or reserve. We have been disappointed in ourselves, in our fellows, in the public generally, in what we call Science, or Reason, or Common Sense; in whatever else we rested on, or looked up to, as a safe commander; but we have not been disappointd in the Lord. No promise of his ever failed us. We never erred through obeying one of the Lord's commands. We have found so far, by every experiment of our lives, that the Lord's way for us is sure to be better for us than our way, or than anybody else's way, for ourselves. "Therefore we also will serve the Lord."

Ye cannot serve the Lord; for he is an holy God (v. 19). It is not that God doesn't want your service; but that you don't want to give it. And the reason why you don't want to give God your service, is because God is holy, and you don't want to be. If only God would let you do as you want to do, and would help you to do it, you would like that above all things. But that would be having God serve you, instead of your serving God. And there are a great many who like the Devil better than they like God, just because they think the Devil will allow them more privileges, aynd give them more help in the line of their own desirings, than God will. The main difference between God and the Devil is that God is holy, and the Devil is not. On this account the Devil's service seems so attractive to a sinner, and God's service seems so unattractive.

If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you evil (v. 20). That is, if you forsake the Lord, he will not forsake himself; but your turning against him will make it as though he had turned against you. God's love sways the universe, and the current of his love sweeps on with a force that carries everything before it. If you yield yourself to that love, you are helped onward by everything that has life and motion in the universe. But if you set yourself against that love, the very force of its resistless sweep is your destruction. In battling God's love you are destroying your own soul; and, as that love never turns nor changes, your destruction is an endless destruction by the very endlessness of the love you battle.

And the people said, . . . Nay; but we will serve the Lord (v. 21) How easy it is to say, "We will serve the Lord, when we should prefer to have him serving us! When the issue is fairly before us, and we see the gain there would be in serving the Lord, and the danger there is in refusing to serve him, all of us are ready to say, "Nay, not the Devil, but the Lord, for our master." Lord, help us to do as we know we ought to do, and as, at our best, and way down in our heart of hearts, we want to do!

Joshua said, . . . Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him (v. 22). There will never be any need of outside witnesses to prove the apostasy of any persistent evil-doer; for every man's memory will be his own condemnation on that point. There is no person living who hasn't promised God, or promised to himself in God's sight, that he would be true and faithful in God's service. And every man who is to-day an apostate, a scoffer, or an evil-doer in any line, knows that he is untrue to his best impulses, to his deliberate purposes, and to his specific promises. He is a witness against himself that he did choose God, and afterwards rejected him. Others know something of our evil hearts; but no one knows so much against us as we could truly witness against ourselves.

Now therefore put away . . . the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord (v. 23). It is of no use trying to serve the Lord—and other gods. Yet there are a great many who think that there is no harm in giving a little service to some special national god, or neighborhood god, or family god, or private god, so long as the God of gods is recognized as above all other gods. And so it is that some favorite occupation, or amusement, or vice, that is clearly not consistent with the whole-hearted service of God, keeps back a young man or a young woman, a bright boy or a lovely girl, from both joy and growth in the service of God. To such persons to-day, as to the Israelites of old, the call of God's representative should be, "Put away . . . the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord."—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

THE LUXURY OF SECURITY IS FOUND IN THE DE LONG PATENT HOOK AND EYE.
SEE THAT HUMP?
RICHARDSON & DE LONG BROS. PHILADELPHIA

THE GIRL WITH A BROTHER.

She Has No Cherished Ideals to Have Spoiled in the Honeymoon.

The girl who has grown up among girls alone, who has had no brothers and—terrible loss of a delightful intimacy—no brother's friends, is very sincerely to be pitied. Her mind in this case may be wholly feminine; in it there is no touch of comprehension of the masculine. Yet she may marry, and have to learn by experience what she might have known by a kind of instinct—that men are not the same as women. It is impossible for a man to realize how deeply wounded such a girl may be before she learns to accept facts as they are. Before the honeymoon is over she discovers what she considers an unaccountable want of sympathy on the part of her husband. In all matters relating to herself he is still genuinely interested, but the home letters seem to bore him, or he shows frankly that he is only interested in them because she is reading them aloud to him.

He forgets things she tells him about her friends, and is curiously inattentive to details. He even leaves the little pin that she bought as a surprise for him lying carelessly about, and when she makes him up a flower for his buttonhole laughs and asks her if she wants to make him look like 'Arry out for a holiday. She discovers that one of the silk handkerchiefs which she herself embroidered with his initials has been used to clean out a pipe. She hides her feelings, but she is so used to enlarging the importance of little things that these seem to betray the fact that her husband does not care for her as he did. When the honeymoon is over and they are settled at home the same want is apparent.

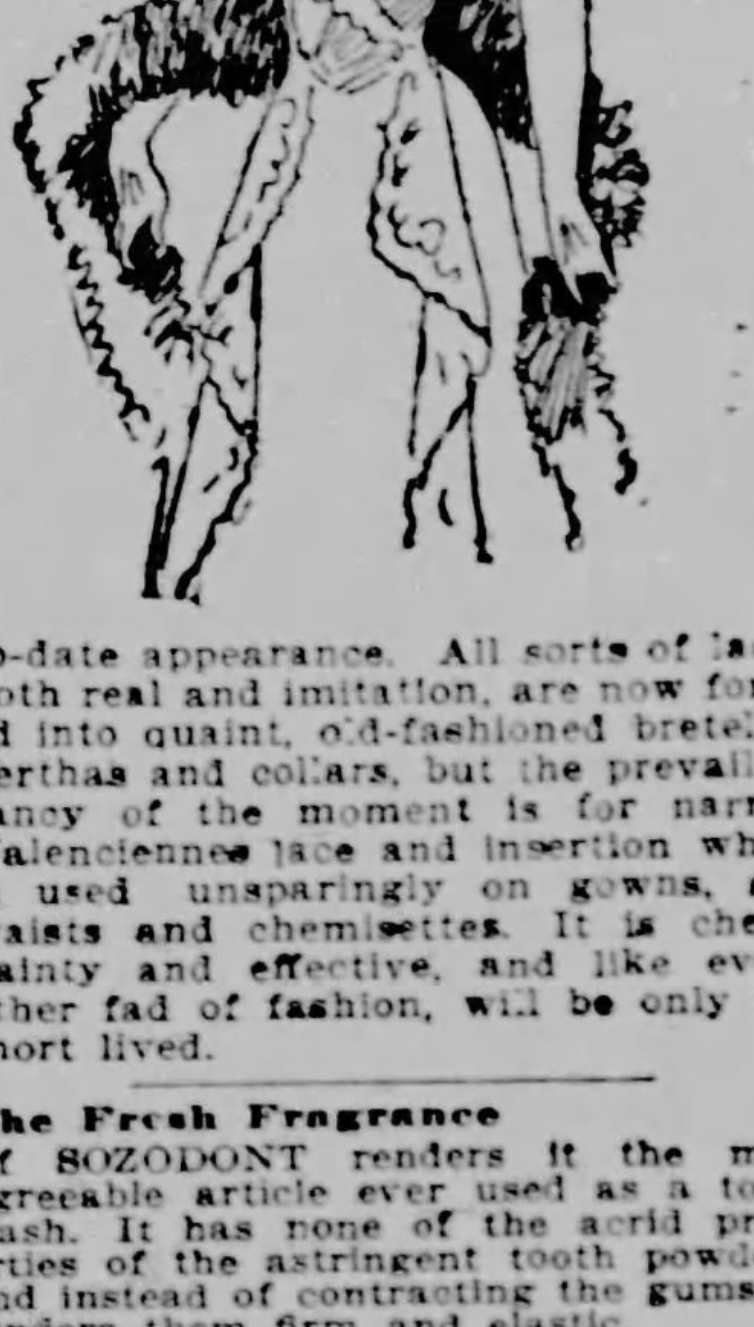
For one thing, the man never says he loves her as he did at first. He may show it in a hundred ways that are far more costly than words, but a woman who is wholly a woman and nothing more wants words. She is always imagining things. She wants him and him alone, but he often goes off for a whole day hunting or shooting and seems to enjoy it, though she is not there. The bitter thought that she is learning by experience that "a man's love but a part of man's life is," makes her miserable, and if she is a jealous woman she will end by making every one else in the household miserable, too.

But if she is sensible, the heartache will die away; she will get to understand her husband, and learn herself to become self-controlled, and refrain from worrying him about the small matters that up till then have formed her world. She will gain self-control, and her love will teach her the rest. She may feel in her heart that the woman's part in married life is the harder, but she will accept it, and be braced in both mind and heart. The girl with brothers will probably learn her lesson before marriage; she knows that men are different from women, neither better nor worse, but different, and she will have no cherished ideals to overturn in the honeymoon.

LACE IN DEMAND.

Berthas and Collars Make Old Gowns Attractive.

Undoubtedly the important parts of a woman's dress this fall are the accessories, and although there is a discouraging amount of expense to be considered, it is really the fanciful touches of color and contrast after all which are the most tempting things in fashion, and the most useful, particularly in renovating old gowns to an up-to-date appearance. All sorts of laces, both real and imitation, are now formed into quaint, old-fashioned bretelles, berthas and collars, but the prevailing fancy of the moment is for narrow Valenciennes lace and insertion which is used unsparingly on gowns, silk waists and chemisettes. It is cheap, dainty and effective, and like every other fad of fashion, will be only too short lived.



The Fresh Fragrance
Of SOZODONT renders it the most agreeable article ever used as a tooth wash. It has none of the acrid properties of the astringent tooth powders, and instead of contracting the gums, it renders them firm and elastic.

MONSTER SNAKE.

With a Body as Big Around as a Water Pail.

The people of this neighborhood are very much alarmed over the fact that a monster snake has been at large on the outskirts of the town for a number of days, and it is feared that somebody will be attacked by the serpent before it is killed or captured.

The monster was first seen about three weeks ago by Justice Veltor. Since then it has been seen at intervals by I. W. Valentine, superintendent of the Baptist Union Sunday school, and by Dr. Oliver Jones. The latter chased the snake into the woods in an effort to capture it, but was unsuccessful.

All agreed that the snake is about fourteen feet in length, with a body as big around as a pail. Its head is diamond-shaped, and the top is surmounted by a crest that is shaped like a crown.

Some time ago Dr. Wood, a resident of this place, died, but before his death he liberated a number of large snakes which he held captive. The snake which has been seen is believed to be one of them. The monster is referred to by the people hereabouts as the "King of Snakes."—Cold Spring Cor. New York Recorder.

Knows Now.

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away, as he had been fishing all day and caught nothing.

"Fishing " inquired a man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there; what's his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"'Cause he won't bite?"

Then the man proceeded on his way.—Erie Messenger.

BY GUM! THE FARMER BID IT!

A FRIENDLY GAME OF EUCHRE IN A PARLOR CAR SMOKING ROOM.

Five Dollars' Worth of Experience for a Young Man—Bunco on Trains.

The smoking-room of the parlor car was just filled when the train pulled out of the station at Philadelphia. Among the occupants was a man whom you would take anywhere for a farmer, says a writer in the New York Sun. He had a worn gray suit, gray chin whiskers, and as fine a come-on smile as the prospective victim of a green goods game ever wore. He sat by a window minding his own business. Another occupant of the room was a decidedly sporty looking man. He was tall and heavy, and wore a check suit and yellow shoes. He had a chewed-off mustache that added to his sporty appearance. A third man in the room was short and insignificant looking. These three occupied seats remote from one another.

As the train started, the sporting man wondered if there were three others in the car who would like to take a hand in a friendly game of euchre. Nobody responded. He left his seat, and picking out the insignificant man, asked:

"Will you join in a friendly game?"

"Certainly," said the insignificant man.

"Will you join us?" continued the sporty man to the farmer.

"By gum I will, if 'taint for money," replied the farmer.

"No money, of course not," said the sporty man. "This is just a friendly game to pass the time away. Won't you join us?" he added, turning to a prosperous looking business man, who afterward turned out to be the man who knows it all.

"No, sir," responded the man who knew it all.

"How about you?" said the sporty man to a young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much.

"Well, I don't mind," assented the young man.

Then there was a lot of changing of seats, and finally near Jenkintown the party got four seats together. The farmer and the insignificant man were partners, and the young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much played with the sporty man.

The game progressed for ten miles or so. The farmer was the wisest of the party. Nobody had any particular advantage. The man who knew it all meanwhile kept up a violent winking at everybody in the car, and the result was that everybody got interested in the game, and somehow everybody caught right onto the idea that somehow or other the farmer was going to lose a lot of money before he got out. By and by it came the farmer's deal. There was a heart turned up, and the young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much said he'd order it up and go it alone.

"Ha-a," said the farmer, "if you do that, young man, I'll euchre you! By gum, I will!"

"I guess not," said the young man.

"By gum, I will!" repeated the farmer. "I'll bet you $10 I will."

"I'll bet you ten," said the sporty man. "Let's see your hand," addressing the young man, who didn't look as if he had traveled much. The hand was handed over. There were two bowers, two other trumps, and the king of spades. All the passengers saw it, and when the sporty man repeated, "I'll bet ye," everybody looked at the farmer with pity and at the sporty man and his partner with anger. The left eyebrow of the man who knew it all looked as if it had the palsy by this time.

"I'll make it fifty," shouted the farmer. "I come from Kentucky, where we back our opinion, I do!"

The sporty man looked at his partner.

"Come into it, come into it," he said. "It's a cinch."

"I haven't any money," replied the young man.

"Put up what you got," rejoined the sporty man, and he pulled a ten-dollar bill from his own pocket.

The farmer pulled out a wad of bills as big as your leg and peeled off two twenties and a ten.

"I'll make it fifty, by gum!" he said.

The passengers began telling one another it was a shame to beat such a nice old man. One of them talked about calling the conductor. The man who knew it all threatened to explode with excitement and his eyelid to drop off.

"I'll make it $50," repeated the farmer.

The young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much had pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket by this time. The sporty man seized it. He seized the old man's $50 and held them all.

"By gum!" shouted the old man, "if I don't euchre him I'll lose the fifty!"

"Go ahead and play," said the sporty man.

The young man led a bower and took the trick. He led another and took that. Then the old man got two tricks and led the ace of spades. He caught the young man's king.

"It's your money," said the sporty man, handing the wad to the farmer.

"You bet it are," replied the farmer, "I knew I could euchre him. By gum I did."

The man who knew it all sat back in his seat in a state of collapse. The crowd felt just like jumping up and cheering, they were so glad the farmer won.

"That's right, it's your money," added the young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much, and there was a sickly smile on his face.

"Served him right," said half a dozen men.

"Trent-o-n," called the brakeman.

The sporty man and the insignificant man jumped up.

"Good-by," they said, and started out. The farmer got up and ambled after them. Half a dozen passengers said: "They'll get him now. It's too bad."

The man who knew it all waited until the train started, and then said to the young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much:

"Sucker, sucker, sucker."

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man.

"What do I mean?" said the man who knew it all. Why that's the finest gang of bunco men in the country and they played you."

"The bunco men didn't get it, the former got it," said one of the passengers.

"Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho!" roared the man who knew it all. "Why, he's the slickest one of the lot. You bet the farmer got it. He always does. He's a daisy, that fellow is."

The passengers began to look ashamed of themselves. The young man who hadn't traveled much said, "Well, I'm damned."

Just then the conductor came through.

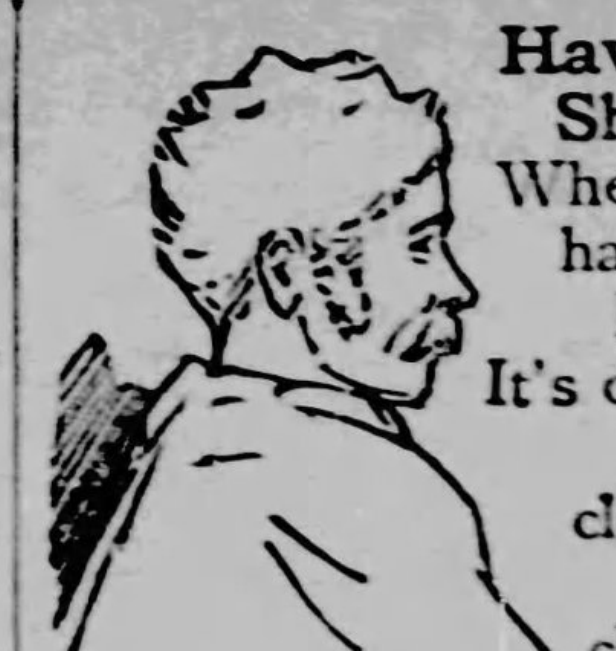
"Those people didn't get anything here, did they?" he demanded.

"Only a five spot," said the man who knew it all. The conductor looked angry.

"I thought you people knew 'em," he said. "I've had my eye on 'em all the way from Washington, and I stopped them once. A man can't stay in here all the time and attend to his business, too. These fellows are the slickest men in the business. I've had 'em with me a number of times before, and I always succeeded in stopping them until now. This is the first time they ever got in on me. They did a $500 job at Trenton last year, and they're wanted there. I was surprised to see them get off there. I telegraphed ahead, and if the police want them they can get them."

He went on and took up the tickets. While he was gone the man who knew it all told stories about trips he had made on steamboats on the Mississippi and about the number of times he had just escaped being swindled. He certainly had had a remarkable collection of experiences. By and by the conductor came back.

CONSUMPTION
To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.



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Send for particulars of our colony plan and the excursion. CALIFORNIA EXCURSION, with special train, Nov. 14. Address
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"Why, yes," he said, "that gang is just as fine a gang as you could find in a day's travel. They work together. I just want to say to you, sir," he turned toward the young man who hadn't traveled much, "that you got $5 worth of experience. You'll never regret that $5 as long as you live. But it was lucky you didn't have $50. They'd a' had that, sure."

"It's a queer thing how people will get taken in," the conductor went on, resuming the conversation after awhile. Now, we railroad men probably see more of it than any other class of men. I can spot a green goods victim the moment I lay my eyes on him, and it's hardly a day I don't get one. I have made a business of warning them for a year, now, and I never made a mistake yet. I had a fellow yesterday. When I got through with the train business I went to him and said:

"'Well, how much are you going to buy?'

He looked surprised and wanted to know what I meant.

"'I mean just what I say,' I replied. 'You are going to New York to buy green goods. I know what you are going for, and if you take my advice you will keep your money in your pocket and go home.'

"He got indignant, and threatened to report me. I told him that I didn't care if he did; I hated to see a man cheated. Well, I talked with him half an hour, and finally I said to him:

"'Look here, do you suppose that if I could get $10,000 for a hundred I'd be spending my time working like a slave on this railroad? Not much, I wouldn't. I'd retire?' That caught him.

"'By gosh, that's right,' he said, 'say young fellow, I'm a blamed old fool, an' I didn't mean what I said about reporting you.'

"I told him that was all right and to stay in the car when we got to Jersey City until I came back. He did, and I shipped him back home. But about two out of three of the people I warn get swindled anyway. I carry 'em in and I carry 'em out again. A couple of days ago I had one that I had warned just the day before. He remembered me and told me that I was a fool when I spoke to him. I offered to bet him a hundred that he'd been swindled. He wouldn't go it. Finally I got him into the baggage car with the bag and opened it. Well, I thought he'd drop dead. He went on like fun. I never saw a man act so. But there was no redress. He went home a wiser man. As I tell you, there are lots of 'em."

The young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much said: "Well, I'm damned."

"Of course you are," volunteered the man who knew it all.

Then the train rolled into Jersey City.

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The Runaway is Simply Postponed.

"You say it was a runaway match?"

"Partly. He tried to run away, but she brought him to time with threats of a breach of promise suit."—Indianapolis Journal.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1895.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 130,000

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our low-priced three months subscription offer was discontinued with the month of August. It will be useless to send us three months' subscriptions now at less than our regular rates.

We have a very large number of three months' subscribers whose terms expire during September. To them we have sent a proposition for renewal for one year, which is the most remarkable as to terms that The Blade or any other newspaper ever made.

We hope that without exception every short time subscriber will accept this and send in his renewal. And it will be very remarkable if all do not. For, as stated above, the terms offered are so liberal that no one will resist, and we believe such terms will never be offered again by any newspaper.

GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR DEMOCRATS.

We invite our Democratic brethren of Ohio to take a look at the political situation in this state and then honestly say if they believe there is a ghost of a chance of their party winning a victory this year. Here are a few things to consider and explain.

Ohio Democrats must face an adverse majority of 137,000.

There are no factions in the Republican party this year. Foraker men, Sherman men, and McKinley men are all for Bushnell.

The Republican candidate for governor is a man of great business ability, well known and a good campaigner.

The state ticket is made up of hustling, wide awake Republicans, most of them already having a state reputation.

The platform is broad, it was framed by the people and meets their approval.

The campaign work is in the hands of experienced men who know how to marshal political forces.

The clubs are preparing to take a more active interest in this campaign than in any previous campaign since their organization.

The condition of affairs in the state as well as in the country at large is such as insures a heavy Republican vote. The slump of the past two years has not yet ended.

Now as to the Democratic party in Ohio.

It is bossed by a man who lives in New York and who is boss because he has money.

He has owned the party for six years and wants to renew the lease for another six years.

For the first time in the history of either party in Ohio a man has been hired to make the race for governor. Mr. Campbell is the hired man and Mr. Brice did the hiring.

Mr. Brice is a gold money man and says the Ohio Democratic platform means gold and gold only.

One-third of all the Democrats in the state are free silver men and do not like the platform. Some will vote the ticket and others will not.

The Democratic candidate for governor while in that position caused a split in his party, which led from a Republican plurality of 21,000 four years ago to 137,000 last year.

The balance of the state ticket is made up of men not known to the masses and selected because they were willing to be sacrificed.

The campaign committee is headed by a political relic, who is unable to secure any office, although always wanting one and living in a Democratic county and district.

There is no enthusiasm for the ticket and there is not a Democrat in the state of sound mind who believes it will be elected.

It is generally understood that Mr. Brice, who owns the party, owns the ticket and owns the campaign committee, is attempting to own the next legislature and that the state ticket is to be slaughtered to save the legislature.

It is also well known that Mr. Brice is becoming a very unpopular boss and there are signs of insubordination, if not of revolt.

The great unpopularity of President Cleveland will have its effect on Ohio politics.

There is absolutely nothing in the situation to give Democrats the least hope of success.

The higher court, on appeal, has decided that the women of Utah can not vote on the adoption of the new state constitution. As that instrument gives them the right to vote at all elections in the coming state of Utah, this decision merely says that women shall not vote on the question whether they shall hereafter vote or not. It may be a matter of regret to the women of that commonwealth that they can not assist at the ushering of the infant state into the world, but they may console themselves with the thought that thereafter they can rock the cradle, and officiate otherwise.

The commission investigating the outrages among the missionaries in China is making slow progress. Over one hundred arrests have been made and twelve persons have been sentenced to death. Fresh outrages are reported from Hok Chiang and Hing Hwa. It may be necessary yet for a few United States naval vessels to make a demonstration against Chinese ports in order to accelerate the motions of the government officials of China.

Since the death of ex-Governor Charles Anderson, the surviving ex-governors of Ohio are Jacob D. Cox, Charles Foster, George Hoadly, Joseph B. Foraker and James E. Campbell.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN NEW YORK.

Every reader of the Blade knows that the efforts to enforce the law closing the saloons of New York city on Sunday are successful; and as New York is the largest city in the United States, this fact disproves the proposition that restrictive liquor laws cannot be enforced in great cities. The matter is one of such interest all over the Union that we will give a synopsis of the whole matter, that our readers may follow the struggle in New York understandingly.

The law was passed several years ago by the legislature of the state of New York known as the excise law, which provided regulations for the retail traffic in intoxicating liquors. Among other things it prohibited the opening of bars, or the sale of liquor on Sunday, between the hours of 12 Saturday night and 12 Sunday night. The law was passed by a Democratic legislature and signed by a Democratic governor, but until recently the Sunday feature was only partially enforced, or, rather, its violation was permitted in New York city by the authorities then in power.

When, however, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was appointed, by Mayor Strong, president of the board of police commissioners of New York city, he concluded that the law, being on the statute books, should be enforced. He took the impregnable ground that no law should be passed that is in any way unjust, and therefore there should be no law on the statute books to be construed as a dead letter. All laws should be enforced, amended or repealed.

The enforcement of the Sunday closing provision caused much excitement in New York city, and the Tammany Hall Democrats sought to use it against the reform administration; but the authorities went ahead, and every saloon and bar in New York city was virtually closed on Sunday, and that is now the situation.

Senator Hill, in an interview, while admitting the law was passed by Democrats and signed by a Democratic governor, said "it was never intended to be strictly construed." He no doubt told the truth. The main purpose of the law was to widen the field of blackmail in New York city, in the interests of the Tammany managers, much of their wealth being drawn from the liquor dealers. Police authorities assumed the privilege to enforce the law or wink at open doors, and for every wink a tribute was levied, and thus only those who submitted to blackmail were permitted to violate the law. This was the situation when Tammany was overthrown, but it is not the situation now under Roosevelt and Strong.

When it became clear that the law was to be enforced fully and impartially, the association of liquor dealers of New York city met to consider the situation, and issued an address to the public. In that they claim that the business of retailing liquors is a legitimate one, it is authorized by the state and for the privilege they pay a heavy license. This being the case, they do not choose to be blackmailed or classed as law breakers. They do not wish their business to be illegitimately oppressed or that themselves shall be disgraced; therefore they give notice that they will obey the law, close their places of business on Sunday, and aid the authorities in compelling every one engaged in the traffic to render compliance with the provisions of the statutes. They even denounce side door evasions.

But they appeal to the people, and declare it will remain for the latter to decide whether the Sunday law shall stand. They ask for a "local option" statute; that is, that a law shall be passed giving the voters of the city of New York the right to ballot on the question whether the saloons shall be allowed to be open on certain hours on Sunday.

This is the shape in which the matter stands just now. The saloons of the city are closed on Sunday; and the liquor men, instead of seeking to evade the law, are clamoring for its modification so that they may be allowed to keep their saloons open a portion of the day on Sundays. What the outcome may be, no one can foretell. But it is certainly proved that Sunday closing can be enforced in our great cities; and thus another argument is placed in the hands of those who seek to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN.

It is apparent that in this year's campaign Ohio Democrats will attempt to prove to the industrial classes that the return of prosperity is due to the action of a Democratic congress in formulating and passing the Brice-Gorman tariff law, an act of party perfidy and dishonor, according to President Cleveland. Democrats will insist that as a result of this legislation mills and factories have resumed work and wages of employes have been increased. They will play this demagogic act to the finish, and it remains to be seen what effect it will have on the voter. That this is the plan is evidenced by the attack which is being made on Gen. Bushnell by the Democratic press because he has said, and truthfully, that the return of better times is due to the election of a Republican Congress last year, and that the industrial improvement will continue as it becomes more and more certain that the country will again have a national Republican administration. Republican success always has been and always will be the harbinger of industrial prosperity.

Gen. Bushnell is right and he is in line with the leaders of his party, and the November election will prove that he is in line with the intelligent voters of Ohio.

An estimate by the secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange makes the cotton crop of the United States for the past year 9,901,251 bales. This exceeds the largest previous crop, that of 1891-92, by 865,872 bales. This enormous crop means prosperity to southern planters, and the consequent decline of the Populist craze in that section.

A call has been issued for a convention by the leaders of the "new Irish movement," which is understood to mean physical force. The questions thus opened are grave. Has a naturalized American citizen any right, in view of his adoption of this as his country, to join in any such effort? What hope of success has the movement, examined candidly?

Time brings about its revenges. Away back in the '60's, Spain made haste to recognize the Southern Confederacy as having belligerent rights. The time is now coming when we can repay her by recognizing Cuba as a belligerent. It is notable, too, that the greatest activity in aid of the Cuban revolutionists is in the states which were once the Confederacy.

OUR SILVER DISCUSSION.

THE FIFTH PAPER APPEARS IN TO-DAY'S ISSUE.

David A. Wells on the Causes of the Decline in Silver.

In to-day's issue of The Blade we give the fifth paper of our silver discussion. It is entitled

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

Next week we shall give a most interesting paper on

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well-known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

The next article will be entitled:

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

QUAY AND PLATT IN 1896.

The recent struggle for the control of the organization of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and Senator Quay's complete victory, have been a fertile source of gossip on the part of political quid nuncs at the East. Mr. Quay is now chairman of the state Republican committee, and it is his avowed purpose to become national committeeman from Pennsylvania. The prospect is that he will succeed Tom Carter as chairman of the national Republican committee, and thus have the management of the national campaign of 1896.

Quay will certainly control the Pennsylvania delegation to the national convention; and this fact is believed to be against ex-President Harrison's chances for the nomination. It is an accepted fact that the political relations between the two have never been close. During three years of the Harrison administration the Pennsylvania Senator never visited the White House. He was, with ex-Senator Platt, a leader in the fight against Harrison at Minneapolis in 1892. Both men had divided delegations against them, and had to fight the army of officeholders who supported Harrison there.

In this connection it is of interest to note that Platt will have probably a majority of the New York delegation to the national convention under his control. He is pushing Governor Morton's Presidential candidacy, and this of itself is a powerful lever in his work of holding New York well in hand. Platt and Quay are warm political and personal friends, and have been so since 1888. Thus it is entirely probable that they will be commanding factors in next year's national convention, and furthermore that they will oppose Harrison. He will not have the support of the two largest delegations—those from New York and Pennsylvania.

The question in doubt is, whether they will support McKinley or Reed. There is an opinion current in the East that both Quay and Platt are opposed to McKinley; but its basis seems to be that some of the elements opposed to each favor the distinguished Ohioan. But this does not necessarily mean that they will oppose him. The struggle so far has been for control of the party organization, not for nor against any candidate for the nomination; and we may be sure that both Quay and Platt will be influenced by the strength that may develop in other states for this or that candidate, in selecting the one under whose banner they will array themselves.

SHOWING UP KEIR HARDIE.

Keir Hardie appears to pin his faith to the doctrine that he can fool some people all of the time. He said in his Chicago speech on Labor day that "in the year 1890, according to the best returns available, only 17 per cent of the wealth produced by the level-headed, vigorous, sensible artisans of America found its way into their pockets, whereas 83 per cent. of that wealth went to the idle owners of land and capital." The Chicago Tribune brings the census figures to show Hardie a monumental liar, which it does most effectually as follows:

> The total value of manufactured products for the census year 1890 was 9,372 millions of dollars. The cost of raw materials used was 3,162 millions of dollars. Therefore the wealth produced by the labor of artisans on those raw materials amounted to 4,210 millions of dollars. Of that product the artisans got in the shape of wages 2,283 millions of dollars, or more than 50 per cent instead of 17 per cent. Out of the 1,927 millions of dollars which the artisans did not get had to be paid the cost of finding markets for goods and taxes, insurance, and other expenses of carrying on business. What remained was the reward not of "idle capital," but of the mental ability which could use capital productively.

It is a common error with men of the Hardie stamp to ignore one factor of wealth-production. They all declare that labor and capital are the only factors; that labor does the work, capital merely furnishes the means; that the capitalist is an idle parasite, who fattens on labor. There are three factors—labor, capital and brains. Neither can be ignored. Labor and capital without brains—that is, business capacity—will not succeed. More manufacturing plants have failed from lack of this than are in existence in the United States to-day. It is easy, comparatively, to erect a plant and hire labor; but to build up a remunerative trade, to obtain and hold customers against the competition of established firms, to manage the details so as to make money—there is where the brains come in. It won't do to ignore brains, Mr. Hardie!

Thos. Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," has tried his hand on a patriotic song, named "Old Glory," which is an apostrophe to the American flag. It has but one really good line in it—that which refers to the Stars and Stripes as

The rainbow of a rescued land.

But this is far inferior to many single lines in Joseph Rodman Drake's magnificent tribute to the American flag, written some eighty years ago. The fact is, such things can not be written to order, and in cold blood. There must be an occasion, which will tune the poet's lyre up to concert pitch.

The Chicago Dispatch touches a responsive chord when it says "the Stars and Stripes which float from public school buildings nowadays are quite different from the stars we used to see and the stripes we used to feel at the little red schoolhouse years ago."

THE SUMNER COURT-MARTIAL.

The court-martial in the case of Captain Sumner, of the cruiser St. Louis, for inefficiency and neglect of duty in "suffering a vessel of the navy to be hazarded" in dock at Southampton, England, was rendered necessary by Sumner's own admission. It is a rule of the navy, and one never allowed to be violated, that a naval vessel is never to be allowed out of the personal control of the proper affair. The captain of a merchant ship may, if he deem it proper, entrust his ship to a pilot on entering port, or to a dockmaster for repairs; but a naval commander, whatever civilian assistance he may employ, is expected never to let his ship out of his own hands, or those of an officer directly responsible to him, as he is himself absolutely responsible to the government for its safety under every circumstance.

Captain Sumner knows this inexorable rule perfectly, so it is a matter of the utmost surprise that he neither supervised the docking of his vessel, nor entrusted that duty to an officer detailed for the purpose. He turned her over to an English civilian, and even when it was made known that the docking had been improperly done, he did not take the steps necessary. These facts need no proof, for Captain Sumner admits them. The court martial will find the main question of interest before it not to decide whether Sumner was at fault or not, but to what his unaccountable error of judgment and palpable neglect of duty were due. Here is a man who, after years of faithful and honorable service, had just attained his ambition for years—to become the commander of one of our leading naval vessels—suddenly lapses from duty, thereby committing an error which will doubtless cost him his command. What was the matter with Captain Sumner, anyway?

BRICE'S SOCIAL WAR.

Calvin S. Brice, of New York and Newport, has a back-yard quarrel on his hands at the latter resort. The Cornelius Vanderbilts gave a "social function," to which all the resident millionaires and railway magnates were invited—except the Brices and Mrs. "Willie" K. Vanderbilt. The omission of the latter was due to her divorce; that of the Brices was simply a snub administered by the Vanderbilts to one they consider a "social upstart."

And now the Red Fox of Wall street is mad. Every individual hair of his shocky poll stood horrent and glowed like a line of crimson light as he vowed "r-r-revenge" on the Vanderbilts and the New York Central road. For the pushing Calvin is trying his best to get into the Newport push, and to be pushed out by the family whose heads he compelled to buy in the Nickel Plate road did not please him a little bit.

Brice is mad, and there is no telling what he may do to bring the proud Vanderbilts to terms. He may parallel the New York Central as he did the Lake Shore; and he may do the same to the Big Four and Lake Shore. He is capable of anything; and it has already passed into a proverb that Calvin will compel social recognition at Newport, even if he has to sell an Ohio railroad or two to do it.

INSURANCE SWINDLING.

Two methods of swindling life insurance companies have recently been brought forcibly to public attention. The first is the case of Dr. Fraker, who led to the impression that he had been drowned in the Missouri river, in order that his heirs might obtain the heavy insurance on his life which he carried. He has been caught and will be tried at Topeka for his crime. The second is the case of that human monster, Holmes, who murdered a number of persons, including Pietzel and his three children, in order to obtain the sums for which his victims were insured.

The insurance companies, in both these cases, spared no expense to run the scoundrels down. This is a policy which, if effectively carried out, will stamp out this form of swindling. When it is clearly understood that every insurance company will push to the bitter end every case wherein the facts are not absolutely clear, there will be very few cases like those mentioned above. The express companies have long made this a rule, and the federal government likewise. Criminals are shy of fooling with Uncle Sam. They know he never lets up, and never forgives.

Prosperity is slowly returning to the nation, for which we are all thankful. But the voters will not forget that confidence, in the business and industrial world, did not return until the people decided at the polls last November that they had enough of Democratic tariff tinkering, by electing a Republican House. It will not be forgotten, either, that the Democratic boast of high wages under their tariff law is false. As Representative Dalzell truly says, "an examination of the schedule of wages paid now, under all the increases that have been recently made and those of wages paid during the prosperous times of the McKinley law will show that the workingmen are not receiving as much money by from 10 to 35 per cent. now as they did then."

Cholera is increasing in Japan and China, and the deaths in Peking are said to exceed 1,500 a day. But little apprehension was felt in the United States of an importation of the scourge, for it is one of the strange features of a cholera epidemic that it appears to travel westward. But with the news that it has appeared in Hawaii, brought thither from the Orient, apprehension has been excited, and now the citizens of San Francisco want the government quarantine authorities to take the necesary action to protect the Pacific ports from the introduction of cholera from Hawaii or Asia. The appeal is a proper one, and should be acted on without loss of time.

Some of the Democratic papers are endeavoring to use the old federal election laws, repealed two years ago as a bogy to frighten voters. Every sensible man knows that no one favors their re-enactment in any form. The "bloody shirt" can no longer be waved to fire the Southern heart.

We do not wonder that Senator Quay proved successful. He was assisted by Preston Kleibscheidel, of Hokendaqua. Who could prevail against such a name?

Col. Watterson's views on the Democratic situation in Kentucky, if expressed in words, would probably be more emphatic than elegant.

Kentucky has a record of forty-nine murders in forty-eight days. No wonder Colonel Watterson has run away to Europe.

Ohio Democrats will open their campaign September 28. But why waste the time in opening it at all?

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The only factor of uncertainty in the general situation in the United States is the exporting of gold. The total amount which went out was $4,928,464. When will this outflow stop? is the question of uncertainty in our finances. In all other directions the outlook is one of cheerfulness and confidence. The corn crop is, for the most part, well beyond the danger line. Unfortunately, the world's production of the great cereals has been too large this year for the consumptive demand, and it begins to look as though the superabundant yield will keep prices very low. The railroads are feeling the good effects of increased business. The lake trade has taken on a decided boom also. Industrial establishments everywhere are having a prosperous time, and in the cities there are signs of increased activity in real estate—a sure indication of prosperity.

There is very little change to report in the New York money market. Call loans still remain at the stereotyped figure of 1 per cent. Time money continues in ample amounts offered by the usual lenders in and near the city with small prospect of a diminution, while the demand is only fair. The rate of money on demand continuing at so low a rate, and the offerings so full, the borrowers appear to take more risks than usual at this season of the year, and depend almost entirely on that market, instead of fortifying their position with large time loans. Rates 1 1-2 per cent for thirty days, 2@2 1-2 for sixty to ninety days, 3 per cent for four months, 3@3 1-2 for five to seven months.

On the New York stock market the week was one of great irregularity and confusion, the prevailing factor being the sales of London accounts, offset, however, by not a few purchases. Railway bonds have been generally strong, and prices advanced noticeably. Trading continues active, though less than last week's. Government bonds were quiet and steady at unchanged prices.

Dealers in silver bullion reported the bar silver market in strong position, and were surprised that the price did not record a substantial advance. The reason for the firmness without much rise was the caution exercised by the agents of London buyers, who seemed to have large buying orders at about the current level of quotations. They took whatever offered, but were not disposed to bid up the price, for the sake of making larger contracts. The closing prices in New York on Saturday were 67 cents per ounce for commercial bars and 67 1-4@67 3-4 for government assay bars.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Toledo Daily Blade, Sept. 7.

To-day begins the series of international yacht races, for the possession of the America's cup. The cup is to go to the winner of three in five contests, and the series will form the sporting event, par excellence, of this year.

The cup was offered by Queen Victoria in a competition open to the yachts of all nations. It was won easily by the America in the regatta from Cowes around the Isle of Wight, August 2, 1851. It became the absolute property of the owners of the America; but several years later they placed it in the custody of the New York Yacht club, to be contested for whenever any yacht of any other nation should be bold enough to enter the lists in competition with a Yankee racer.

Since the cup has been thus offered, the English have made seven attempts to recover it, at a total expense of over a million dollars. The eighth effort is that of Lord Dunraven and his associates this year, which will cost them certainly not less than $150,000. In these seven efforts sixteen races have been sailed, in all kinds of weather, only one of which was won by an English boat—the Livonia, in her race with the Columbia, October 19, 1871. The reason was that the Columbia was disabled. The day before she had beaten her competitor nearly eleven minutes. In the succeeding races of the series the Sappho took the Columbia's place and beat the Livonia with ease.

Of course, it is not the value of the America's cup which prompts these repeated efforts to capture it, at so great an expense. It is because that ornamental bit of silver is the visible emblem of the naval superiority of the nation holding it. The English understand that so long as it remains in our possession the claim is not tenable that Great Britain is the greatest shipbuilding nation in the world; for we won the trophy from a fleet of the best yachts she could produce, and have held it against yachts which were the products of her best designers and shipbuilders for nearly half a century.

Hence the deep interest in the contest whose initial race was held today. It is not merely a matter of the relative speed of the Defender and the Valkyrie III, but a struggle for the superiority in naval designing and construction.

WHO IS BENEFITED?

Democrats can "point with pride" to one instance in which the Gorman-Brice tariff is directly responsible for an increase in wages, but the increase is in Wales and not in the United States. The last Congress reduced the duty on tin plate one cent a pound. The result was that American tin plate manufacturers were compelled to either go out of business or reduce the wages of their workmen. The men were informed as to the exact situation, and rather than lose all, accepted a reduction.

But the new law worked differently in Wales. With the reduction of duty came a revival of business there. The price of tin plate was advanced, more men were employed and the capacity of the works increased. With this revival came a demand from the workmen for increased wages, and it was granted. The Welsh manufacturers are now paying the old wages of ten years ago, or an advance of about twenty per cent. And this is how Democratic legislation benefits the other fellows.

In view of these facts it may be well to ask the question, who pays the tax?

The Cuban revolution is a very expensive affair for Spain. Already she has paid out over $20,000,000, and the prospects of success for the revolutionists are better now than ever before. Spain's treasury is in a bankrupt condition, and if the war continues—as it gives every indication of doing—the revenue question will be a perplexing one to the Spanish government.

A license for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight has been refused at Dallas, and the question of the legal standing of a pugilist in Texas will now be settled in the courts. It is to be hoped the Texas judiciary will see that the brutal exhibition is prohibited.

One of the most imperative reforms is the compelling of public officials to do their sworn duty.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was printed in The Blade in October, 1878, and, like the five previously given, was prompted by the impractical theories propounded at that time by many agitators:

Mr. Nasby's Last Experiment With Fiat Money.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky).
Oct. 15, 1878.

The October eleckshuns aint ez satisfactory ez they mite hev bin, but they will do. We hev lost Ohio, and Iowa, but we have gobbled Injeany and West Virginny. The grate coz uv finanshel salvashen hez not ez yit passed into a triumph, but it hezn't bin killed, wich is some comfort. Ther is yit room for hope. Wheat hez come down five cents a bushel in consekence uv the dismal prospeck that ther won't be no European war, and that encouragis us. The people never did ascribe the low price uv prodoose to anything but the party in power, and this drop, ef it providenshelly continyoos, will make votes for us. The price uv prodoose controls a great deel more than any one hez any idee uv. I hev knowd a providenshel potato rot to elect a Democratic member uv Congris.

Issaker Gavitt is growin daily more gloomy ez the prospex uv a gineral European war diminishes.

"It's crooel," sez he, with a teer in each eye. "No war in Europe, and I've got ten hogs wich I wantid a high price fur. This world is full uv disappintments. I don't suppose pork on foot will now be wuth more than three cents a pound. Wat do them European cabinits mean?"

But this is a diversion.

I supposed that when we hed ishood our fiat money that our troubles wuz over. I supposed that when the Common Counsel uv the Corners hed ishood a currency based upon the good faith uv the Corners, and hed passed an ordinance makin it legle tender, that everything wood go along smoothly, and that the era uv prosperity wich we hev all been lookin for wood immejitly set in. But it don't work wuth a cuss. We hed expectid to be relieved uv our indebtednis to Pollock & Bigler, but unfortunitly them disturbers, with a foresite that is feendish, hev persistently refoozed the Dimocrisy uv the Corners credit for many yeers, so that we don't owe them anything. And Pollock remarked vishusly that ef we did owe him anything he wood ez soon take pay in fiat money ez anything else he wuz likely to git from us, ez he never expectid anything anyhow.

But we desidid to git even with him. I went into his store and asked for a pare uv boots.

"All rite," sed Pollock, "wat kind uv money do yoo perpose to pay in? the glorious fiat uv the present or the despised greenback uv the past?"

"Sir!" I remarked impressively, "I am too patriotic not to assist in gitting our new money into cirkelashun. I shel pay in fiat, of which I hev plenty, and more a comin."

"All rite," said Pollock, perdoosin a little strip uv leather, "Them is the boots."

"But they is not boots," I exclaimed. "Wat kin I do with that strip uv leather?"

"Jist ez much ez I kin with yoor money. You say that piece uv paper yoo hev is money—I say that piece of leather is boots. My word is, I trust, ez good ez yoors."

And with a feendish laff he told Joe Bigler to keep an eye on me and turned around sellin substanshel boots to a nigger farmer wich hed Nashnel Bank notes.

Sadly I went over to Bascom's and found there theh entire Corners discussin the finanshel sityooashen. There wuz Deekin Pogram in his old famlyer chair, there wuz Issaker a lyin on his back on a round table that the citizens play keerds upon when it is aroused, and Capt. M'Pelter leanin aginst the bar, all signin at the scarsity uv money and the deprest condishn uv industry. It wuz a site I hev seed a thousand times an dit meltid me. I determined to demonstrate that there wuz one patriot that wood respeck the laws uv his native place, and accept her currency.

"Gentlemen," I sez, firmly. "Step up. Bascom, set em up."

Bascom hed bin takin our money for some days, and hed bin to Louisville for likker. He set out the bottle with a sardonic grin that boded us no good. We each poured out the likker, however, and placed the glasses to our respective lips. Immejitly every man spittid the likwid out upon the floor. I turned sick, for I hed uncawshusly swallered a little uv it.

It wuz Water! the first I hed tasted for years!

"Wat does this mean, sir?" I demandid feercely.

"Don't yoo like the whiskey?" wuz his anser, ez he glared feercely at me.

"Like it! Like it! Why, it's water!"

"Bless yoor sole," replied Bascom, "why don't yoo say it's whiskey? The minit you say it's whiskey it is whisky. Yoo say the paper you want to pay me in is a dollar, jist becoz yoo say it is a dollar, and why in bloody thunder can't yoo make whiskey out uv water by jist sayin it's whiskey? Gentlemen, this is fiat whiskey, and it's the only kind I kin git with fiat money. When you git to payin in the comfortable old greenback, or the modest nickel, all rite, I'll give yoo the regler old bowel scorcher. But the likker is goin to assimilate to the money. I learned that word in Louisville. Ef yoo want to pay in fiat money yoo are goin to git fiat likker. Ef yoo kin imagine a peece uv paper with yoor stamp onto it is a dollar, you must likewise imagine this flooid to be good likker, and vice versy. Parson, this is all yoo will ever git with yoor kind uv money."

And he leened back agin his bottles with a defiant air, and we sank back terrified.

Where is the end to be? I don't know. Oh! that Butler wood carry Massychoosits, and git into power, so that his genius cood solve the problem. Ef Bascom repudiates the fiat money it is all over here.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

The Republicans of Utah did a most worthy thing in nominating Judge Zane as their candidate for one of the three judges of the state supreme Court, to be organized under the new constitution. Judge Zane held the chief justiceship of the territory by appointment from two Presidents, and acquired a national reputation by a fearless enforcement of the laws against Mormonism which did as much as any one thing to put a stop to polygamous marriages. His election to the supreme bench will be a guarantee against any recrudescence of polygamy in the new state.

A man up at St. Ignace, Mich., has a patch of potato vines which grew six feet high, but there are no tubers underground. He calls them "Democratic potatoes," because there is such a superfluity of promise and paucity of production.

The third term—or, rather, fourth nomination—still disturbs the slumbers of the anti-cuckoo Democrats. And still Mr. Cleveland writes no letter disclaiming the idea.

Call it Vol-ki-ry, with the accent on the second syllable. That's the way Lord Dunraven pronounces it, and he certainly ought to know the name of his own yacht.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"Squire Abingdon" Baird's race course and farm, near Hull, on which he spent $375,000, were sold recently for a little over $50,000.

The Empress of Austria has paid the expenses of the Austrian poet, Mme. Johanna Ambrosius, at a German bathing resort for four weeks, and also sent her for four weeks to the mountains of Switzerland.

To Dr. A. W. Crawford, who died at Emlenton, Pa., recently, was due the introduction of petroleum abroad. While consul at Antwerp, Dr Crawford induced a firm of importers to order forty barrels of oil, and from this small beginning started an immense foreign trade in petroleum.

Du Maurier's full name is George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier. His real family name is Busson, the Du Maurier coming from the Chateau le Maurier, in Anjou-on-Main. His mother was an English woman, and he was born in a little house on the Champs Elysees on March 6, 1834.

Several fine collections of postage stamps are owned in San Francisco, and probably the most valuable of them all is W. H. Crocker's. It is estimated to be worth $30,000, and has been growing since Mr. Crocker, who is now a bank president, was a boy. The collection is particularly rich in Western express franks.

The Isle of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, which may be purchased by a French syndicate and transformed into fur bearing preserves, is about as great in area as Delaware and Rhode Island combined. It has never yet proved profitable in any way, although frequented by trappers and fishermen for many generations. Hardly one hundred people live on the island to-day.

A Pawtuxet Valley (R. I.) young man hired a horse and buggy one warm day recently to drive some distance from the village. When he returned the horse was bathed in perspiration, and bore every evidence of having been hard driven. "It's a warm day," said the liveryman. "Oh, yes," was the cool reply. "It was awfully warm and I drove the horse just as hard as he could go in order to get a little breeze." He hires his horses at another stable now.

Among the principles agreed upon at the penitentiary congress which recently met in Paris were: 1. That manual labor must be made obligatory in the case of all penalties entailing deprivation of liberty. 2. That prisoners have no right to wages, but that it is for the interest of the state to give them something on their liberation. 3. That special places of restraint should be maintained for individuals acquitted or released on account of their mental condition.

Suicide is not common in Russia, the rate being 30 to 1,000,000 inhabitants, while in Saxony it is 311, in France 210, in Prussia 133, in Austria 130, in Bavaria 90, in England 66, and while the rate has increased by 30 or 40 per cent in other European countries during the last thirty years, in Russia it has remained stationary. Prof. Sikorski, of the University of Kiew, thinks the low rate is due in part to the patience and long suffering of the Russian under even the worst treatment, but also to an indecision of character, which fears to do anything from which it cannot retreat.

OF INTEREST TO TEA-DRINKERS.

The second picking, in June, yields a large crop, but distinctly inferior to the first. It is the principal crop of the season.

A few leaves of the first picking will support five successive immersions yielding five cups of moderately strong tea, the second supplying only two and the third one.

The quality of the tea depends upon the exact times of picking, as the choicest leaves may be changed into an inferior grade of tea in a single night if the proper time to pick them is neglected.

When the nurslings are four or five inches high they are transplanted. The plantations are laid out in the early spring, and, being well watered by the copious rains, need very little care thereafter.

Tea is raised from the seed in China. In sowing the seeds six or eight are put in pots about an inch below the surface four feet apart and covered with rice husks. Scarcely one in five of the seeds grow.

On the larger plantations three years are allowed to elapse before a crop is gathered. A tea plantation at this age when seen from a distance resembles a shrubbery of evergreen, the view being very picturesque.

The third crop is gathered in July, when the shrubs are searched for leaves, and the product is called "tea without aroma." This forms the bulk of the tea exported and is important, though inferior to the other tea.

The product of single plants varies so much that it is difficult to estimate the average quantity. A plant of three years' growth yields about eight ounces of green leaves to a picking, equivalent to eighty pounds an acre, while at five years' growth the plant will produce five times that quantity, but the quality of the tea will not be so good.

There are three regular pickings in the course of the year, the first one, in April, yielding a quality of tea which is simply superb, consisting of the youngest, tenderest leaf buds. Great care is exercised. The teapickers for weeks before they commence their work are not allowed to eat fish or anything strong for fear their breath would contaminate the leaves. Gloves are worn during the picking.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

"What were your husband's last words?" "He hadn't any," sobbed the widow. "I was with him."—Tammany Times.

"What in the world shall I do with the baby, John? She is crying for the moon." "That's nothing. Wait till she's 18 and she'll want the earth."—Truth.

"John," said the new woman severely, as the dull razor refused properly to pare her corn, "have you been using my razor to shave with?"—Minneapolis Journal.

There are some women who if they were to come down stairs in the middle of the night and find a burglar in the parlor, would ask him if he had wiped his feet.—Truth.

Paying cashier—Madame, you'll have to get some one to introduce you before I can cash this check.—Lady (haughtily) —But I don't care to know you, sir.—Tid-Bits.

"Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me you had the gas turned down rather low last evening." "It was solely for economy, mamma," the maiden answered.

He—Did you know there are microbes in kisses? She—That's all right, Charlie. The young man I had last summer said there was poison in ice cream, too, but it didn't scare me one bit.—Detroit Free Press.

Nellie—Look at those pretty cows. Maudie—They are not cows; they are calves. Nellie—But what is the difference? Maudie—Why, cows give milk, and calves give jelly.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

He—My love, we have been married two years. She—Yes, darling. Upon our wedding day you were 24. To-day you tell the census man you are 31. Dear me, how time flies when one is happy.—Detroit Tribune.

"If I were a man," she sniffed, "I don't think I'd pocket an affront like that." "Being a woman, naturally," returned the great brute with the utmost tranquility, "you couldn't pocket anything."—New York Journal.

Lawyer for the Defense—I charge the prosecution with attempting to intimidate our witness, Mr. Elpec. Lawyer for the Prosecution—What have we done? Lawyer for the Defense—Allowed his wife to visit him.—Life.

Mrs. Trott—Oh, I only went into town on a shopping tour. Mrs. Streete—Did you? Tell me about it; did you have a real good time? Mrs. Trott—Not at all; I found what I wanted in the very first shop I went into. Mrs. Streete—How provoking!—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Newly—There's one thing about bloomers that I don't like. Mrs. Lately—What's that? Mrs. Newly—The pockets are too easy to find; my husband empties them every night, and I never have a bit of change in the morning.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure." "Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma dear?" replied the artless girl.—Memphis Scimitar.

Miss Swift—No, I shall not go into the conservatory with you, Mr. Slowboy; I'm afraid you would try to kiss me. Mr. Slowboy—Why, Miss Swift, did you ever in your life know me to do an ungentlemanly thing? Miss Swift—But, you see, so many people wouldn't think that ungentlemanly.—Boston Standard.

Willie (on the club balcony)—You say that Cholly has left home and come to live at the club? Reggy—Yes, Willie. What was the matter? Trouble in the family? Reggy—Oh, no; but he has four sisters, all girl bachelors, and I'm dinged if he could keep hat, shirt, collar, cuff, cravat, studs or anything else but his shaving tools to himself for the life of him.—New York World.

This is really getting serious. Here's the staid old Boston Transcript amending Shakespeare so as to read, "All the world's a bicycle, and men and women merely riders."

Very few people care whether Holmes is tried in Chicago, Indianapolis or Philadelphia, so that he is convicted and promptly hanged.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Denver—Experts report county treasurer Wygnot's shortage at $210,000.

Denver—Wholesale druggists reported on Niagara Falls as the next place of meeting.

Buffalo—The annual convention of the Lumbermen of the United States has opened here.

Madrid—Great damage has been done near here by a hurricane and flood.

Cardiff—The trades congress unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the abolition of the House of Lords.

Charleston, W. Va.—Rand & Goshorn, one of the largest and best known dry goods firms in this city failed.

Omaha—A band of 12 masked highwaymen held up a carriage load of people in Omaha suburb and secured several hundred dollars.

Evansville, Ind.—Fire destroyed the Hellman flour mill, a large concern; an elevator and one hundred thousand bushels of wheat. Loss estimated at $100,000.

Washington—Secretary Herbert has ordered the United States marine band to attend the ceremonies at Chickamauga during the dedication of the National Park.

Washington—The coinage executed at the mints of the United States during August amounted to $4,517,600, as follows: Gold, $3,672,200; silver, $748,000; minor coins, $97,400.

Denver—Hellmuth Loescher, the engineer of the hotel Gumry, was released from custody. City Attorney Whiteford, guided by the verdict of the coroner's jury, authorized the release.

San Francisco—The Supreme court has decided the Walkerly Trust invalid. By this decision the widow of William Walkerly will receive an estate of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars instead of one-fourth of that amount.

Eagle Pass—The town of Abasolo in Mexico, a place of 800 inhabitants, was entirely washed away, but fifteen houses remaining.

Paris—The Matin announces that the chambers will upon reassembling be asked for an additional credit of 50,000,000 francs on account of the Madagascar expedition.

St. Petersburg—It is announced that France and Russia will take steps to expedite the evacuation of the Liao-Tung peninsula after trying to induce Japan to accept an indemnity of 25,000,000 taels.

Berlin—The Lokal Anzeigers correspondent at St. Petersburg confirms the statement recently published that in consequence of the activity of the Nihilists, it has been found necessary to guard the Czar's every step as completely as the movements of his father.

London—Rustem Pasha, Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, denies the authenticity of the dispatch purporting to have been sent by him to the Turkish minister of foreign affairs, in which was given an account of an alleged interview between him and Lord Salisbury.

Kansas City—William S. Goodwin, 33 years old, the son of a well known local contractor committed suicide.

Seattle, Wash.—Gen. A. V. Kautz died of paralysis of the stomach. He was on the retired list with the rank of brigadier general.

Paris, Tenn.—A. R. Reynolds under indictment for defrauding the Louisville & Nashville railroad by stuffing pay rolls was surrendered by his bondsmen and placed in jail.

New Orleans—The Hamburg-American steamship Ascania from Hamburg via Havre and West India ports which went ashore off Cape San Antonio, Cuba, has arrived in port.

Nashville—Jay Roddy and Jim Woodlee were shot and seriously wounded at Tracey City by Deputy U. S. Marshal J. M. Hall while effecting the seizure of some contraband whisky. Woodlee is dying.

Washington—The navigation bureau is endeavoring to stop the extortion of money from seamen for securing them berths on American merchant vessels by certain sailors' boarding house keepers and middlemen.

Muncie, Ind.—At Pittsburg the Western Pennsylvania window glass manufacturers organized a combine resembling the one in Indiana, with headquarters here.

Oakland, Cal.—The trustees of the First Congregational church have decided to extend a call to Rev. Willard Scott, of the South Congregational chrch of Chicago.

Saratoga, N. Y.—Ex-Congressman William S. Sackett dropped dead here. He was a member of the 30th and 31st congresses and was the father of Col. Sackett of the Ninth New York cavalry.

Wichita, Kas.—The body of Wm. Holland was found buried, he having been foully murdered by unknown parties. His horses were stolen, and it is supposed that he was killed by the Indians.

Noblesville, Ind.—The Hon. Henry Watterson stated that he had decided to retire entirely from politics. It is his intention to go to Europe next year to avoid participating in the national campaign.

Portland, Ogn.—Archbishop William H. Gross has unfrocked and suspended from the priesthood Father M. J. Kelly, in charge of a parish at Cedar Mills for slandering Rev. Mother William, in charge of a refuge home for women, located in this city.

Leadville.—"Bill" Williams, alias Lloyd Mayre, alias John McMahon, one of the most noted desperadoes in the West, has been arrested and lies in jail here.

Philadelphia.—There is a movement on foot which is expected to be consummated next week, providing for the consolidation of all the street railways in Pittsburg.

Minneapolis.—Westminster church, a handsome brown stone structure at Nicollet ave. and Seventh st., in the heart of the retail business district, was gutted by fire.

Pittsburg.—Representatives of twenty-six window glass manufacturing firms met here and formed the Pittsburg Window Glass company and elected H. Sellers McKee president.

York, Pa.—Wm. Beaverson, aged 25 years, an employe of the York Rolling Mills, shot and instantly killed his wife Ida, aged 20 years, and then fired a bullet into his head, dying a few moments later.

Washington.—The twelfth annual convention of the Association of Agricultural Chemists, representing agricultural colleges, stations and other branches of the agricultural service in more than 35 states, is in session here.

Washington.—First Lieutenant Chas. C. Gallup has been detailed as professor at the Louisiana State University and Agricultural College at Baton Rouge, and First Lieutenant James Baylies as professor at the university of Alabama.

Manassas, Va.—Judge Lipscomb has set aside the verdict in the case of Geo. Posey and his son, Fred Posey, convicted of murder, on the ground of improper conduct on the part of one of the jurors, who, it is alleged, offered to bet the accused would be convicted.

Cape Town—The amount of gold exports from Cape Colony during the month of August was 830,623 pounds.

London—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Berlin says that the Vorwaerts denies that its articles constitute lese majeste.

Lima, Peru, via Galveston—The Hualgayoc commission is returning to Lima and it is said the report they have to make is extremely favorable.

London—The Standard announces the suspension of the Banco Potosi of Sucere, Bolivia, due to large advances to the silver mining interests.

Buda Pest—The Archduke Ladislas died from the injuries which he received by the accidental discharge of his gun, while he was hunting in the forest of Agya.

Port Townsend, Wash.—Provost, the absconding clerk of the Supreme court of Victoria, was captured at Roche Harbor by British authorities and escorted back to Victoria.

Cadenabbi, Italy.—William Henry Hurlbut is dead.

Liverpool.—The ship Eureka, from Hull for Philadelphia, entered Liverpool in a leaky condition.

Rio Janeiro.—The treaty of commerce between Brazil and Portugal has been renewed for a term of nine years.

Amsterdam.—Alfred Bingen, of the firm of Bingen Bros., bankers of Genoa, who recently made a disastrous failure, has been arrested.

London.—The Times announces that Dudley Frederick Elwes, of Orlando, Fla., has been married to Mary, daughter of the late General Field, at Upton Park, Slough.

London.—United States Embassador Bayard gave a dinner in honor of Hon. J. E. Eckles, comptroller of the currency, and his wife. Several English financiers were present.

London.—A. S. Griffith-Boscawen, Conservative member for Tunbridge, Kent, sails on the American line steamship Paris for Southampton, for a tour of the world via New York.

Buda Pest.—Herr Fisher, secretary of the ministry of the interior, was found dead with a bullet in his body. It is supposed that he was murdered as his watch and chain were gone.

London.—At Bow st. Police court, Adolph Relyack, alias Fischer, was charged with larceny of 34,000 marks in Hamburg. He had been extradited and arrived from America in June.

Paris.—The Echo De Paris, in speaking of the Waller case says that ex-Consul Waller was convicted in the regular form and the efforts of his friends will only retard his pardon.

Antwerp.—The International Navigation company's steamer Noordland, Capt. Bunce, which sailed August 28 from New York for this port, ran ashore in the river here during a fog. The passengers of the steamer were transferred to a tender and brought to this city.

THE TEN PRIZE WINNERS.

Below we give the list of club-raisers who are the winners of the ten grand prizes we offered to the ten persons who should send us the largest number of subscribers during the months of June, July and August:

1.—Blade Sewing Machine—George T. Stowell, Helena, Mont.; 452 subscribers.
2.—Blade Sewing Machine—T. Boekenwoogen, Colorado Springs, Colo.; 403 subscribers.
3.—Blade Sewing Machine—John Smith, Box 67, Burlingame, Kan.; 350 subscribers.
4.—Hunting Cased Gold Watch—O. P. Anderson, Osceola, Iowa; 313 subscribers.
5.—Hunting Cased Gold Watch—C. H. Anderson, Omro, Wis.; 312 subscribers.
6.—Hunting Cased Gold Watch—I. M. Seig, Corydon, Ind.; 236 subscribers.
7.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—J. N. Legard, Halstead, Kan.; 220 subscribers.
8.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—D. B. Heath, Bethany, Mo.; 149 subscribers.
9.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—Jennie Hargrave, Hoopeston, Ill.; 147 subscribers.
10.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—J. D. Van Valkenburg, Hamilton, Mo.; 143 subscribers.

These premiums will be sent to the persons entitled thereto within the present month. We will wait a few days, in case of possible error, if any one should report any such claim.

THE SMALL BOY.

The "company" was asked to take another roll. "I cannot," she replied. "Really, I don't know how much I've eaten already."

Little Johnnie (eagerly)—I do. You've ate seven. I've been counting.—Boston Transcript.

"Mamma, Jimmy Watts caught lots o' fish the other day."

"Did he take them home to his mother?"

"Not much!"

"Why not?"

"It was Sunday."—Chicago Record.

Mother (to twins)—Why are you so naughty to-day, Jack?

Jack—Coz it's my turn. Tommy was naughty yesterday.—Harper's Bazar.

Mother—Jack what have you done with the money you saved up last week?

Johnny—Papa told me to save for a rainy day; yesterday was the first one we had, so I spent it.—Harper's Round Table.

Willy Waffles—What you fellers doin' loafin' there, when they's a circus unloading down to the depot?—'leven elerfants an'—

Billy Biddles and Charley Chubbs (at the knot holes)—Aw, git out! Johnny Smith's father's got him out in the yard ter lick 'im!—Puck.

Mamma—Bobby, which rule in school do you find the hardest?

Bobby—The teacher's.—Harper's Round Table.

CAPT. SUMNER'S TRIAL.

He Pleaded Guilty to Gross Incompetency and Neglect.

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4.—The trial by court martial of Captain George W. Sumner, of the United States cruiser Columbia, on charges growing out of the investigation just concluded regarding the injuries sustained by the vessel at Southampton drydock in July last, was begun at the Brooklyn Navy Yard this morning.

The specifications are, first, that Captain Sumner, on July 4, 1895, made a contract with the Southampton drydock people for repairs to the cruiser, but made no examination to see that the drydock would fit the ship; second, that having discovered that the blocking under the vessel was not suitable he failed to have the dock floated and thus save the ship from being strained; and, third, neglect of duty in ordering the payment of the bill for docking when he should have refused it on account of the damage done.

CAPTAIN G. W. SUMNER.

The court martial consists of Commandant Sycard, Commodore W. W. Wallace, Captains A. T. Mayhan, H. B. Robeson, S. Cuser, W. H. Schley, James O'Kane, Albert Reed, N. H. Farquhar, B. J. Cromwell and Louis Kempff, Lieut. Draper acting as judge advocate.

As Captain Sumner has pleaded guilty to the charges preferrer, it is expected that the trial will be brief.

SOME MEN WEAR ARMOR.

Many Officers of the English Army Protected Against Stray Bullets.

In discussing the modern use of armor by officers and men in the foreign "little wars" of to-day a English accoutrement maker says: "I give you my assurance that an immense number of the officers of our army and navy who go on foreign service, especially when one of our 'little wars' is expected, provide themselves with certain easily recognized protections. These, mind you, are well-known articles of trade to the service. The commonest and most useful type of these protections consist of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewn into a particular tunic or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. The most valuable of all chains, in connection with accoutrements are those which guard the head, and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way, specially made chains are sewed inside the same and covered by the lining.—London Tit Bits.

Fruit Ripened Under Electric Light.

By lighting his hot-houses at night with electric lights of 5,000 candle power, all told, Dr. Werner von Siemens ripens raspberries in seventy-five days, grapes in two months and a half, etc. The expression "in season" may soon lose significance in this connection, since by the application of electricity fruits and vegetables can be had at any time of the year. The fruits thus produced are remarkable for brilliant color and fine aroma, but are not as sweet as those ripened by the sun.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 20
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

FOURTH PAPER—BY DAVID A. WELLS, ECONOMIC WRITER.

A Full Discussion of a Matter Much Misunderstood.

Below we give a most exhaustive article, whose ground will be new to a great many readers. He shows that the preference for gold as the money of final account, in all highly civilized countries, existed long before there was any legislation adverse to silver; and that such legislation followed the commercial preference for gold, instead of creating it. His paper is a mine of facts; its conclusions can not be gainsaid by any one. It will repay most careful perusal on the part of any and every one who really wishes knowledge on the currency question.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER.

BY DAVID A. WELLS.

The primary cause of the decline in the value and use of silver was undoubtedly a conviction that it is not the money metal suited to the conditions of high civilization. It is a principle generally overlooked by economists and students of finance, and one which does not seem to have been even alluded to in recent discussions about silver, that the kind of money a country will have and use depends upon and will vary with the value of its transactions, the price of its labor, and the rapidity and magnitude of its exchanges; and that when the people of any country have once found out what metal or other instrumentality is best adapted to their wants, that metal or other instrumentality they will employ; and statute law can do little more than recognize and confirm the fact.

Thus in olden times the ancient Greeks and the Aryan nations used cattle and sheep as money, and according to Homer Diomede paid nine oxen for his suit of armor, while that of Glaucus, who wanted something better, cost him a hundred of cattle. Hence the origin of the word pecuniary, from the Latin term pecus, and this in turn was derived from the Aryan word pecu-a, meaning cattle or sheep wealth, or money. But when these old people discovered something that would better subserve their purpose as instrumentalities of exchange they demonetized cattle and sheep, and very probably, although we have no record of the fact, the producers of cattle and sheep money got mad and prophesied all manner of evil to the working people who had doubtless found out by experience that "ox," "cow" and "sheep" money was rather heavy to carry about with them and not at all convenient in making change in small purchasing.

Coming down to later periods we find that in China and its dependencies, including more than a third of the population of the globe, the government provides only one form of money, namely: a coarse, heavy disc, composed mainly of copper, and known to foreigners by the name of "cash." It is made with a square hole in the center for convenience of stringing in tens, or its decimals, and has a commodity value of about a fifth of an American cent. The question naturally suggests itself, how can so intelligent people as the Chinese use a coin so heavy and of such trifling value in making their exchanges? The answer is very simple, and illustrates the wisdom, and not the foolishness of the government of China. The wages of manual labor in China do not in general exceed 15 or 20 cents per day; and the wage recipient obviously requires that his daily earnings when paid in money shall be capable of ready division into many multiples in order to be exchanged for the many necessities of himself or his family—two cash, for example, for rice, two for fuel, three for fish, five for cloth or rent, etc., etc. The equivalent of a day's wages at 20 cents in gold would be too small to be conveniently handled. The inconvenience of silver, to people with coarse fingers and no pockets, would be almost as great, as the sum necessary to buy a pound of rice and purchase a chopstick to eat it with, would be represented by a piece of silver (at its former value) no larger in circumference than the flat surface of a small split pea. But with the bulky, heavy cash, with coarse insignia on its surface indicating its genuineness, the Chinese laborer has no difficulty in making his money exchanges; and no international influences will persuade him to use anything else for money. Small, moreover, as is the commodity value of his single coin, the Chinese government has learned through hard experience to be very careful that it shall not be impaired in value by over-issue, or supply in excess of popular demand, or by debasement. In countries of higher civilization, embracing another third of the world's population—like India, Turkey, Persia, Mexico, the West Indies, and a large part of South America—but also of comparatively low prices and wages, and of limited exchanges (and these last mainly domestic or internal) silver naturally takes the place of copper to a large extent [*] as the medium of exchange and standard of value; and these industrial conditions will prevent them from using any other form of money for a long future. Two-thirds of the population of the world have therefore no occasion for the use of gold as money. On the other hand, in countries of the highest civilization, with high prices and wages, rapid financial transactions and extensive international commercial relations, the natural tendencies favor the more extensive use of gold for money, without at the same time displacing from their legitimate monetary spheres either copper or silver. In short, by a process of evolution, as natural and inevitable as any occurring in the animal orvegetable kingdom, gold has come to be recognized and demanded as never before in such countries as the best instrumentality for measuring values and effecting exchanges. It has become, in the first place, the money of account in the commercial world and of all international trade. It has become one of the most important conditions of national defence; and the great military nations of the world, recognizing the fact that a full supply of the most valuable coin, that is always purchasable and salable without discount in other countries, is more necessary than a full supply of arms, ships and forts, are putting no other form of money into their military chests. In respect to portability, convenience for use, adaptation to domestic and foreign business alike, the balance of advantage for all transactions above $20 is also largely on the side of gold considered as a medium of exchange; as will be evident when it is remembered that it required, even before its depreciation, sixteen times more time to count silver in any considerable quantity than an equal value of gold; sixteen times more strength to handle it; sixteen times more packages, or capacity to hold it; and sixteen times more expense to transport it. Even before the decline in the value of silver, the weight of a hundred dollars was five and a half pounds; and for every thousand dollars that a man was paid in silver a wheelbarrow was necessary if he proposed to remove it.

It was these and other like considerations operating upon thoughtful minds in the leading civilized countries that initiated a movement against the use of silver as a money metal, years before it had experienced any notable decline in value or had been subjected to anything worthy of being characterized as demonetization. Thus, it was a recognition of a public unwillingness to accept silver as a medium of exchange, that prompted five states of Europe—France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece—to unite in 1865 under the name of the "Latin Union," for the purpose of antagonizing, by concerted action, this tendency; which it attempted to do by adopting a uniform coinage, lowering the fineness (value) of all silver coins of two francs or less, and so making them subsidiary, or token currency; and limiting their legal-tender ability. It was expected that these coins being thus rendered non-exportable as bullion, would be retained in circulation, and by displacing gold would occasion an increased demand and use for silver. These anticipations were not realized; but on the contrary the amount of silver offered for coinage increased so enormously (at the French mint from 5,000,000 francs' worth in 1871-72 to 150,000,000 worth in 1873), that the Latin Union hurriedly limited in this latter year the coinage of silver for all the countries concerned, to 120,000,000 francs ($24,000,000) per year; which was virtually equivalent to the adoption of the gold standard. And it is to be further noted that in 1876, Belgium, Switzerland and France closed the doors of their mints to silver and have not since reopened them.

Again, the specific reasons assigned by Germany, speaking through her minister of finance in 1871, for the adoption of the gold standard and the discontinuance of silver coinage were "the inconvenience of silver coins" as instrumentalities for trade, and a conviction that a silver standard could not be maintained. And it can hardly be doubted that Germany's great statesman—Prince Bismarck—in constructing the new German empire, clearly saw, with the eighty years' experience of England before him, that if he would make it great commercially, as well as great from its military resources, he must give to it that unit of value in exchange which is recognized by all nations as most stable, and a coinage that would be accepted in international trade, and would not be melted down as soon as it reached the frontier. Now the significance of these facts is to be found in the demonstration (often overlooked) which they afford, of the antagonism to the use of silver as a money metal, and its consequent tendency to decline in value, which prevailed in countries of high civilization anterior to any great increase in the world's supply of silver: the world's annual production of silver remaining almost stationary, or declining during the years 1866-76. After this latter date, the previous tendency to displacement and decline in obedience to what may be properly termed the natural law of selection, was intensified by an enormous increase in the world's product of silver; which has more than doubled within twenty years; has increased more than 50 per cent. in ten years, and is at least 16 per cent. greater than it was the year before the Sherman law was enacted; —the same being the result of the discovery of new and readily accessible mines and of new and cheap processes of mining and smelting ores of silver. The experience of the United States on this point is also most instructive. Thus after having coined from 1878 to November, 1892, 416,412,835 silver dollars, the government was able to report at the latter date only 61,672,455 in circulation; and 350,000,000 untouched in the vaults of the treasury. The unwillingness of the people of the United States to accept silver in change for paper, in other than coins of small weight, in making their retail purchases, is also very noticeable. In California even gamblers refuse to take silver for poker "chips." The British commission on Indian currency brought out the interesting fact that the issue of "five rupee paper" and other notes by local banks in India has within a comparatively recent time "disestablished an immense amount of silver" in that country. Thus twenty years ago "wagon-loads of silver used to go up to the cotton and other districts of India to pay for cotton and other produce. Now the owner of the cotton goes to the merchant, and instead of taking payment in silver, which would be an inconvenience, he takes payment in notes, or in a check on the bank, and silver is not required." If any one supposes that in this latter part of the nineteenth century these natural results and tendencies can be arrested by artificial agencies; or that the former parity of silver and gold can be re-established and maintained by statute enactment, he is bound to be disappointed. Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and practically France and Belgium have adopted the single gold standard. The dominant forces of the world's industries have made such action on the part of these several nations virtually compulsory; and if the United States proposes to be a commercial nation of the first class, it has got to fall into line with its powerful commercial competitors.

A nation like ours can never be satisfied without a circle of trade which takes in the whole world, and to do that we must have a medium of currency which all the world appreciates and takes without discount.

The Fallacy of a Cheap Money.

The advocates of the extended use of silver as currency, plant themselves also on what they regard as a fundamental principle, namely that it is desirable to have cheap money. But as a matter of fact, no commodity money (and all true money is a commodity), be it gold, silver, copper, iron, cattle, or cabbages, can be relatively cheaper than another kind. The value of each (if not a token or representative currency, and minting is free) will depend upon the amount of labor embodied in it, or that will be required to purchase it; and no legislation can give it any other value. If statute could make one metal or other commodity equal in value to another, the state that first availed itself of the opportunity would acquire boundless riches, and the dream of the alchemists would be realized. If it requires $500,000,000 to suply an exclusively gold currency for the United States, and silver is depreciated to fifty per cent in value in comparison with gold, it will require $1,000,000,000 in silver to perform the same money work as gold; and it will require the same amount of commodities, or embodied labor to buy the exclusively gold currency that it will to buy the exclusively silver currency. A man who advocates the free coinage of silver for the purpose of obtaining cheap money, means, if he has any clear idea of what he is talking about, a depreciated dollar; which if left without any provision for redemption in gold, would be worth just what the bullion contained in it would buy in the open market; but which invested with legal tender ability becomes an instrument of rascality for the scaling of all obligations of indebtedness, wages, bonds, savings-bank deposits, insurances, trust payments, pensions, and the like. A person contracting to perform work for a given number of dollars—especially the day laborer—wants and is entitled to have the dearest dollar that the market affords; and any other kind of dollar means full work for less wages.

The Gold Scarcity Fallacy.

A remaining argument for the free coinage of silver, or for legislation for its increased use, is the assertion continually made with all confidence, that there is not sufficient gold in the world to effect its exchanges, and that the adoption by the United States of a single gold standard would exclude the use of silver as currency, abolish half the present money of the world, and produce tremendous and widespread disturbances in prices and business. If these assertions are true, the silver problem becomes invested with philanthropic interest, and the advocates of free coinage virtually call upon the United States to legislate for the benefit of humanity generally. It is important, therefore, to ascertain at the outset the extent of the field open to such service. More than one-third of the population of the globe use copper for money, or trade by barter, and can not by any international influence be induced to do otherwise. To another third, the almost exclusive use of silver as a money metal is an absolute necessity of their condition, and there is no doubt that they will so continue to use it, and in increasing quantity, for a long future. Of the remainder of the world's population, a large proportion —i. e., the mass of the people of Russia, France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, South America and the like —could not by reason of their economic condition use gold to any great extent as money, even if an abundant supply of it was to them available. All of the nations of the latter class use a great amount of silver for their subsidiary coinage because they can not use gold or any other instrumentality to equal advantage; the United States alone carrying at the present time over $77,000,000 worth of such coined silver. The claim that the adoption of a gold standard of value by the United States would be the "destruction of silver" as a coinage metal, is therefore simply concrete nonsense, the offspring of profound ignorance or charlatarry; and the problem of the scarcity of gold is accordingly of moment, not to the whole population of the world, but to only a very small part of it; to the people of the few great commercial countries.

Again, assuming that there has been in recent years a diminution in the supply of gold (which is directly contrary to the fact), such diminution hos been far more than supplemented and made good by the reduction in the amount of money, which the increased facilities for doing business have permitted and effected. In fact the tendency in all highly civilized countries is to do away to a very great extent with the actual use of any kind of money—especially gold—and few who discuss the silver question realize the extent to which it has been carried out. Thus in England less than one per cent of coin is used in settling up the accounts of banks and bankers. In 1881, investigations instituted by the United States controller of the currency showed that of all the receipts of 1,966 national banks in one and the same day, 95 per cent were made up of forms of credit, exclusive of circulating notes, and at all the banks the proportion of gold coin to the whole receipts was only .65 of one per cent. An analysis of the international trade of the United States—exports and imports—which is conducted on a gold basis exclusively, furnished the following instructive results. During the years from 1864—73, one dollar in gold was sufficient for the transaction of $13.91 worth of foreign trade; but from 1883 to 1892 one dollar represented $31.83 worth. In short, as civilization has increased, and as new, quicker and cheaper means for interchange of thought and commodities have been invented and adopted, the function of gold as a medium of exchange—the one that necessitates a large and increasing supply and entails the greatest wear and loss—is rapidly diminishing in importance; while on the other hand the function of gold as a measure, or verifier of values, by reason of its exemption from value fluctuations to a greater extent than any other product of labor, is becoming of greater and greater importance, and more especially since silver has become uncertain and fluctuating in value.

But for the purpose of further illustration let it be assumed, that there is not a sufficiency of gold to supply even the wants of the small number of highly civilized and commercial nations that desire to avail themselves of its use in preference to silver, and therefore any attempt to effect innovations in existing monetary conditions would be impolitic, because likely to be generally injurious. But this argument would have no weight if the question at issue involved the disuse of any tool, or instrumentality other than gold, in order that something better might be substituted. What would be thought if the directors of a great American railroad corporation should decline to substitute a better form of locomotive in place of those formerly used, because China or Turkey could not afford to do it?

Under the assumed conditions of gold scarcity, nothing would be more certain that that each nation would quickly discard any philanthropic views and adopt the policy which seemed most advantageous to its own interests; and in pursuance of such a policy, the people of the United States would be warranted in saying, "If there is not gold enough for all, there is enough for us; and in virtue of being the largest and best source of supply of the commodities that the world most needs—cotton, wheat, provisions, petroleum and the like—we can command it in competition with all other nations." If there were not gold enough for all, is it not clear that it would be to the advantage of the United States if it alone of all nations were to adopt the gold standard, and base all its currency, of every name and form, upon it as the one unit and final measure of value? It would be difficult to imagine anything that would augment in an equal degree the prosperity, business and wealth of the country; for it would become the center of the exchanges and trade of the world. If there were two stores in a town, each dealing in the same desirable commodities, and if in respect to one, on one side of the street, there was a doubt as to how many ounces the merchant in charge would give in a pound, or inches in a yard, or gills in a gallon, and full confidence that on the other side of the street goods would be always bought and sold by full, just, and unvarying standards of weight, length and capacity, is there any doubt as to which store the community would resort to for trade?

David A Wells

[*] "Millions of the natives of India never touch a coin; never see one of any kind." Report of evidence, British Commission on Indian coinage, p. 117.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

Next week we will publish the concluding article of our examination of "Coin's Financial School." It will be chiefly devoted to a point which has not yet been touched by any one, so far as we have seen.

As all know, "Coin" charges that the act of 1873 was passed by "fraud." He argues, all through his book, as though "Wall street" and "Lombard street" were in a great conspiracy to disuse silver as a money metal.

If this be so, there should be a reason for it. What benefit would inure to any one—to financiers and bankers, especiall—from its accomplishment?

This is the point we propose to examine next week.

If there are any other points in Coin's argument that any one desires discussed, please let us know at once.

A New Rapid-Growing Rose.

M. de Vilman, says Cosmos, has produced a new rose, distinguished for marvelous rapidity of growth. The blossom measures not more than forty to fifty centimetres in diameter, and is a cross between a Japanese variety and a hybrid perpetual rose. The bush bears roses all summer, single, double, and semi-double, and they have the form of pompons, and tend to grow in clusters. The most striking thing about the new rose is its astonishing rapidity of growth. Plants from seeds sown in the middle of January may be counted upon to blossom by the middle of April. Even more remarkable was the development of two plants from seeds sown on March 1 of this year. One of these began to blossom March 28, and the other three days later.

Stolen Sweets Are Best.

Without her leave, he stole a kiss.
He did. Oh, bliss!
A sharp command was promptly his:
"Just put that back, I tell you this,
Where it belongs," spoke haughty miss.
He did. Oh, bliss!

Her Position.

Bighead—Do you think the new woman has come to stay?

Pertly—Yes, she will undoubtedly stay if she sees anything that she considers important enough for her attention.—Truth.

LITTLE KING ALFONSO.

CAN'T ROMP AND PLAY LIKE OTHER BOYS.

The Nine-Year-Old King of Spain and His Daily Life.

If there is anything a healthy, active boy hates it is being watched all the time. "A feller can't do nothin' when nurse is always 'round," more than one energetic little American has sputtered after being dragged out of the water because the vigilant nurse thinks he will splash his pants. And poor little Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, undoubtedly feels much like other growing boys on this matter.

Young Alfonso is over 9 now, but he is watched and guarded as carefully as he was when he became king, a mere baby in a cradle. Alfonso doesn't like being watched either. He thinks he is old enough to go in swimming this summer without having a nurse along to see that he doesn't get into deep water. Poor boy, nobody has taught him how to swim, so that he has to paddle along the shore and wonder why he can't jump around and have fun as other boys do.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF ALFONSO XIII.,
The 9-year-oldking of Spain.

Most every boy thinks he would just like to be a king for awhile and order everybody to do things for him, but they would soon get tired of the situation. Just think, no fun at all, such as American boys have, for him. He can't, in the first place, have any playmates, for no boys in Spain are supposed to be good enough to associate with him, and what fun can a fellow have with no boys to play with? He has, to be sure, two sisters, but they are older, and what boy of 9 cares to play with dolls with a couple of girls? He has one advantage, however, with his older sisters that many boys would like to have. They can't "boss" him. All he has to say to them is: "Remember that I am king," and they have to bow down and beg his forgiveness. That in itself is some compensation for being a king.

Always Dressed Up.

The worst part of his life is that he has to be dressed up all the time. It would never do you know, for anybody, even for his mother to see him—the king—in soiled clothes or with dirty face and hands; so he has to be washed a score of times every day, and has to put on a clean suit of clothes at least three or four times a day. When he exercises he goes to a room with one of his teachers, who shows him how to swing dumbbells and Indian clubs and how to draw himself up on a horizontal bar. He never plays any outdoor games after dark, though, of course, he would like to at times. A king's life is too precious to risk his taking cold by being out in the damp night air. He goes to the theater, though, as often as he wants to, and that is something that many an American boy would like to do.

He is a soldier, and that's how he gets most of his fun, for he has a small army of boys in Madrid, where he lives in winter, and he frequently marches at the head of this army and sometimes drills it. He knows a good deal about marching, for he has been instructed by the best teachers in the world. He never tires of learning new points about army life, for he has been taught to know that some day he must direct the armies of his kingdom. He is the generalissimo of the Spanish army and the grand master of all the military orders of the kingdom. His names are Alphonse Leon Maria Francisco Pascal. He does not know his last , or family, name. King's don't have any—in theory.

Gen. Lee's Courtesy.

A hitherto unpublished incident of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee is being told this week by a lady now living at Warm Springs, who knew Gen. Lee well. The incident occurred shortly after the war, when sectional feeling was running very high. At this resort were quartered while Gen. Lee was here a Northern general and his daughters, who, by reason of their Northern affinities, managed to have a very dull time of it. The lady narrator, noticing this, mentioned it in the next conversation had with Gen. Lee. Looking up in surprise, the latter said: "I am glad you told me of it. I shall see to it at once that they find it more pleasant." With the courteous dignity which was essentially his he kept his promise. The Northern general and his daughters were charmed by the attention he bestowed upon them. As Gen. Lee had set the fashion the young ladies were soon among the most popular at the hotel, and before the season closed the two old soldiers were warm friends.—Richmond Dispatch.

Denmark's Treatment of Drunkards.

Denmark has an original way of combating drunkenness. Every "drunk" met on the streets is loaded on a wagon, carried to the stationhouse, kept there until perfectly sober, and then conducted to his home. The saloonkeeper who sold the last glass of beer, wine or whisky to the drunkard must pay the costs of this procedure, and if guilty of the offense a second time he loses his license.

MESSAGES BY SUN-FLASH.

SIGNALLING BY HELIOGRAPH OUT IN COLORADO.

Talking Between the Summit of Pike's Peak and Denver.

A number of people were standing upon the roof of the Equitable building, in Denver, looking off across the housetops to the shaded green hills and irrigated fields beyond which the deep blue ridge of the Front Range of the Rocky mountains rose to meet the sky, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. Capt. Glassford, chief of the signal corps of the department of the Colorado, was of this party, and grouped about him were several of his assistants. They had been looking forward for some time to this day, and their interest in the movements of the clouds was keen. Beyond the clouds was Pike's Peak, and upon that peak was the field party of the signal corps, whose movements had been hidden by almost constant rainy and cloudy weather. With the breaking of the clouds, the two parties could open up communication and the business of the field expedition be brought to a close.

Slowly the clouds drifted across the sky, and as slowly the dim outlines of distant mountains were revealed back of the blue line of the Front Range. Slowly the familiar outline of the gentle slope of the Pike's Peak group began to appear out of the mist, and at length the whole peak was visible, though dimly seen. Capt. Glassford gave the order to his assistants, "Open station," but the order had been anticipated, for his men were already at work upon the preliminaries necessary to operate the heliograph. As the party gazed toward the distant hazy peak, they discerned a clearly defined twinkle glowing from the very edge of the highest line of the rounded summit as it stood out against the sky.

"There it is!" cried several voices simultaneously.

"Give them a steady flash!" called Capt. Glassford.

The shutter was thrown down and a sunbeam streamed across the space of sixty-six miles with the speed of light, which can girdle the earth in a wink of the eye. The observers on Pike's Peak caught the sunbeam and signified that fact by shutting off their twinkle. Instantly the distant peak, with its rounded summit, seemed as usual.

SENDING A HELIOGRAM.

Again the twinkling light was visible, but only for an instant. Disappearing, it flashed forth again, seemingly to leap upward as the flame of a great beacon fire, only to be again extinguished.

"Catch his message," called the chief signal officer, and an assistant with an eye screwed to a telescope cried in response:

"I'm getting it."

To the unfamiliar observer that dim glow, or twinkling light, seemed to the naked eye to be a lost star. It winked and blinked through the misty air in the most eccentric manner; sometimes it seemed to glare out as if it were a comet coming head on with mighty speed; again it flamed skyward and again it glowed steadily. The intervals between its glowing and its disappearance had no intelligible significance to the visitors in the party, but the signal observers were interpreting the flashing of that light readily enough. The man with his eye to the telescope announced the message word by word, and another wrote it upon the proper blank. Capt. Glassford, with field glasses at his eyes, also read the message.

The message told of the difficulties of the previous day, the long dreary and unprofitable wait at the summit for the clouds to lift, and of the desire of the field party to receive some word of cheer from Denver. When it was ended Capt. Glassford jumped to his feet and seized the shutter lever. Opening it the sunbeam flew to the Peak and flashed a glow in the eyes of the observers there. Then the shutter began to work. Opening and closing at irregular intervals, the distant party were treated to a succession of flashes, some short, some long. Capt. Glassford was simply making the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic code. He was making short and long flashes by shutting off the beam which was reflected by the mirror standing on the tripod some feet away from the tripod bearing the shutter frame. This beam of light was so reflected that its course was direct to the Peak. The message Capt. Glassford sent was one of personal affairs. Mrs. Fowler, wife of the commander of the field expedition, was well and all letters from the party had been forwarded.

RECEIVING THE MESSAGE.

When Capt. Fowler, with his small detachment of cavalry, set out from Fort Logan as escort to the signal party, it was with the belief that communications would be made from a number of distant peaks. The prospects for a pleasant excursion into the mountains were very bright, and all the members of the expedition were envied. The thoughts of juicy venison steaks, of delicious mountain trout, of fragrant pines, cool nights, and the many other delights of camping out were uppermost. The tiresome climbing of rocks and the vexations along the route were anticipated as inevitable, but the strange weather of the present season was not taken into account.

The rainy weather began before the party had been out a day. A brief talk was had with Denver from Golden the first day out. A second station was successfully opened near Boulder, and a third time Denver was reached by heliograph from near Estes Park. But after that the days passed into weeks before a flash was sent to the Equitable building.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

BARBARA FREITCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, frame and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her, and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law.

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

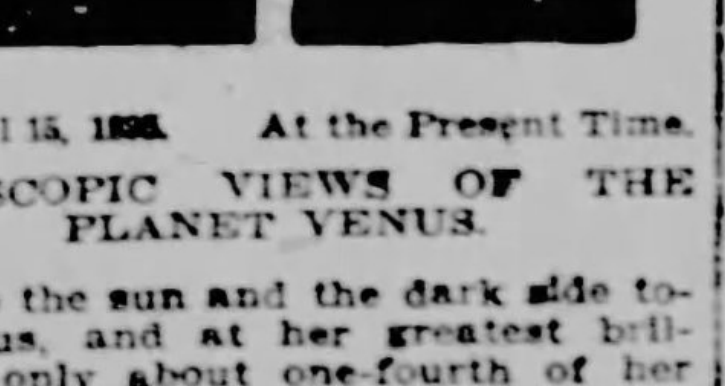
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

BRIGHT VENUS.

The Gem of the September Skies in the Evening.

Venus, the Queen of Beauty, is at the present time one of the most pleasing objects to be viewed by Toledo observers. In size and length of day she is the most like the earth, being only about 200 miles less in diameter and revolving in about the same time. Venus makes a complete revolution around the sun in 225 days or at the rate of 22 miles per second; hence her year is equal to about seven and one-half of our months. If there is vegetation on her surface it must grow faster than that of the earth's as it would have only about three months of growing weather where we enjoy five.

A person would naturally think the brightest time of the planets would be when nearest to us, but that is not the case with Venus. We should remember that then the bright side is next to the sun and the dark side toward us, and at her greatest brilliancy only about one-fourth of her light is visible to us. Her greatest brilliancy is when she presents a half disc or her greatest eastern or western angle from the sun or as she appeared about the middle of June.



April 15, 1895. At the Present Time.

TELESCOPIC VIEWS OF THE PLANET VENUS.

If Venus is inhabited, the earth while in opposition must be a beautiful spectacle as it would appear about ten times brighter than Venus does to us, although she is the brightest planet that shines. To her the earth would be easy to distinguish—quite a sized disc without a glass at all.

Unless protected by clouds and vapors there must be an intense heat on the surface of Venus. The temperature on our earth at 60 degrees would be about 125 degrees on Venus, and the light would be double as bright in daytime. It is supposed that the real surface of Venus has never been seen as the atmosphere and vapor is so deuse as to defy telescopic researches.

New Place of Execution.

Paris' place of execution is to be removed from the La Roquette prison to the Place Saint Jacques, near the Observatoire on the south side of the Seine, the place where the guillotine formerly stood.

There are two classes of bicycles—
COLUMBIAS
and others

Columbias sell for $100 to everyone alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are *not* Columbias.

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

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FISHING TACKLE.
25 yards braided waterproof fish line, 45 thread, with three double gut hooks any standard make, all by mail, 50c. Everything in Fishing Tackle. Write for prices. C. D. CLAPP, Toledo, O.

$4.50 per 1,000 cash for distributing circulars. Enclose 4c U.S. Distrib Bureau, Chicago

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School Club and Parlor. Catalogue free T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

FREE! We will send this elegant solid gold front gent's initial Scarf Pin or lady's Bonnet Pin, which is two inches long, Free to each and every person who cuts out this advertisement and sends it to us. Name the letter you want. Address Lynn & Co., 48 Bond St., New York City

WEAK MEN
If suffering from Sexual Weakness, Nightly Losses, Varicocele, small weak organs caused from abuses or excesses will write me I will gladly send sealed absolutely FREE the recipe of a simple home treatment which cured me after everything else had failed. Don't delay but write at once. H. C. OLDS, Box 2115, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LAKE BOATS AT NEW YORK.

A FLEET OF SIX VESSELS ARRIVE VIA ERIE CANAL.

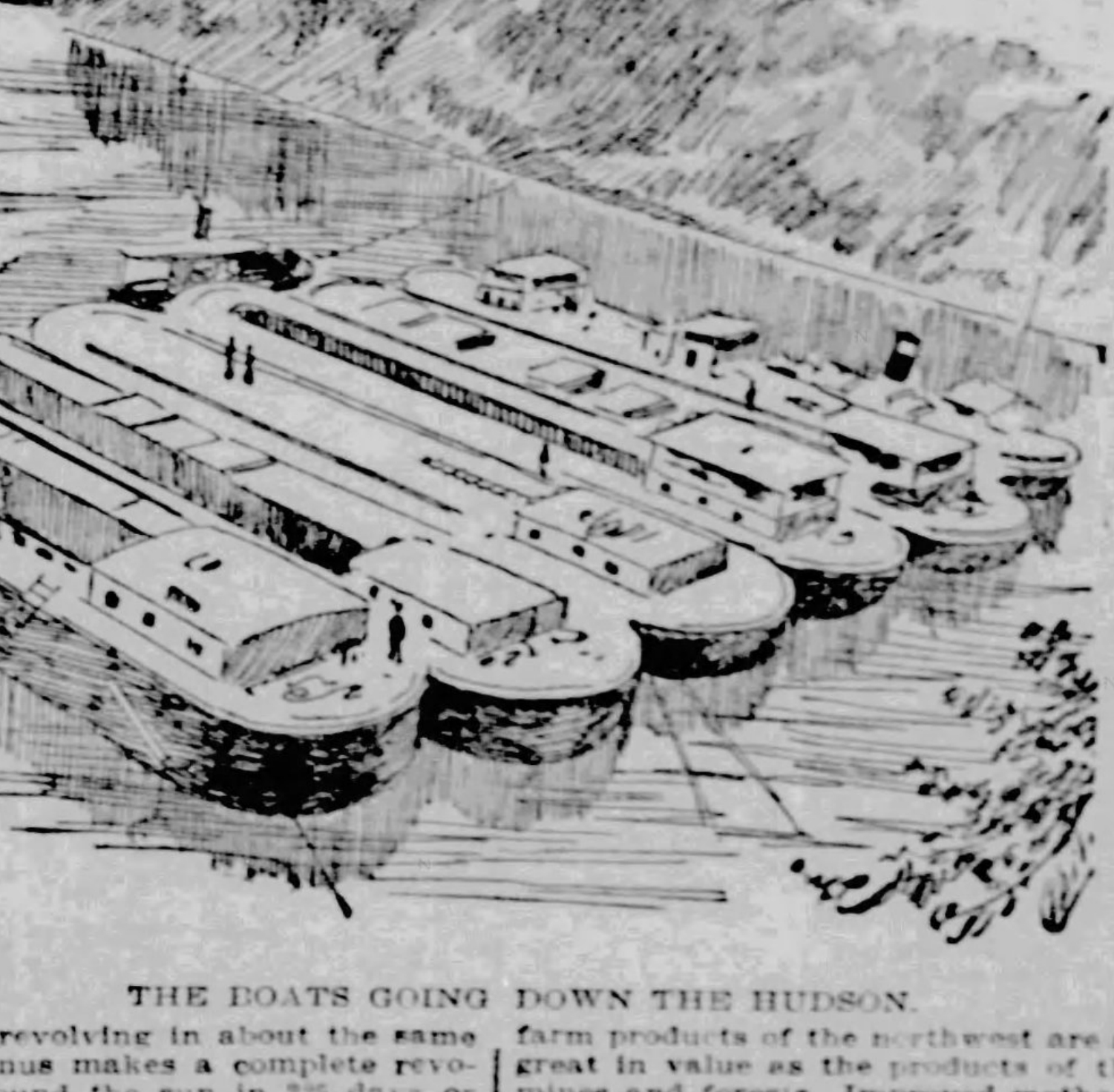
A New Era of Lake Transportation Opened by This.

The arrival of a fleet of six steel canal boats in New York harbor, launched and loaded at Cleveland, is an event of the greatest importance in the history of lake navigation. The boats were six in number, each having 270 tons capacity, or 1,620 tons in all. This is about the capacity of 80 railway cars. They were towed by a screw steamer from Cleveland to Buffalo, and thence through the canal to Albany, and down Hudson river to New York harbor.

These boats carried cargoes of steel rails. Lake steamers had transported iron ore from Lake Superior to Cleveland. There the ore was smelted and partly used in the construction of the boats. Other portions of the ore were used for the manufacture of the rails which formed their cargo. The enterprise was the result of diversified industries. It showed a wise investment of capital yielding profitable results in various directions.

The boats of the Cleveland canal fleet were built by the manufacturing firm of which ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson is at the head. The success of the experiment will be followed by further enterprises of the kind. The Michigan lake ferries, to transport loaded freight cars from ports at the northward to the railway terminals at the south end of the lake, is not a dissimilar experiment in water transportation.

There is no reason why boats similar to those used for lake and canal transportation in the iron trade should not be used in the grain trade. The farm products of the northwest are as great in value as the products of the mines and forests. Improved methods of transportation for grain would increase the price received by the farmer and would lessen the most paid by the consumer. The main element in the low price of the necessaries of life consists in cheap transportation. Whatever promotes that objects helps both producers and consumers.



THE BOATS GOING DOWN THE HUDSON.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

A farmer dropped two grains of corn
In the cold, dark earth one April morn;
Together they sank in their cheerless bed,
And the earth fell lightly overhead.
"Oh, cruel fate!" cried one in fear,
"What evil chance has brought me here!
It is not meet that such as I
Lie in the earth to waste and die.
Within this stone a nice dry shelf
Invites me to take care of myself."

The warm sun shone and the soft rain fell,
The grain in the earth began to swell.
The wise one cried from its snug retreat,
"How prudent am I! no rain nor heat
Can reach me here. I'm fair as at first,
While you, poor thing! look ready to burst.
You owe a duty to yourself—
There's room for two on this dry shelf;
Come out of the earth so close and wet,
Perhaps you may save yourself even yet."

"Nay," answered the other one from the earth;
"Only from pain and death comes birth.
Of such as we spake the Holy One,
'Except it die it abideth alone;
But if a seed of common grain
Die in the earth, its death is gain.'
So let me yield in patient trust
To the hand that laid me in the dust."

September's fields stand brown and sere,
Now comes the "full corn in the ear."

The grain that died in the darksome mold
Has yielded more than a hundred fold,
While that which cared for itself so well
Lies alone in the earth, an empty shell.

—Eva M. Westley, in Sunday School Times

Map of Transport Rates.

General Annenkoff, a Russian geographer, is preparing an atlas on a new principle. The places on the maps will be put down, not according to actual distance from a standard point, but according to the cost of transportation. New York, for instance, will be nearer to London than Rochester, in Kent, as it costs less to ship food across the Atlantic than to send it twenty-eight miles by rail to London.

THE HOME IS THE HEART OF THE WORLD
THE HOUSEHOLD
MISS EMILY S. BOUTON EDITOR

DAY LILIES.

The time of the splendor of lilies!
When cluster sweet-pease by the wall,
When flame the deep-hearted nasturtiums,
When hollyhocks muster at call.
Then straight in their virginal whiteness,
And sweet in their lustre and grace,
Uplifting their censers of beauty,
Consider the lilies, a race
That toil not, nor spin not, that care not
For aught that is passing and brief,
That bloom in the hour appointed,
The hour that bindeth the sheaf.
Fair lilies that come with the harvest,
And rival the brave growing corn
In the strength of your delicate beauty,
That waft through the eve and the morn
A perfume so faint and so flitting,
May we not learn a lesson from you,
To be queenly and tranquil and tender,
As our little life weareth through?

TO GAIN LIFE'S PRIZES.

IT IS THE ATTITUDE OF MIND THAT DETERMINES RESULTS.

A Firm Belief in One's Own Powers of Accomplishment the Key to Success.

Life will yield its own to each,
Let nothing slip beyond your reach.

And what is our own? It is the very best that life offers upon both the material and spiritual plane. It is ours if we bring to its seeking the right spirit and hold fast to the determination to win. It is the attitude of mind which we hold in our efforts that attracts the elements of success or of failure.

A bright young woman said to me not long ago with regard to something she desired to accomplish: "I shall do it. How, I do not know yet, but all the same it will be done." And I have not the slightest doubt as to her success. The very tones of her voice in speaking these words showed that she holds the key which will unlock the door of opportunity and disclose the way.

In the September Lippincott a truth is told in the guise of a fairy story which bears upon what I am saying. A child was christened and the fairies brought to him gifts. "He was endowed with a creative mind that should conceive great works, and with patience to work, with an eye to recognize beauty and a judgment to discern truth; with gifts of mind and heart that should win friends and with loyalty that should keep them."

Then came a spiteful old fairy, chagrined that she had come late, and angered by the exclamations of the good fairies that she could not hurt the child, because they had given to him so much he would have nothing to fear, she advanced to the cradle and waved her stick over it, saying, "Here is my gift. He shall never be able to believe in himself."

It was the one thing of all others that makes his life a failure. It blights all his other possessions. "Daily he sees other men with half his gifts pass him and go forward toward the prizes which might have been his, too; while he stands bound fast in the web woven by his enemy, only a looker on at the life in which he thinks he is unworthy to take a part." He fears defeat, and thus invites it. He doubts everybody, and his doubt is repaid by deceit and disloyalty. And it all comes from lack of faith in himself, in his own powers to accomplish, in his own possession of the qualities that will make and hold friends. The bad fairy is at his elbow always to compel the use of his gift.

We sometimes wonder why one person, with apparently no more ability than another, and with outwardly equal opportunities, is so much more successful in what makes up material prosperity. Without going any deeper into the philosophy of the difference—for there are causes that reach far back of the present—in nine cases out of ten this will be found true: The one is sure he can carry out his undertakings; the other fears failure.

It is temperament, say you. Well, then, the fearsome individual must overcome temperament, for it is certain that so much as he allows doubt and fear to hold his thought, by so much their essence enters into his action and diminishes his chances of success. It does not all lie in the outward act. There is an unseen spiritual force that pervades everything we do, and it rests with ourselves to decide which way this shall operate. Faith, hope, courage give it the impulse by which it helps our efforts. Fear, doubt, discouragement, change its tendency, and bring us weakness instead of strength.

Trace any great enterprise to its first beginning and it will be found to have been conceived by one person who had all confidence in the outcome. If he took what men called chances, they were not chances to him, in the sense of involving fear. He believed in himself, in his own judgment, in his own power to succeed, and while he did not despise the opinions and experience of others, they did not control his action against his own conviction.

"Life will yield its own to each."

The trouble is we do not know how to take what lies within our reach. The beauty and the glory of the world are close at our hand, but we see only the clay. The present is full of a potency that we do not grasp, because we are looking doubtfully forward into the future of may-be. Could we only seize the opportunities of to-day, utilizing them to their utmost, leaving to-morrow to take care of itself, there is little worth having which we might not make our own, if we so desired.

It seems to those who look around them with a thought beyond the material that now, at the close of this nineteenth century, the whole world is thrilling with expectancy. The wonderful inventions that open the door to what almost appears another plane of existence are multiplying every day. Concerning electric marvels Lilian Whiting says in a recent article:

> What is that marvelous instrument, the telautograph, but a mechanism for conveying thought made visible? To see it is almost to behold a miracle. Let A in Boston and B in San Francisco or in London each have in his library a telautograph. The instrument looks like a small table with a leaf of glass, on which the paper rests. As A watches the blank page or the transmittor the writing of B is produced before him in fac-simile, as if B held the pen. A check can be signed, any message given, then and there. On his own tablet A writes a question. The electric current reproduces this question on B's tablet across the continent or the ocean. B replies by writing on his own, and, behold, this reply is reproduced on A's tablet before his eyes. What a marvel of invention is this! Here is this absolute and visible communication of spirit to spirit through its means. And it is swift communication that is the basis of all our higher civilization. In proportion as life is crude is it isolated. In proportion, too, as it is isolated is it crude. Easy and swift communication is the first step toward enlightenment.

I do not know the intricacies or the possibilities of this instrument of which Miss Whiting speaks, but it is only one of the many ways in which this force may be made to manifest—a force which but a few years ago was unknown. And there are, without doubt, many other forces upon the unseen plane that the will of man, directed by the knowledge which future discoveries will give him, may make his servants. It is one of those subtle forces doubtless which he employs, though ignorantly, when, through a faith in his own powers and possibilities, that nothing can dim, he accomplishes what appears almost a marvel to his fellows.

Believe in yourself, not with a selfish egotism that decries all around you, but with such reverence for the "god that is within you," as to render failure impossible. Man's undeveloped forces which evolution is gradually bringing to his knowledge are many times greater than those which are developed, and the future will tell a wonderful story. But to-day, with fear dismissed, with faith in yourself and the good, with hope and courage, there is scarcely a limit to your possible accomplishment, even in a material way, and none whatever to a higher spiritual advancement which is above all, and beyond all, most worth striving for.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Possibilities of a Piazza for Enjoying One's Summer Vacation.

We have had Piazza Teas, Piazza Parties of all kinds and Piazza Circles of the King's Daughters, whose work was to not only spend the long summer days in making articles that would be of use to some needy person, or that would give pleasure to some shut-in, but to be ever on the alert to show by precept and practice the true meaning of the order they represented, to all who might come under their influence. And now we are to consider a Piazza vacation.

That such a thing is possible has been proven this summer by a dear friend of the editor, whose failing health made a rest positively necessary and at the same time made it doubtful as to the possibility of leaving her home, so the matter was decided by her family in this way:

A pleasant, shady corner of the piazza was furnished with a bright, pretty rug, a couple of easy chairs and a table to hold books and fancy work. An awning was arranged so as to shut off this cosy retreat from the rest of the world at pleasure, and there the invalid was installed each day with the strictest of orders to rest, read or work, as she pleased, and forbidden under great penalties to give a thought to the housekeeping, which was carried on by the dear mother and daughters, and in which she was to have no more care than she would have away from home. During the morning this favored individual sat reading books of travel, doing a bit of fancy work, chatting with a friend who might stop as she was passing by, or resting. A basket of fruit was always on her table and some time during each half day a dainty luncheon of a sandwich or a glass of milk was offered her to tempt her appetite. When tired of this Haven of Rest, as she came to call it, she could retire to the house to rest on her couch, and could dress for comfort at all times.

A month of this treatment produced a most beneficial effect. She recovered health and appetite and returned from her vacation with a better knowledge of foreign lands, acquired by her reading, than many tourists will have from seeing the places described. It cost her nothing for traveling expenses or dress, and she had the perfect rest she needed and none of the fatigue and discomforts of traveling. Now, let all of the tired, worn out, two-thirds sick women all over the country try this rest. You have grown up daughters, or friends, who will take care of your home for you a week, at least, and do you take your easy chair and book to some room (if the piazza must be used by the family all of the time) where you can be out of sight and hearing of the work. Do not worry about anything, for everything will do without you forever, unless you rest before it is too late.

"THAT BLESSED BABY"

Has the Fancy Workers' Column Entirely to Himself This Week.

Baby's Basket.

This is a home-made affair, for all it looks so daintily gay, the uprights being the handles of four toy brooms that had done yeoman's service for my older children. They were about two feet long, and were screwed at the upper end to a light, oblong board, a like board of a larger size being fitted between the supports near the bottom. On this lower shelf I fastened a shallow basket without a handle, having lined it inside with cream-colored silesia over scented wadding. A smaller basket, with a handle, occupied the upper shelf, being lined in a similar manner and furnished with pockets for soap, brush, powder puff, etc. Both baskets were draped with pale blue China silk, edged with white lace, and looped at the corners with bows of cream and blue satin ribbon.

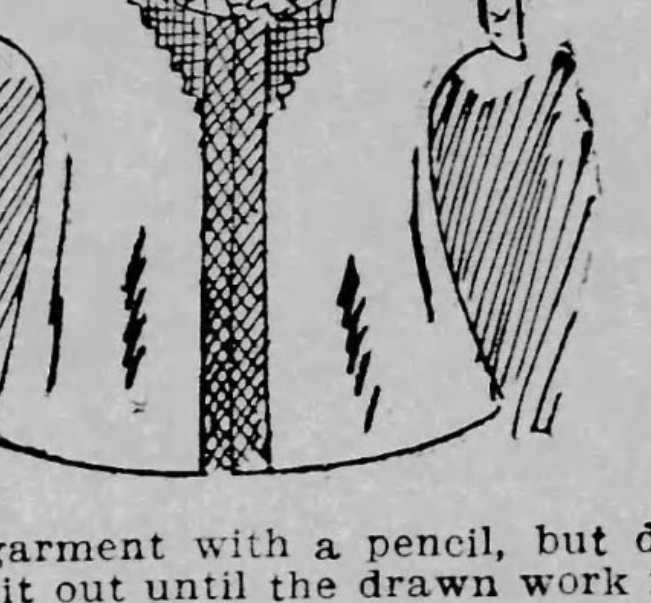
The supports were covered with cream enameling, and wound with narrow blue ribbon. The handle of the smaller basket had an ornamentation of lace, finished at each end and on top with a bow of ribbon. This basket holds all the toilet articles necessary for baby's bath, while the larger one holds the clothes he is to wear.—Auntie Beth.

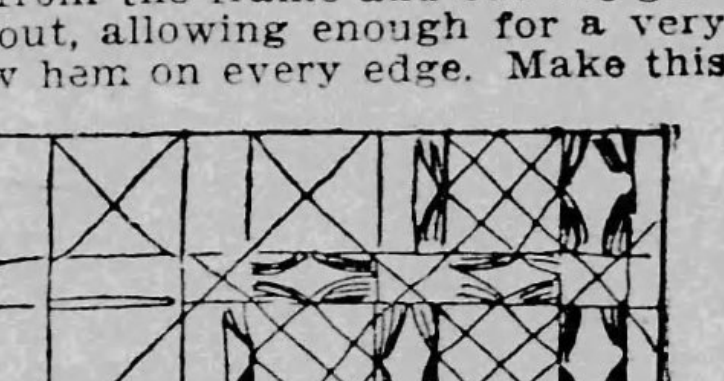
Powder Puff.

Crochet two flat mats 3 inches in diameter, of white Saxony wool, in single crochet stitch. Make a round, flat bag of white flannel, the same size as the mats, and fill it with the best powder. Place a mat upon each side of the bag and join the two by crocheting a pretty border half an inch wide, of pale blue pink, or yellow Saxony. Run baby ribbon of a color matching the boarder, through one side of the puff one or two rows from the edge, tying it in a pretty bow to indicate the right side. This will be found very useful in traveling, as there is no danger of waste from spilling as in the case of the powder box, and sufficient powder sifts through when using the bag in the same manner as the ordinary puff.—Experience.

Baby's Drawn-Work Shirt.

Lay the pattern upon the linen, so that each portion to be decorated is at a square corner, and mark the outline of the garment with a pencil, but do not cut it out until the drawn work is finished. Draw the threads, always keeping within the outlines, fasten each section in a frame, and fill in the drawn-work, according to details given in the illustration. Remove the work from the frame and cut the garment out, allowing enough for a very narrow hem on every edge. Make this hem and join the back and front by a dainty, fancy, herring-bone stitch. Finish with fine lace.—Theresa Olingworth.





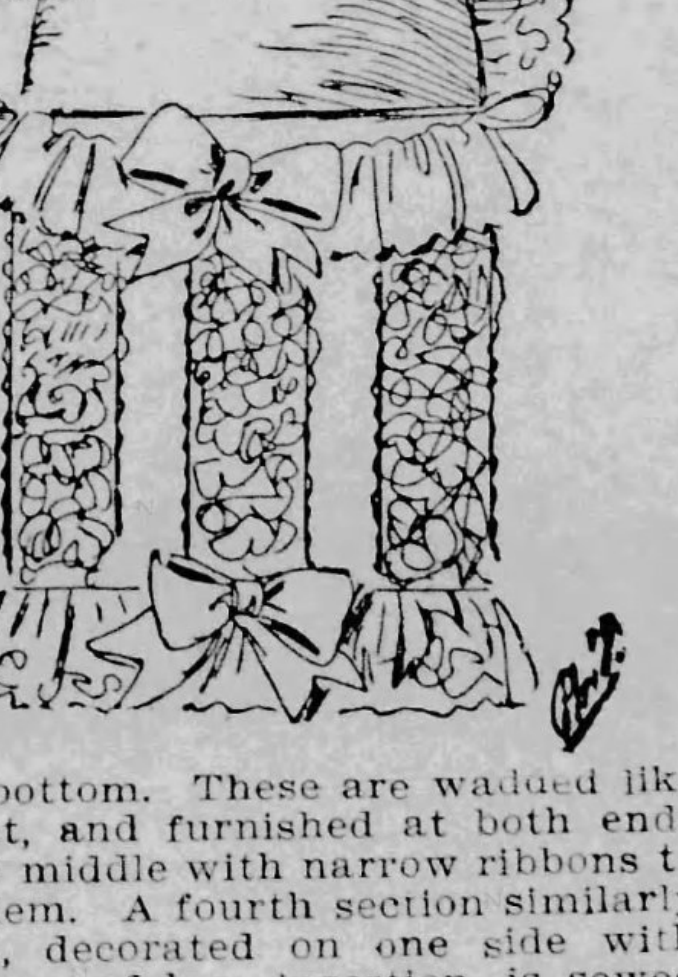
Crib Cover.

Take a piece of heavy bobinet lace as long and as wide as the crib; work a center-piece or initials in darned-net stitch and line with pale-blue or pink silesia, or China silk. Edge it with a border of lace three inches wide, slightly fulled, and headed with three rows of No. 7 satin ribbon matching the lining in color. Put large bows of ribbon at the corner, and it is completed.—Dora Andrus.

Carriage Cosy.

The foundation of this comfortable nest for the baby is an oblong pad a little longer than his form, and of a suitable width, made of two pieces of silk wadded with wool or cotton, the rounded part being thicker than the other to form a little pillow.

At each side is sewed a flap half as wide as the first section, and long enough to reach from the rounded part to the bottom. These are wadded like the first, and furnished at both ends and the middle with narrow ribbons to close them. A fourth section similarly wadded, decorated on one side with three rows of lace insertion, is sewed at the bottom of the first and overlaps the sides when the cosy is closed, being also supplied with ribbon tie-strings. A ruffle of lace is put around the pillow and across the folded edge at the bottom, and bows of ribbon complete the work.



Cheaper materials may be used; silesia would be very nice, the side flaps could be made of fine flannel, and crocheted insertion could take the place of the lace.—Martha Field.

Baby's Rattle.

This is made of a lead pencil, 3 yds. of narrow pink and 3 yds. of narrow blue ribbon, and 8 tiny gilt bells. Wrap the pencil with the ribbon, fastening it securely at both ends with small tacks. Take four lengths of ribbon each 5 in. long and four lengths each 3 in. long, two of each color; fasten one of the bells to each ribbon, and sew them firmly to the top of the pencil, covering the joining with a bow of ribbon.—E. S. B.

Sweets to the Sweet.

Select a well-shaped bottle and cover it with violet velvet or China silk. Conceal the edge at the top and bottom with a band and bow of violet velvet or ribbon. The glass stopper may be covered with a bow of ribbon tied around it with a small bunch of artificial violets fastened upon the top of the stopper, or the initial of the person who is to receive the gift may be made out of the blossoms and stems and fastened to the bottle cover.—M. M.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Including "A Warning," a "Flower Talk" and Several Suggestions.

Mutual Confidence.

I venture into the Household again with a warning, this time in place of confession.

Did you ever reflect over the past and consider the reason and cause of the loss of this or that friendship? I have been thinking on this subject recently, and really it seemed to me that every friendship lost to me came through too much mutual confidence.

The surest way to keep your friends is to keep your secrets and let them keep theirs. You may strive never so well to treasure the confidence of your friend, yet some trifling circumstance may occur to arouse suspicion in their minds that their secret has been divulged.

I often think of the words of an old Baptist deacon who used to say to any would-be confidant, 'No, no, I can't keep my own secrets, and if I can't keep my own I can't keep yours.' Now that is just what the greater number of us should say to any dear friend who comes to confide in us.

You confide in your friend, then fear follows that your confidence is misplaced, then doubt that your secret is betrayed, and nine times out of ten the issue is alienation.

And now my warning is this, don't confide in any one but the one who has said cast your burdens upon me, and, when possible, avoid the confidence of any one. Remember the wisdom of these words, thy friend has a friend, thy friend's friend has a friend, beware.—L. W. W.

Very good advice for us all to heed, and it reminds the editor of similar advice received by her from a dear friend many years ago: "If you can not keep your own secrets never expect that any one else will keep them for you."

Is Well Satisfied, Too.

Anent the proposed addition, or change, I hesitate to vote "aye." I thought we had a "Cozy Corner" where housekeepers, mothers or any one needing assistance, or any one desirous of contributing ideas for the benefit of others, or simply "dropping in" occasionally in an informal way were welcome. At least I think our Household page is the page of The Blade from the poem, which seems always so well chosen, Miss Bouton's interesting letter, the Household chat, fancy work and useful articles, thoughts from sisters, inquiries and replies, recipes and the literary "review" are each in their way so satisfying and entertaining. I want to be sure we will better ourselves before voting for a change.

I for one have always felt free to write and have felt (almost) a personal sympathy for those who in perplexity, or distress, sought for consolation by telling their troubles. I have sometimes been tempted to do the same. We each have trials peculiar to ourselves. But Miss B.'s letters have so much truth in them they help us to see the light and encourage us to persevere.—Mrs. Morris.

This for L. W. W. and for Others.

Here is another vote in favor of the proposed department. We all owe Miss Bouton a debt of gratitude for her labors in our behalf. Let us show our appreciation of her work by practical help along this line. As for a name we might gather around a "Round Table" or in a "Cozy Corner." The well-written literary notes given us by our editor are, in my estimation, one of the finest features of the Household, and I hope they will not be discontinued.

It seems to me, my dear L. W. W., that the best and only way to rid yourself of the habit you deplore is to come boldly out into the sunshine. See the good that people do. It may cost you an effort for a time, but it is worth it. Try Miss Bouton's suggestion of setting apart a few minutes every day "to be devoted entirely to thinking of the good you know of people." My favorite Emerson says: "Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Don't waste yourself in rejection nor back against the bad but chant the beauty of the good. . . . Set down nothing that will not help somebody." It is not always either wise or kind to express one's thoughts. I am not advocating deceit, but there is a time for silence as well as a time for words. Then it really matters little to the world at large whether you or I approve, or disapprove, of them. It may seem strange, but really they have a right to their own ideas after all.—Hope Daring.

It is Care, Not Luck.

Some women will not attempt to grow flowers in the house for fear they will have no luck with them.

Now there is no such thing as luck in growing house plants; if you succeed well with them, it is due to careful, intelligent work among them, and because you love them you are willing to bestow proper care upon their needs and requirements.

If you have many failures then be sure it is not bad luck but a lack of knowledge of their care. Some people, who are neglectful of their plants, who care for them in a haphazard way, have a habit of complaining against the culture of window flowers that makes me constitutionally tired.

When I began to grow flowers I selected a very few of the specimens easiest of cultivation, and made a study of their habits of growth, the soil best suited to their perfect development and the amount of water and sunshine they required. By adding one or two new varieties each season to my collection I soon acquired, not only many lovely plants, but a practical and thorough knowledge of the common plants used for window gardening.

By all means this winter purchase hyacinth, tulip, narcissus and lily bulbs, for nothing in the whole floral kingdom will give you a greater amount of pleasure than these lovely spring flowers that come into bloom, with proper treatment before the holidays and continue to send up lovely spikes of bloom until the glad Easter tide and the early spring is with us.—Primrose.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Some are Answered Promptly—While Others Feel Neglected.

A much esteemed correspondent writes us this week complaining that her questions have, some of them, been omitted from this column altogether, and others have not been answered, though in one instance an early answer was quite desirable for her. The editor endeavors to insert all inquiries in the order of their receipt, but sometimes it happens that, owing to their number, some are left till another week. Often our friends complain of the non-appearance of inquiries or other letters which have never been received. When an inquiry is made in this column, it is read by many who could answer it, but who wait for some one else to do so, until it is forgotten by all except the inquirer. If each person who can answer an inquiry would do so at once, and not hesitate lest some one else may happen to do so, it would do away with this trouble. As this exchange of knowledge is for our mutual benefit, let us all endeavor to give our assistance when it will be most helpful.

Mrs. E. W. M.:—Your inquiry was published in The Daily Blade of Aug. 17, and should have been in The Weekly for Aug. 15 or 22. Please look again for it. The others you mention have not been received. Send them again.—Ed.

Alice J. M.:—The Blade will always do as well by its friends as any other paper, giving as much time and research for answers and examination of manuscript as is necessary, but we cannot promise to publish your article until we have read it.

Hope Daring:—You will be very welcome to come as often as you please, and the editor is sure that your practical articles will be "lifts," and not such small ones as you fear, either.—Ed.

Mrs. Emma M.:—Thanks for your kind words. Have you any idea of the date of the paper containing the article you mention?—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one inform me how to put up fruit so it will not gather mould on top? Some that I put up moulds on top, and some not. Why is it? I also have trouble sometimes in getting jelly the right thickness. Will some one send the words of the song Minnehaha.—A Reader of the Blade.

Have any of the sisters of the Household ever used black pepsin to increase the amount of butter? I have been told that one teaspoonful to each gallon of cream will combine, in the form of butter, all the cheese, butter and sugar that milk contains, and one will have more than twice as much good butter than by churning the old way without pepsin. I would like to know where it can be bought, and the price. As our druggist here knows nothing about it.—S. A. L.

Answers.

Housekeeper:—Cloths wet with spirits of turpentine and placed where any kind of ants come will drive them away "immediately and at once," as Samantha Allen says.

Ethel:—Dissolve salt in water until it will dissolve no more, wet the tips of your fingers and rub the scalp thoroughly; don't wet the hair (although it won't hurt it); do this three or four times, and I think it will stop the hair from falling out. It did mine.—Mrs. A. A. L.

Mrs. L.:—Drawn work is very fashionable now on both bed and table linen. Bureau and side-board scarfs are ornamented with it, in fact it is seen on all linen household belongings.

Mary:—The new figured denims make very pretty and serviceable hangings for bed-rooms. Those in pretty tints and excellent designs in 50-inch width cost only 60 or 70 cents a yard.

A DUTCH NOVELIST

Who Tells His Stories in Good English and Wins Favor.

My Lady Nobody is a novel which is just now receiving the warmest commendations of the critics, and is indeed well worth a reading. The excellent English in which it is written makes it seem almost impossible that its author should be one to whom the language is a foreign tongue, and yet Maarten Maartens is a native of Holland, and his stories belong to that country, showing the characteristics of the people in their finer aspects.

My Lady Nobody is a story of suffering wrought from the passions which chiefly move mankind. Its principal characters are the beautiful Ursula Rivers, the daughter of a minister, and the two sons of a noble house, whose head is one of those persons who win love and yet who are really so weak as to be constantly unjust. Otto, the elder, who left home when very young to go to the colonies, and returns, a strong, stalwart man longing for the scenes of his childhood, finds the estate plunged hopelessly in debt. Gerard, younger by fourteen years, is a handsome fellow, a cavalry officer who enjoys life with small care for consequences, and yet in the main is a good fellow. Otto decides to remain at home and try to pull through the difficulty. His brusque ways constantly displease his father and mother, and yet they lean upon his strength. He finally marries Ursula, greatly to their disgust, and out of this grows many of the complications that are finally set right.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Ursula's temptation and her deception are graphically told. By the death of her husband she is made heir to the estate in place of Gerard, who goes away with his regiment to India. Then there is a long season of struggle for Ursula, who is constantly misunderstood, notwithstanding all of her efforts to help those who belong to the estate. The end of the story is natural and pleasing.

It is a splendidly written novel, and will add to the fame of its author, and also add one more to those works which have for their object the delineation of the deeper spiritual truths of life through the struggles of human beings with the temptations that come in every day living.

Mr. Maartens's first book was The Sin of Joost Avelingh; the second, An Old Maid's Love. God's Fool is another that has challenged atention. His real name is J. M. W. van der Poorten Schwartz. He was educated in Germany, but lives in Holland. Harper & Bros., New York, publish My Lady Nobody.

Any questions regarding books or authors which the members of the Household desire to have answered are welcome. EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Good Friends Send Good Recipes—All of Them Practical and Helpful

With the cooler days of September we hope for a return of appetite for the solid food that has seemed so uninviting to us all during the hot weather, and we also hope to have from the good housekeepers some recipes that they can recommend from their own experience.

Although with September that universal favorite, the oyster, is again welcomed, it may be that some of the Household will not be able to readily procure them, and for the benefit of such we give a recipe that comes to us from California. It is recommended as being almost equal to oyster soup, even though it is simply

Cabbage Soup.

Chow raw cabbage very fine and boil in salted water till tender. Drain and season with butter, salt and pepper exactly as you would fresh oysters. Add hot milk in quantity to suit the number of persons to be served; 1 coffee cupful of chopped cabbage will be sufficient for five or six persons. This is a very good substitute for oysters.—Mrs. A. A. L.

Picalilli.

Chop 1 qt. of cucumbers, 1 qt. of cabbage, 1 pt. of onions, 2 green peppers, 1 cupful horse radish. Mix these and cover with 1 qt. of cider vinegar and 1 pt. of cold water and let it stand 24 hours. Drain and press the mixture into a stone jar, add 1 dozen whole cloves and 1 oz. of white mustard seed. Cover with cold vinegar and it will be ready to use in 24 hours.—Emily G.

Chow Chow. (Requested.)

Boil 1 qt. of onions, 1 qt. of string beans and 1 cauliflower till tender. Put with these, when done and cool, 1 qt. of small cucumbers that have been in brine for 24 hours. Into 1-2 gal. of vinegar put 1-2 oz. mustard, 1-2 oz. of tumeric moistened with a little cold vinegar, and when it comes to the boiling point add 1-2 lb brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of mustard seed and 1 cupful of salad oil; pour this while hot over the vegetables. When cold, put in glass jars, seal and keep in a cool, dark place.—M. A. J.

Chocolate Tarts.

Rub 1-2 cake of chocolate smooth in 3 tablespoonfuls of milk, heat it till nearly boiling, then add 1 tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk; stir till it thickens, then pour out into a shallow dish. When cold, beat into this the yolks of 4 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of butter and 1-2 teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a rich crust in patty pans and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs. Nice for picnics.—Annie May.

Chocolate Gingerbread.

1-2 cupful of sugar, 1-2 cupful of molasses, 1-2 cupful of hot water, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 square of chocolate, 3 eggs, excepting the white of 1, 1 1-2 cupfuls of flour. Beat sugar, molasses, butter and eggs together, add the hot water with the soda dissolved in it, the grated chocolate and the flour. Bake in two tins and put together with boiled frosting into which 1 cupful of chopped raisins has been stirred. Will keep good any length of time and is a sure favorite with every one.—Mrs. T.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Receive Nine New Members, Three Subjects and a Short Lecture.

Colorado:—President, Miss Josephine Williams, Brookside Subject, "Has Christianity done more to civilize the world than all other causes combined?"

Indiana:—President, Miss Laura Gibson, Delphi. Subject, "The New Woman."

Minnesota:—President, Mr. E. Francis Atwood, Simpson. Subject, "Should Hawaii be Annexed to the United States?"

Chaperone's Confidential.

The following new members sought (and gained) admission to the Circle this week: Flower City Girl, Lu, Daisy, I. No. U., Blushing Fifteen, Bud, Morning Glory, Squib and Boadicea.

They were welcomed by Miss Prudence and these old members: Elfa, Forest Neeley, Country Cousin, Canon, Cara Mia, Sweet Nightingale, Ground Cherry, New England Girl, Shamrock and Florence.

Miss Prudence had something on her mind this morning, and when this is the case, she never wastes time in relieving herself of the unusual burden, which amounts to just this:

Her boys and girls are disappointing her a little bit. Every one of them has been clamoring for weeks and months for an organization and a badge, and now that they have both, only two or three in each state have responded to the call of their president, and very few have applied for badges. Was your anxiety for a permanent order and a distinctive badge all "talk," or are you well satisfied to let some one else do the work while you reap the benefits of it?

It "goes against the grain" for your Chaperone to accept either of these theories; she has had too high an opinion of her young people to believe them capable of insincerity or selfishness, and she hopes that their apparent indifference is only the fault of the "weather," or the administration, or the late war in China, and that as cooler weather comes on, the state reports will be more complete, and the silver badges will be ordered as rapidly as they can be supplied. The Blade has been very generous to us, M. G. Rs.; don't let us give it cause to repent of its generosity.

E. C. Bitner, Pa.:—Your request for address is received, but as your name is not in the list of M. G. Rs., I have no right to accede to it, as the privilege of correspondence is for members only.

Sweet Nightingale:—Thank you very much for the flowers. I am getting quite a collection.

The address of the Iowa state president is changed from Des Moines to Independence, Iowa. Miss Carrie M. Kepner, care Hospital.

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R.

Squib, Wyoming:—"I have been eavesdropping long enough, and will say a few words for myself. I live in the 'dreary Black Hills,' that are true to their name, I think, for this is the most desolate place I have ever seen. There are coal mines here where I have been employed for some time. Jimmie Long, you have some very high ideas as to the merits of different pastimes; card playing and dancing are terribly wicked in your own mind; cards are used for gambling, but cyclers never ride for money, do they—nor for their own pleasure, but simply for the good of others and the Christian welfare of the world at large! Ride your wheel, Jimmie, but it strikes me that you have more wheels than one, and they don't all run on the ground either!"

Blushing Fifteen, Mich:—"It's my private opinion that Sam Igotus would not know a pretty girl if he saw one; and I warn Raven that it is well for him that I am not near enough to give him a good tongue lashing, if nothing more. I am not in favor of cards or dancing, but believe in equal suffrage, and would like to correspond with some one in the sunny South."

I. No. U., Iowa:—"I think there are enough ways in which to enjoy ourselves without participating in any questionable amusements. I was amused at U. No. Hoo's letter! What broad (?) intellect, what large (?) brains it must have required to think out his one conclusive (?) proof that a man's brain is larger than a woman's! It is not quantity but quality that counts, and if U. No. Hoo's brain is larger than that of the average woman, it certainly must be made up of inferior material. Jo, I agree perfectly with you, and think that the man who wins your love will possess something far better than money."

Boadicea, Okla.:—"I am fond of reading the history of past ages, and our war songs inspire me with a strong love for my country, especially those composed by the late Dr. Root and Francis Key. As we read of the wars between foreign nations, let us remember the terrible suffering caused by our civil war, and our hearts will go out in true sympathy to those engaged in warfare, and in thankfulness that we live in an era of peace. I think if women governed our nation, quarrels would be settled by arbitration and wars in the United States would continue to be things of the past."

Daisy, Mich.:—"I do not believe in dancing and am greatly opposed to card-playing and to reading cheap novels. Though not an 'old maid' in years, I have for some time borne the title of 'the old maid of the family,' and think I have a fair chance of deserving it, since I have five sisters, every one of them better looking than I am. Sam, you surely must live all by yourself."

Bud, W. Va.:—"I believe as many others do in woman's suffrage. As she has to comply with the laws of our land in all respects the same as other naturalized citizens, why should she not be given a voice in the making of them? Surely the killing of birds for decorative purposes is a sin; how can a Christian woman rise in church to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below."

when her hat is decorated with the plumage of one or more of his most innocent creatures?"

New England Girl, Mass.:—"It is the same with the M. G. R. as with everything else of importance, the girls started it, and the boys stood off and laughed at their efforts until they saw it was rapidly growing in popularity; then they joined it, self-invited, remember! And now U. No. Hoo has the audacity to get upon the fence and crow: 'Hurrah boys! we've made a success of it, haven't we?' I am glad his bump of conceit evenly balance his large brain and broad intellect, for I should be so sorry to have him fall off!"

Canon, Neb.:—"As many of you have never seen a sod house, I will try to describe how it is made. The sod is broken in pieces one foot wide, if a three foot wall is required these pieces are cut in three foot lengths; or for a two foot wall, in two foot pieces, and the walls are laid up the same as those of a brick house. The sod houses cannot be made more than two stories high, but may be as roomy as one likes."

Country Cousin, O.:—"Here are two quotations for Sam's benefit:

"Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars."

"Homely features lack not favor, when true wisdom they reveal:
And a wife is fair and honored while her heart is firm and leal."

I think I hear Cedar Banks saying: 'Another homely old maid.' Right you are C. B."

Forest Neeley, S. D.:—"Don't you think, girls, that to make your homes attractive and thus have more influence over your fathers and brothers is better than being able to vote? Where is the young woman in this Circle who could undertake the tasks accomplished by Washington and Lincoln? Show me one woman who could have handled armies and shaken the world as did Napoleon, and I will show you a thousand men. God did not say that woman should be the ruler; he made man her superior, her protector and her guide. Our ancestresses may have worked harder in their daily life than we do, but I believe they were far happier than the women of to-day. What do you think, M. G. R.'s?"

Shamrock, Md.:—"Like Paul, I like the story of the Golden Rock better than the Garden of Eden. I do not believe in playing any kind of games on Sunday, and have never danced or played cards, though I see no harm in doing so if the amusement is not indulged in to excess."

Sweet Nightingale, Ind.:—"I am in favor of equal suffrage, thinking the girls have as much right to vote as the boys, and I am a 'solid down' Republican and not ashamed to own it."

Ground Cherry, Ind.:—"Stepping in for a minute, without rapping, I find the M. G. R. girls all busy as usual, and that's all right, too. I think the Golden Rock an excellent story, but I hope we will have no more like the Garden of Eden."

Florence, Iowa:—"Girls, I want to tell you what I heard a young man say the other day: 'I never saw a girl that didn't talk about other girls!' Don't let us do that; if we can't think of better subjects to talk about, let's keep quiet."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

Watching for somebody, wide brown eyes,
Waiting to give him a rare surprise?
Oh, is it father, whose horse's feet
Fall in the distance smooth and fleet—

Father, whose heart for many a mile,
Forward has leaped to the dear old stile?
Oh, how they'll kiss him, and hold him fast,
When father is home with his bairns at last!

"Hist!" cries sister to baby Will;
"Listen, darling! he mounts the hill,
Oh, how Selim flies over the ground!
Nearer and nearer the hoof beats sound."

Flowers for father, and looks of joy,
Sweetest words shall their tongues employ,
Somebody's coming—the dear, the wise;
Shine out to greet him, you bright brown eyes.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A RAINY DAY.

"Raining again!" I exclaimed as I raised my head from the pillow and listened to the steady drip, drip. "What shall I do? The children will be shut in the house all day and that awful ironing on hand, too. But it won't help the mater to grumble; one has to bear these things, I suppose."

Of course I was discouraged before beginning my day's work, and when the children appeared there was no cheerful word to set them right, and as one of them said, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, dear! I'm so sorry it's a stormy day; for we were going to have so much fun under the big tree," I took up the strain.

"You can't be more sorry than I am. I suppose you'll all try what mischief you can get into to-day, for I've that basketful of clothes to iron, and I never knew it to fail but you'd exert yourselves if I'd anything special to do."

"I'll take care of Mame and Fred," said Elinor, who forgot her own disappointment in pity, which I felt was altogether undeserved, for my annoyance.

"I shall be very glad of your help," I answered, smothering my ill-temper as I went to work. The breakfast things were soon washed, and everything in readiness to commence ironing, but the first sheet was barely folded and hung upon the rack when little Mame fell with her doll. A broken arm for Dolly and almost a broken heart for Mame was the result. I looked despairingly at the huge pile of unironed clothes, then cried:

"Go along with that doll, for pity's sake! If you could keep one whole thing for five minutes it would be a blessing. Take it to Elinor; she can fix it as well as I can."

Elinor tried most faithfully, but failed. Mame cried and cried until in sheer desperation I stopped and tied up the broken arm. By that time the irons were cool and the fire almost burned out. The fresh coal was slow to heat, and by lunch time only half a dozen plain pieces were finished. I hurried through luncheon and placed the dishes on the kitchen table, determined to get the benefit of the irons while they were hot; but no sooner was I well at work than Mame's jumping rope pulled a pitcher from the table; the crash brought me to the spot, but not in time to save Elinor, who in her anxiety to catch the pitcher lost her balance and fell upon one of the broken bits, cutting her hand and frightening us both. Fred in the meantime had upset the syrup jug while trying to reach some twine from the pantry shelf, and this proved to be the last featherweight I could bear. Elinor's hand was wrapped up, Fred reduced to a more presentable condition, and then we all indulged in a "good cry." Fred, Elinor, Mame and myself all wept in sincere sympathy with each other and pity for ourselves.

At this juncture I heard a light rap, the door opened, and Mrs. Herril, my neighbor, appeared.

"I didn't wait for any ceremony," she said, "for it's raining as if it never rained before, but I wanted you to have some of these biscuits; raised ones, you know. Why, what are you all crying about?" I hesitated to enumerate my woes and she continued, taking in the situation at a glance, "I know exactly what you have been doing! You got up tired, it's a dreary day and you have tried to do an unusual amount of work. The children have been awfully troublesome—"

I smiled through my tears as she paused, for the picture was true to life.

"Now, my dear,' 'she went on, "put that basket away. I don't believe in giving advice, but I've learned two or three things by actual experience. The wisest thing any mother can do when she awakens tired and out of sorts and hears the patter of rain outside is to consider how little she can possibly manage to do on that particular day. There's always mending on hand or some such work that may be accomplished while you are cosily ensconced in the pleasantest corner of the sitting room. Let the children bring their playthings into this same cheerful nook and you will be able to watch them and take a good many stitches besides. They will appreciate having a day with mamma, and instead of dreading the inclement weather that compels them to stop indoors, they'll soon look forward to a rainy morning as the harbinger of a red letter day. If several stormy mornings follow each other adhere to the same plan for the day, and take a couple of evenings for the ironing after the little ones are asleep, and both you and the children will be the better for it."

I had scarcely time to thank her when she was gone, but the sunshine she brought with her still remained. Fortunately, the next day was fine and the ironing completed without difficulty, but ever since that memorable afternoon I have worked according to the plan suggested by my kind-hearted neighbor, in whom I had the fullest faith, as she has the most cheerful, happy family I have ever known.

Her prophecy has been fulfilled and Mame will shout gleefully:

"It's raining, Fred! did you know it? We'll get our playthings right away and be ready to visit when mamma gets the mending basket."—Babyhood.

OHIO MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Second Report by President Mr. Walter Wright, West Liberty.

Question—"Resolved, That works of art are more pleasing to mankind than works of nature."

Jal, who is noted for his promptness again came first, and after giving a lengthy compliment to the Buckeye members and encouraging remarks to all the M. G. R.'s, talked in behalf of nature. "Let us take for example some one of nature's strange works and compare it with works of the best artists; for the first, we need not go very far, but for the latter, we may have to go to a foreign country. We find here some of the grandest scenery that the human intellect can imagine. For example we will take the Yosemite Valley; here we have a piece of nature's most beautiful work. Where is there an artist that could paint or sketch anything half so beautiful, or even if he undertook to paint the original, it would not be as pleasing to the eye, as to stand on one of the peaks of this valley and look down upon the numerous gorges and canyons and the contrasting bits of scenery that vary at every turn."

"Lone Fisherman:—"The works of nature are certainly more beautiful than the works of art, for nature is the expression of God's thoughts, while art is the expression of the thoughts of man. But the question is: 'Is art more pleasing than nature?' Is a pictured likeness of Niagara Falls more pleasing to the human mind than a view of the Falls itself? I take the negative side of each question. A person in confinement craves the works of nature in preference to the works of art. I answer our president's question negatively, for to me, the beautiful simplicity of the works of nature are a thousand times more pleasing than the patterned works of art."

Theresa Thorne:—"Do all think the works of art more pleasing than nature? When one is permitted to see the results of some of the great gifts with which God has endowed man, art is wonderful. Yet a bit of real nature (and nature is free to all) far excels them. We are not all permitted to see the production of famous masters; pictures that almost talk, or 'dreams in marble' that seem to live. So perhaps we may not judge; but is there not beauty in nature that rivals the works of an Angelo Canova?"

Regulator:—"Nature is the best field wherein art may be displayed. When we behold the grand natural scenery all about us, and consider the universe and the process of creation, our mind rises to the great and grand, and we are constrained to say with the Psalmist 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.'"

COLORADO MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

President Miss Josephine Williams, Brookside.

Question—"Is the United States on the verge of moral, political and financial ruin?"

Wild Ivy:—In answer to the question under discussion this month I would emphatically say no! The increase of churches and Sunday schools, the institutions for caring for the poor and the work being provided for the idle in these hard times would be enough to convince anybody of the morality of the people.

As to the political side of the question we are certainly in a very bad fix, but I think the next Presidential election will set things straight again. I do not think we need fear about the financial side. In reading the United States debt it looks as if there might be some danger, but the American people have proven in the past that they are able to manage their own affairs, I always try to remember the words of a prominent author, that our government with all its imperfections is the best government that ever existed.

Colorado Ranchman:—"In my mind the United States is on the verge of political ruin. It is being run for money, and by money, until we have no just laws for the poor and hard working people of our nation. We of the rising generation must join hands for the purpose of establishing our rights, and protecting ourselves from the ruin which will come sooner or later."

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838; he was educated at Williams college, but did not graduate, owing to an affection of the eyes. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer service, where he remained until October, 1865. He then became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. His health failing in 1874, he resigned his pastorate, and settled at Cromwell-on-the-Hudson. There he devoted his time to literature and the cultivation of small fruits, dying in 1888.

INDA.

2.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In queen, not in king;
In round, not in ring;
In nose, not in hand;
In bay, not in land;
In America, not in Spain;
In car, not in train.
My whole is a Canadian city.

BELLE N. Y.

3.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Ni hte lorwds dorgh dilef fo teltab,
Ni het ebvulao fo file,
Eb ont kile mudb rivend tactel,
Eb a erho ni eth tfesri."

MYRTIE.

4.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

I am a scheme or play; transpose my head, and I am "unsound in limb;" transpose again, and I am "accustomed to man;" again, and I am "identical," again, and I am "reputation," again, and I am "did come;" again, and I am a lady, again, and I am part of a harness; once more, and I am a title. What a wonderful word I am!

SUNFLOWER STATE.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell the history of Sesha?

C. M. B.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:

"Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave."

ESME ROY.

Answers to Puzzles of August 29.

1.—J. S. C. Abbott.

2.—Width of street, 146.2—— feet.

3.—Chi-na-paj: Words, chin, nap, Jap, pan, china, japan.

4.—Words forming diamond: S, she, green, Halleck, Waldo, bed, y. Centrals down: Shelley; across, Halleck.

Horace Mann wrote:

"Lost! between sunrise and sunset, a golden hour, set with sixty diamond minutes; No reward is offered, for it is gone forever."

Answer to query of August 22 sent by Alta:

"Runnimede is a long green meadow on the right bank of the Thames, from which it is partly concealed by plantations of willows, 20 miles southwest of London. Some have supposed the name to be derived from the Saxon 'rhynes,' water-brooks, which abound here, while others suppose the word to be Running-mead, referring to the horse races which have been held here from time immemorial, and still take place in August. The great historical interest of Runnimede is the fact that Magna Charta was signed by King John, either in this meadow or on Charter Island, a short distance off the shore, on June 15, 1215."

Chat.

The August Bannership goes to Helen, who has 47 good marks; Alta ranks second; W. P. H., third; Esme Roy, fourth.

The class has contained 22 pupils during the month, most of them "regulars."

Correct solutions are acknowledged this week from F. Tuttle, Alta, Hosh, Helen, N. Holt, L. P. Little, Elsie, J. F. Andrews, and O. J. R.

Hosh:—Thanks for your kindly expressed interest in the column; we shall be glad to welcome you frequently.

Helen:—You need have no hesitancy in claiming the banner this month. Pauline has been playing truant, "backsliding," and the honor (?) is honestly yours.

N. Holt:—In your solution the area was correct, though the closing line was a little short.

Issacher Davis:—Your solution did not agree exactly with that given by the author of the problem, but the Schoolmistress hopes that will not hinder you from coming again.

Considerable comment has been made on the "diamond" puzzle recently published. As several solutions are possible, Helen asks if there is any way by which to prove the correct one. The puzzle was irregular, Terence says, since it did not read up and down and across alike; hereafter no mechanical puzzle will be accepted which does not conform to this rule. For example, the diamond given by Terence himself in the article printed some time ago in The Blade:

My first is a consonant—t.
My second is a wager—bet.
My third is an Ohio town—Berea.
My fourth is the name of a puzzler—Terence.
My fifth is a dogma—tenet.
My sixth is to do or perform—act.
My seventh is a vowel—e.

By arranging these words in the form of a diamond it will be seen that they read both ways the same, and as it is almost impossible to obtain the same combinations throughout, with any other words, the difficulty of "proving up" will be very slight.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Panics and Currency.

J. L. G., Montesano, Wash., takes issue with statements in The Blade that "the demonetization of silver" was not responsible for the panic of 1873 and the years of hardship that followed, by showing that we had panics and hard times in 1819, 1837, and at other times prior to 1873. He says:

"Now, Mr. Editor, let us be candid in this matter, for the welfare of millions depends on the right and just settlement of this question. No doubt thousands of your readers are well informed men, who are watching very closely the statements you are making and the deductions you are drawing therefrom. Now, there is abundance of the most positive proof that the panics you mention were caused by a contraction of the currency. It was not always done in the same manner, but its results were always the same. Specie payments in 1837 meant the payment by every debtor of an amount largely in excess of what he had agreed to pay. The periods of transition from a depreciated paper currency to a convertible paper currency meant the same. The volume of debt-paying money was decreased so that its value was increased, and it required more labor and more of the products of labor to pay a debt than it did before."

We should be glad to have some of the "positive proofs" that the panics named were caused by a contraction of the currency—very glad indeed!

The specie payments of 1837 demanded by Jackson's specie circular were only for land purchased of the government. Here are the facts regarding that panic:

After the closing up of the United States bank in 1832, and the transfer of its deposits to state banks, there was a great increase in the number of small state banks—"wildcat banks"—especially in the South and West, where the influx of population was a constant stimulus to the desire for speculation. The scarcity of capital made it easy to put their notes in circulation. A man could, in the absence of sound banking laws, with but little capital or none at all, open a bank, issue $10,000 or more in small notes, and loan them to land speculators. The country was, in about four years, filled with the notes of these banks. In 1836 President Jackson, knowing that these banks were really worthless, issued his "specie circular," ordering that only coin should be received at land offices in payment for public lands. This led to a large volume of these notes being presented for redemption. The banks began to fail, being unable, and also unwilling, to redeem them, and the panic of 1837 was the result.

Thus, the trouble in 1837 was because of the miserable banking laws of the various states, which were so defective that scoundrels could perpetrate frauds on the people. Had there been a sound and safe system of banking, with proper protection of note issues by adequate security, the panic of 1837 would never have occurred.

Our friend talks about the undue "contraction of the currency," without apparently thinking that an undue and unwarrantable expansion of currency was the condition that made contraction possible and necessary. To illustrate this, let us take the panic of 1873. Like that of 1837, it was the result of an inflated currency—the greenbacks. The greenbacks had depreciated very much in the closing years of the war; prices, measured in greenbacks, were very high, and speculation was rampant. When the war ended, the greenbacks slowly began to rise in value, and prices to fall as a consequence. This pinched thousands of men, who had gone in debt in various speculative ventures, and a crash and panic resulted, such as always must follow any derangement of the currency.

Now, if the currency had not been inflated by the over-issue of greenbacks, they would not have depreciated, and the panic of 1873 could not have come. Our friend forgets that a debt made in 1860, and paid in 1864, was paid in what did not cost the borrower as much as the money he received in 1860. Nobody said anything then, when debtors were cheating their creditors; but when the greenbacks began to increase in value, and draw up towards par, then the howl came, so ably voiced in the above letter. It was not contraction of the currency, but appreciation of a depreciated currency. Had the volume of greenbacks remained the same, the result would have been the same.

The true remedy is prevention—never to allow the currency to be depreciated. Avoid inflation in the issue of any money which can not be kept at par with the monetary standard.

We are glad to see that Senator Sherman realized the errors he voiced in 1869, in the extract our friend sends us; for he was the father of the resumption act of 1875, and had gotten on solid financial ground in the intervening years. The above writer goes on to say:

"Our silver and paper is safe as a medium of exchange only just in proportion as our government is able to redeem it in gold, and last winter's experience, placing ourselves in the grip of a foreign syndicate in order to get gold to temporarily redeem some of these very obligations, shows something of that ability."

The remedy here is to get rid of the greenbacks and Sherman notes of 1890. It is the presentation of these at the treasury which requires the payment of gold therefrom. Let the government get rid of these notes, and there will be no need of any gold reserve. The remedy is plain, is it not?

A Michigan Query.

C. W. S., Bristol, Mich., writes to ask: "What have caused the hard times? I see in your answers to your correspondent from Quiet Dell, that if they have any farm produce for sale they would have money. Now we live in a lumbering community. We have all kinds of timber that the United States produces. We are also situated on railroads that gives us an outlet to the very best markets in Ohio. Yet it is impossible to make sales at a profit although there are men here working for 61 cents for 11 hours and board. Now please inform me if you can how these men can support a wife and three or four small children, clothe and school them properly, on a gold basis?"

It strikes us that the great boom in the lumber business in Michigan took place after the war, and since we have been on a gold basis. We have been on a gold basis by law since 1873, and were really on a gold basis from 1834. So, whatever may be the cause of the stagnation in the lumber business, it is certainly not because of the money question.

How could free silver help the matter? You complain there is no market for lumber at a profit. How would free silver create a market? How would it increase the selling price of lumber?

The Cost of Gold.

E. H., Tracy, Minn., writes: "In your discussion of Coin's Financial School, you say that, with the aid of science and mechanical skill, every farmer and manufacturer, in short, the whole world, are engaged in a conspiracy to bring about a decline in the cost of every commodity, impliedly except gold. Now are not people striving just as hard, with the aid of science and skill, to reduce the cost of producing gold, as well as other commodities?"

Quite as much. And there is no doubt that gold has actually cheapened in the past 15 years or so; that the same amount of labor, for instance, will buy more gold now than it would then.

Labor Day.

W. M., Kansas, Ill., writes: "In one the Blade's for July, 1894, you printed the following: 'The President has signed the bill making Labor Day a national holiday. It is the first ever created by act of Congress. It falls on the first Monday in September.'

"In the issue of The Blade of August 29, page 7, first column, you say there are no national holidays. Why do you say this? for there is certainly one national holiday, and that is Labor Day? I have the act which I cut from another paper. This act (or law) which was passed by both houses of Congress, was signed by President Cleveland, June 28, 1894."

Our statement in July, 1894, was written without full knowledge of the provisions of the act. It is of effect only in places directly subject to federal authority like the District of Columbia, and persons in government employ elsewhere in the country. Where Labor Day is a legal holiday in any state, it is in consequence of legislation by the state. There is no national holiday made so by act of Congress.

A Silver Question.

O. W. C., Yale, Iowa, writes in regard to the following extract from our reply to Mr. White's free coinage paper:

"Mr. White can go to-day to Mexico, with $1,000 in our silver dollars, and get about $2,000 in Mexican silver dollars for them. There is no motive for his doing so at present, for the Mexican dollars have only their bullion value here.

"But under free coinage he could melt those Mexican dollars into bars, take them to the mint and get $2,000 standard dollars and a little over—for the Mexican dollar is a little heavier than ours.

"Then he could take his $2,000 to Mex- Regulate o, have them coined; take $4,000, get $8,000, and so Small [illegible] S.

"While Mr. White can [illegible] Mexican dollars with [illegible] to-day, and there-by [illegible] when the United States adopted free coinage, could he, after the adoption of free coinage, take his $2,000 and buy 4,000 Mexican dollars? It seems to me the Mexican would demand about an even trade, for he could readily convert his silver into United States money.

"I think, too, the same thing would occur when Mr. White went to Europe to buy bullion. He would find the price of silver had gone up. Am I not right?"

No, you are not right, for Mr. White would, as soon as a free coinage act passed Congress, find it utterly impossible to get $2,000 in gold for 2,000 silver dollars. The latter would at once fall to their bullion value.

What we meant was that, if it were true that the silver dollar would remain at a parity with the gold dollar, this process would be possible. We can not see why you imagine silver would rise in value. What would make it? With all the facilities our mints now have, it would take 15 years to coin enough silver to take the place of the $600,000,000 of gold that would leave circulation and become an article of merchandise.

To Keep Cider Sweet.

W. S. Jewell, Kan., has our thanks for this reply to a query in this column: "Put one quart of mustard seed into a barrel of cider, the cider will retain in the same flavor as when you put the mustard seed in the barrel."

Miscellaneous.

F. J. N., Humboldt, Neb., wants a description of the Clark storage battery. Who will furnish it for publication?

P., Magnolia, Ark.: We have never heard that the Treasury department has forbidden the sale of old confederate money as curiosities.

A. C. S., Wanneta, Neb.: We think the government is enlisting men now for the regular army. There are enlistment offices in many of the large cities, or apply at any United States military post.

Did You Ever Think
That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

News of the Week.

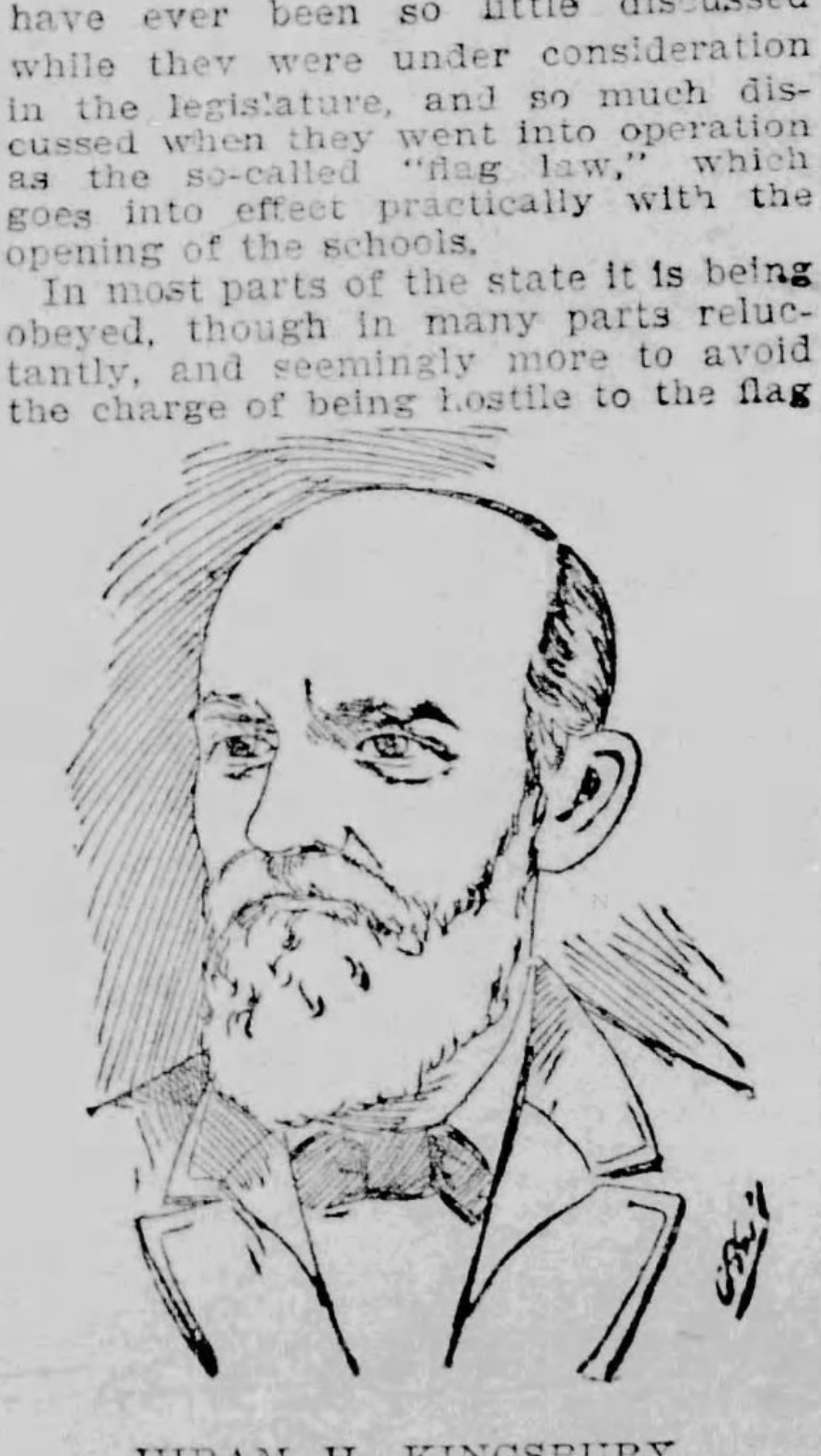
The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

ILLINOIS' FLAG LAW.

The Parochial School Managers Resist It.

Chicago, Ill., September 4.—Few laws have ever been so little discussed while they were under consideration in the legislature, and so much discussed when they went into operation as the so-called "flag law," which goes into effect practically with the opening of the schools.

In most parts of the state it is being obeyed, though in many parts reluctantly, and seemingly more to avoid the charge of being hostile to the flag than as obeying a law which those affected by it believe is either a just or constitutional one. In some places schools and institutions which have often displayed the flag are now refusing to fly it, to emphasize that any purpose the flying of the flag would serve is defeated when the act becomes compulsory.



HIRAM H. KINGSBURY.
(Father of the Illinois Flag Law.)

The indications are that by far the larger number of Chicago schools, other than public schools, both sectarian and nondenominational, will not float the flag. It is claimed by many, who disclaim any intention of deliberately disobeying the law, that it imposes an expense that they are not able at this time to bear.

Few, if any of the Lutheran schools of the city will for the present fly the flag. This is true of some which formerly made it a practice to do so. Of the Roman Catholic parochial schools, those of the Holy Family parish, and perhaps some others, will raise the flag, though under protest.

The stars and stripes will be raised over the Jesuit college, May and Twelfth stret, next Monday, in compliance with the law, and also over every parochial school in the parish of the Holy Name. Father Hoeffer, superior of St. Ignatius college, said, when interviewed, the law would be scrupulously obeyed.

Rev. Henry Wunder, of St. Paul's German Lutheran church, says the flag will not float above his parochial school to-day. His congregation has not yet decided what course to permanently pursue. "We regard this law," he added, "as unnecessary, un-American and unpatriotic. It is also ridiculous. We might as well pass a law demanding that every man carry a flag in his hat. People talk about educating children to love the flag. We Lutherans are as patriotic as any, and we love the flag as dearly as the most demonstrative sentimentalists, but we believe constant sight of the flag will accustom the children to regarding it without any deep feelings."

If the law is enforced Chicagoans may not be able to see the smoke for the flags. Nearly every down-town office building will be floating from one to a dozen flags, for nearly every one of them shelters from one to a dozen schools of one kind or another—schools of oratory, schools of theosophy, phrenology, christian science, or hypnotism. And the law is so comprehensive that it seems to apply to them all. It is claimed to include kindergartens and girls' schools, veterinary colleges and training schools, Sunday schools and medical colleges, Hull house and schools where the barber trade is taught. One man who read the law said it even included schools of fishes.

Another section of the act requires the flag to float over every court house in the state, and a third requires it to float over every penal and reformatory institution and over all state charitable institutions. The flags over the latter institutions must be at least ten by twenty feet in size.

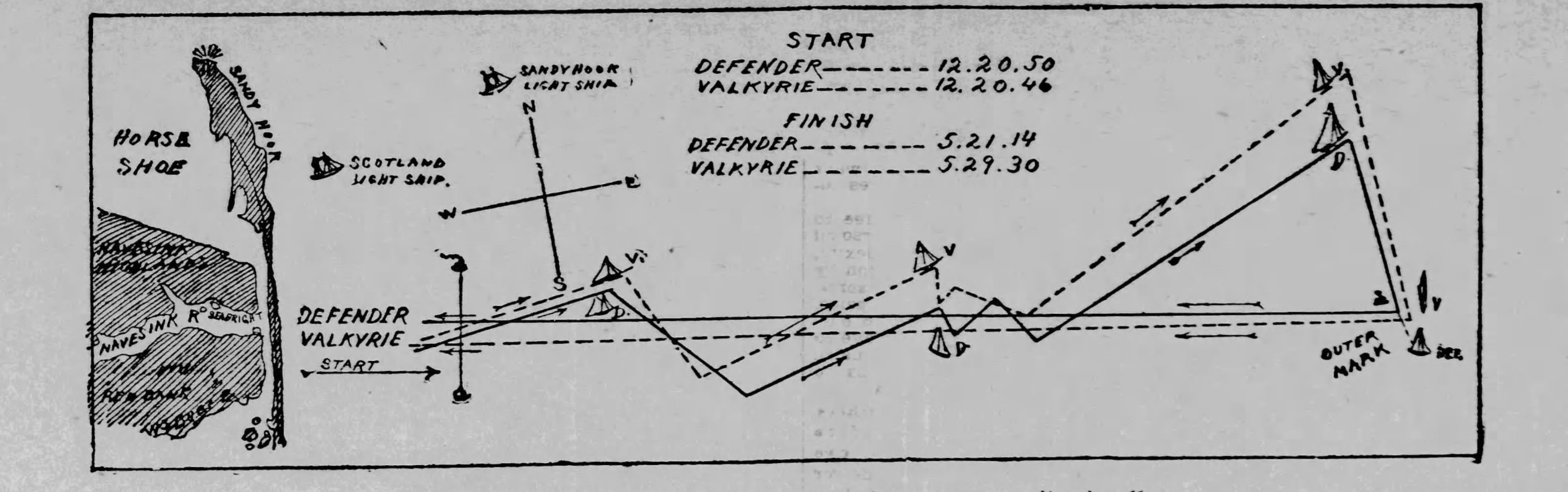
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CABIN

Will Be Reproduced on the Site of the Original.

Lawrenceburg, Ky., September 4.—Lincoln Park, in Larue county, is to be made one of the most historic places in the South. Mr. A. W. Bennett, the owner, has wired Mr. Harvey Bingham to have built at once a log cabin on the old Lincoln farm exactly where stood the cabin in which the martyred President of the United States was born and spent many hours of his life. The cabin is to be built of the identical logs that were in the original cabin. Years ago when the cabin was yet standing unoccupied by any one, it was torn down and the logs removed about a mile and put into the house now occupied by Mr. John Davenport, who has sold his home to allow the erection of the Lincoln landmark. The logs are yet sound and will be good for many years. Thousands will go from the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville next week to Lincoln Park and see the famous rebuilt cabin, as the work upon it is to be finished this week.

Dr. Talmage's Wife Left Him All.

Brooklyn, September 10.—The will of Susan W. Talmage, wife of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, was admitted to probate yesterday. The estate, valued at $166,000, is left to her husband.



THE FIRST RACE—15 miles out, and return ; 30 miles in all.

THE DEFENDER WON.

The First of the Races for the America's Cup.

New York, Sept. 9.—In a light wind and a lumpy sea over a course of 15 miles to the windward and return the American sloop Defender defeated the English yacht Valkyrie Saturday in the first of a series of races for the America Cup.

It was a fair and square test of the light weather qualities of both boats, and, although both were crowded shamefully at times by the hordes of excursion boats, they were not sufficiently handicapped to affect the ultimate result.

The yachts crossed the line, unofficial time, as follows: Valkyrie, 12h, 20m, 05s; Defender, 12h, 20m, 10s.

The wind at the start was about east, blowing at the rate of about four miles an hour. The sky was cloudy, and there was a moderate sea running. Just previous to the start, Defender slipped in between the judges' boat and Valkyrie on the latter's weather quarter, and both yachts went across on the starboard tack under mainsails, club-topsails, staysails, jibs and baby jibs. Although the Defender was slightly to the windward on crossing Valkyrie soon began to draw away, and at 12:27 she had a lead of about 20 yards on Defender, and appeared to be gaining constantly, although the two yachts had to pick their way through the excursion fleet, which hampered their movements greatly.

While Capt. Haff gained the vantage position at the start, still it had some penalty accompanying it. In such a close fight, and working into the position he took, he was compelled to deaden the Defender's headway so that the Valkyrie with more life and greater headway pulled through his lee and was away and clear before the first minute of the race had passed.

It turned out that the Valkyrie was not in such a bad position as the send-off showed, for she soon drew far enough away to backwind the Defender, and for the 20 minutes that the pair held on the starboard tack the Valkyrie forereached the Defender and drew away from the latter. To an onlooker it seemed, judged by the way the Valkyrie was running, that while she was not holding so high as the Defender, she was going so much faster than the Defender that she was more than holding her own.

It is evident, judged by the way Capt. Haff sailed the first twenty minutes, that he was coaxing the Valkyrie into doing the pinching act. But the Valkyrie people were cute, and would not do this.

There was a lumpy sea on, and quite a swell came in from the ocean, but the buffeting of the waves against the Britisher's bow did not keep her back. She outpointed and outfooted the Herreshoff boat, to the amazement of the great crowd of spectators. But after establishing a lead of a good quarter of a mile, the wind having freshened, the cup hunter failed to hold her own, and the Yankee boat began to gain.

When the crowd saw it there was a general brightening up, and as it became plain that the product of American brains was picking up her rival, a cheer went up, and tug boat whistles screeched.

As both yachts were beating to windward, it is impossible to say just when the Defender overhauled the British boat, but it was about 1:25 p. m., when the boats had covered nearly half of the fifteen miles of windward work.

Once the Defender got her gait there was no catching her, and as the wind continued to freshen, she opened up a very large gap between her stern and the bow of Lord Dunraven's boat. When Defender reached the outer mark she had an advantage of three minutes and 27 seconds. There was a big demonstration as the Yankee boat made the turn. The wind having shifted, the run home became a broad reach, and it was of constant gain to the gallant American boat.

Going home the gain was four minutes 53 seconds.

With the time allowance of 29 seconds the Defender's victory was 8 minutes 49 seconds. The wind was ten knots at the finish. The day's race showed Valkyrie III. moved like a ghost in a wind of less than six knots and that she seemed speedier than the Defender in that wind. It also showed that with a wind of eight to ten knots in both windward work and broad reaching, the English boat could not keep the pace set by the Defender.

VALKYRIE WON SECOND,

But It Was a Pretty Tough Job, After All.

Highlands of Navesink, N. J., Sept. 10.—A cloudy sky and a smooth, leaden-looking sea over which light southwest airs were sweeping gently, was the outlook from here at 6 o'clock this morning. The contestants for the America's cup, Valkyrie III and Defender, were absent from their usual moorings, having passed the night almost within biscuit toss of each other off the Atlantic Yacht Club's anchorage at Bayridge.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.
(From His Latest Photograph.)

To-day's race will be around a triangle ten miles to a leg, 30 miles in all, starting at Sandy Hook lightship, and with the first leg a beat if possible. With the wind holding from the southwest, this would be possible, but the yachts would have to run very close to the Jersey Shore to turn.

10:20 a. m.—Both boats arrived at the lightship. They have a fair breeze from the south blowing about five or six miles an hour, and they are only about half a mile apart standing in shore. Defender is a little to windward.

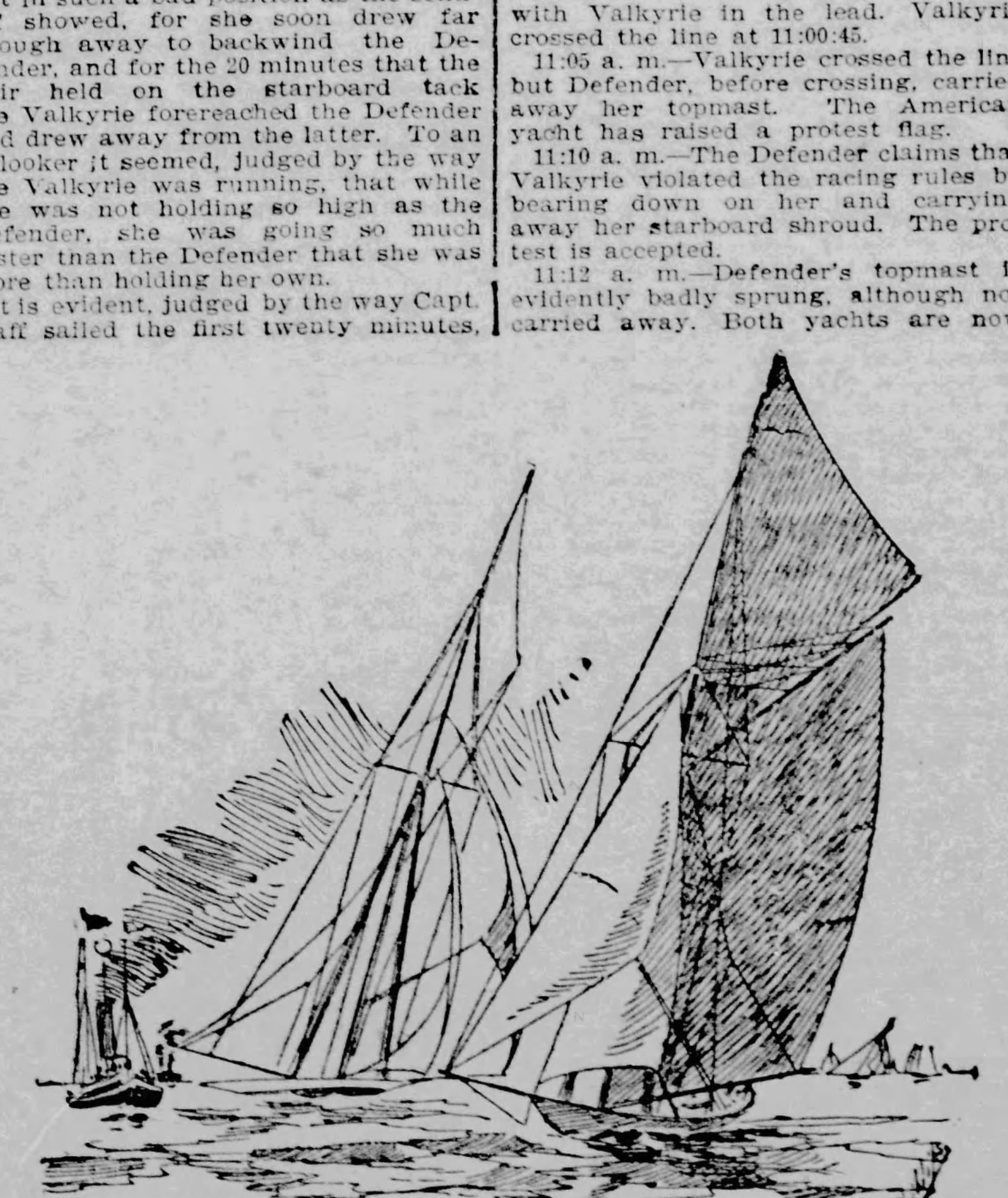
10:45 a. m.—The committee boat has displayed the course signals. The first leg of the triangle will be direct south, the second northeast by east and the third northwest by west half west.

11:01 a. m.—The yachts got away with Valkyrie in the lead. Valkyrie crossed the line at 11:00:45.

11:05 a. m.—Valkyrie crossed the line but Defender, before crossing, carried away her topmast. The American yacht has raised a protest flag.

11:10 a. m.—The Defender claims that Valkyrie violated the racing rules by bearing down on her and carrying away her starboard shroud. The protest is accepted.

11:12 a. m.—Defender's topmast is evidently badly sprung, although not carried away. Both yachts are now on the starboard tack. They are carrying mainsails, club topsails, staysails, jibs and No. 2 jib topsails.



THE DEFENDER AND VALKYRIE COMING ABOUT.

11:30 a. m.—Valkyrie slightly in lead, but Defender is closing gap rapidly.

11:37 a. m.—Both yachts are even now.

11:40 a. m.—Defender now leads by 75 yards. Valkyrie has windward position.

11:54 a. m.—Boats just gone about on starboard tack. Valkyrie appears to have the lead by about three minutes; wind about eight miles an hour.

1 p. m.—Valkyrie has disappeared in the fog. Defender can still be seen.

1:07 p. m.—Time of rounding first stakeboat as taken here: Valkyrie, 12:57:30; Defender, 1:00:50.

The turn, apparently, was made in a dense fog, and the times given are only approximate. The wind at the time of the turning was increasing in strength and blew at the rate of from 12 to 15 miles an hour, kicking up little white-caps between here and the first mark, so that the yachts seemed likely to have a good breeze.

1:09 p. m.—Second leg of course stands in west and second turn will be off Monmouth, wind now south and about 10 or 12 miles per hour. Third leg will be almost due north.

1:45 p. m.—The two yachts are reaching down to the second mark at a lively rate and with balloon jibs set. It is impossible to distinguish between them at this distance, but it is believed that Valkyrie is slightly ahead. A nice whole sail breeze is blowing.

2:38 p. m.—The yachts are very close together, but Valkyrie is ahead. The Luckenbach has taken up her position at the finish line.

2:47 p. m.—Valkyrie has a clear lead of a quarter of a mile.

2:47—The yachts are now within two miles of the finish on the port tack, and are running through the water in a freshening southerly breeze. They have an entirely free course, as the excursion boats are keeping well to leeward.

2:51—Valkyrie is only about a mile and a half from the finish and will undoubtedly cross the line before 3 o'clock. Defender is trying hard to cut down the lead of the British yacht.

Mackay-Bennett—Valkyrie finished at 2:55:40. Defender finished at 2:57:55.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

Pitiable Condition of Mrs. Bessie St. John, Eastern Star Founder.

New York, September 4.—Miss Bessie St. John, Brooklyn, one of the originators of the Order of the Evening Star, was arrested yesterday morning at Wythe ave. and Hewes st., and arraigned in the Lee ave. police court, Williamsburg, as a vagrant. She was found sitting on a coal box wrapped in a horse blanket. She was very weak, and the policeman who arrested her was obliged to hold her up to keep her from falling.

Mrs. St. John acted queerly after she was arrested, and constantly asked for her sister, who is in Europe. She was in the Bloomingdale asylum in 1884. Judge Goetting committed her temporarily at the request of her friends.

Mrs. St. John, who is about 45 years old, was a protege of the late Robert Macoy, who was one of the highest officials of the Masonic order, and with him founded the Order of the Eastern Star, which has extended all over the country. After Macoy's death, which occurred last January, Mrs. St. John announced at a meeting of DeWitt Clinton commandery, that she was his adopted daughter, and the only woman in the world possessing all the secrets of Masonry, from the Blue Lodge to the order of the Mystic Shrine. She declared that she was going to found an institution to be called the Macoy Memorial Hospital in token of her gratitude.

Believing her to be demented the members of the commandery persuaded her to go home.

THIRTY-THREE MINERS DEAD.

Entombed in a Mine That is Burning.

Houghton, Mich., September 9.—Saturday the Osceola copper mine caught fire. It is known that thirty-three men are entombed, and are dead, as there is no chance for escape.

Report reached the surface about 12:30 o'clock yesterday that No. 2 shaft was on fire, and in a very few minutes nearly 100 women and children were about the mouth of the shaft, bemoaning the loss of husbands or sons. By 1 o'clock an immense volume of smoke poured out of the shaft. In the miners' changing house are twenty suits of clothes of men down in the mine, and about ten more are known to have changed at their homes.

Captain P. Richards, one of the oldest and most experienced mining captains in the copper country, says that he is positive that the Osceola mine fire is of incendiary origin. He does not think that a fire could have originated where it did unless it had been willfully lighted.

GIVEN THEIR MEDICINE.

New York Saloon Keepers Who Must Go to Jail.

New York, September 5.—The court of special sessions, according to its programme, imposed a fine of $300 and one month in prison on violators of the excise law. Joseph Wheeler, saloonkeeper, of 334 East Sixty-first st., pleaded guilty of keeping open on Sunday, September 1. "There was no excuse for that," said Justice Jerome. "The newspapers have time and again said that this court would impose heavy sentence on all such as violated the excise law after September 1. You are sentenced to pay a fine of $300 and serve one month in the city prison." Patrick Avery, saloonkeeper, at One Hundred and Forty-first st. and Ryder ave., and Leonard G. Brazier, bartender for Mary O'Bierne, of 500 East One Hundred and Fortieth st., each pleaded guilty to the same offense on the same day and received the same sentence. Brazier apparently did not have the money to pay.

SWELLS OUT HER CHEST.

Minneapolis Now Has a Population of 200,000.

Minneapolis, Sept. 6.—In an official state census bulletin issued yesterday the population of Minneapolis is announced as 192,833. The showing is a magnificent one, and surpasses recent expectations. The total population, as compared with the national census in 1890, shows an increase of 28,095, or 17.05 per cent. This percentage is gratifyingly large, when there is to be taken into consideration the character of the five years through which the city has passed. Two of them have been years of disaster and panic, and larger and older cities than Minneapolis and with business interests of vastly greater amount have felt their effects. The gain in population, furthermore, has to all appearances been a steady one, and evenly distributed. Inspection of the ward lists shows that in each division there has been some increase, the Sixth ward alone excepted.

LOOTED THE OFFICE.

Trusted Employe and Pal Robbed the Adams Express Co.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 9.—J. D. Farden, cashier of the Adams Express Company here, and J. R. Barnett, city ticket agent of the Vandalia line, have disappeared. A package containing $16,000 internal receipts that was deposited Saturday by Revenue Collector Jump for shipment to the Cincinnati sub-treasury, is missing.

The police are in charge of the office.

Last night the police authorized the statement that the stealing would run between $20,000 and $40,000. The two men had literally cleaned the office of the entire day's receipts.

WILL WINTER IN SARATOGA.

Ex-President Harrison Apparently in Love With the Place.

Saratoga, N. Y., September 9.—Ex-President Harrison, it is expected, will pass the fall and early part of the winter here. His son-in-law, J. W. McKee, has rented for three months and will take possession on September 15 of the William H. McCall cottage on Circular st. Gen. Harrison will be the guest of the McKee family.

Earthquake Shook Up Montana.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 6.—At 12:25 this morning a slight shock of earthquake was felt in this city, lasting for about six seconds. It was not severe enough to do any damage and was noticed only by a few. At Helena the shock was severe. People rushed from hotels and buildings and much excitement was caused.

FOREIGN.

SPANISH ATROCITIES

A Beautiful Senorita Tortured and Finally Hung.

New York, Sept. 6.—Atrocities by Spaniards, as revolting as those committed by the Japanese at Port Arthur have just been reported to the Cuban revolutionary party in New York.

Enrique Trujillo, editor of El Porvenir, received a long letter yesterday from Juan Maspons Franco, chief of staff, under General Maximo Gomez, the commander-in-chief of the insurgent army. It is dated "Headquarters in the field, August 8," and sends details of the capture and re-capture of the city of Baire, and the massacre of 37 inoffensive Cubans—mostly women and children—by the Spaniards under Commander Garrido.

On Tuesday morning, according to Col. Franco's letter, a company of insurgents under Jose Rabi, surprised the Spanish garrison in the fortress commanding the city of Baire, killed more than 70 men and took 56 prisoners. They captured a large quantity of arms, and persuaded the prisoners to enlist in the insurgent ranks.

An hour later, three companies of Spanish troops, under Commander Garrido, came up, and after a short, but sharp, resistance, the Cubans left, leaving the fortress again in the hands of the invaders. Soon after the fort had been garrisoned by Spaniards, one of the companies broke loose and began to pillage the city. Commander Garrido himself, Col. Franco states, led the uniformed rioters. The Spaniards were wild for the spilling of blood. Every human creature who came in their path was ruthlessly slain. Within five minutes the streets were deserted by the panic-stricken natives, but the Spaniards followed them into their houses, and killed them in their own rooms. Age, sex and condition were wholly disregarded by these liveried butchers," says Col. Franco. "Old and young women, children, even infants, were slaughtered. Shocking indignities were offered to the unfortunate victims before and after death. The Spanish soldiers stamped on the bodies of those whom they had slain, and ground their heels into the faces of many who were still living.

"Senorita Dolores Madera, a beautiful girl of 18, betrothed to one of Capt. Rabi's lieutenants, was seized on the street, cruelly beaten, repeatedly stabbed with bayonets, and brutally insulted. One of Garrido's captains commanded the girl to renounce her Cuban sweetheart and swear loyalty to the Spanish government. She scornfully refused, whereupon the captain struck her across the face with his sword, inflicting a terrible gash. With blood streaming down her face, she taunted the Spaniards with their cowardice. Thereupon the maddened soldiers seized her, bound her hand and foot, threw a noose around her neck, and hanged her to a tree. The torture of Senorita Madera was prolonged as much as possible. While she was still alive, but no longer conscious, her body was riddled with bullets."

More Arms for Cuba.

New York, Sept. 6.—Yesterday afternoon word was received by Tomas Estrada Palma, president, that a large consignment of arms for the Cuban insurgents would be shipped from New Orleans this morning. A message also came about the same time from New Orleans to a secret agent of the Spanish government. According to these dispatches, 3,000 Remington rifles and 200,000 cartridges were to be shipped to some small Cuban port.

Spanish Minister Talks.

London, Sept. 7.—A dispatch from Madrid says that Muragua, the former Spanish minister at Washington who resigned, has made a public statement that he handed in his resignation because he had proof that the Comde De Venadito was justified when she fired at the Allianca, that the American steamer carried contraband goods and was but a mile and a half from the Cuban coast. He would not consent that Spain should be put in the wrong.

Some Late Battles.

Havana, Sept. 7.—The column of Ternel has had a skirmish with a band of insurgents near Viana, in which the insurgents lost two killed. A spy was also captured. The Bolondron volunteers have had one of their number wounded in a skirmish.

Gen. Campos has sailed on the Villaverde for Cayo, France.

The insurgents derailed a train near Santo Domingo, province of Santa Clara, by which five persons were wounded. The band then fired upon the train, but were repulsed by a detachment of the civil guard. The engine was destroyed.

UNCLE SAM WILL INVESTIGATE.

An Appeal From Dr. Reed for America to Do Something.

New York, Sept. 6.—A special to a local paper from Washington says that the United States will institute a separate investigation of the Cheng-Tu missionary outrages. It is said that this government has become tired of the delay in the present method of procedure, being carried on by the Chinese government, and will endeavor to secure the right to have its own consular authorities make a special investigation.

Acting Secretary of State Adee is said to have been in communication with Minister Denby with this object in view.

Hong Kong, Sept. 6.—The leader of the Ku-Cheng riots, in which a number of English and American missionaries were killed, has been arrested. An attempt was made by Chinese soldiers to kidnap this person in the hope of securing the reward which had been offered for his delivery to the authorities. The total number of arrests thus far of those concerned in the Ku-Cheng massacre is 130. Twenty-three of the number have been convicted, but up to this time sentence has not been passed upon any of them, the viceroy of Fu-Kien demanding the right to review the evidence adduced at the trials.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 6.—President E. H. Pearce, of Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester, to-day received the following stirring letter from Dr. C. F. Reed, of Shanghai China, citizen of the United States, and presiding elder of the Shanghai district Methodist church South:

Shanghai, Aug. 10.—Only two weeks ago to-day I sent you an account of the Szechuen outrages, and to-day I am sending you accounts of the massacre at Ku Cheng. Had our minister acted promptly and adequately in the first case the second would probably not have occurred, and we should have been spared the spectacle of eight young and consecrated women dragged from their beds and brutally massacred, helpless infants hacked to death, and a faithful servant of God burned in his bed.

I am sending you these accounts in the hope that you will use them where they will do the most good. I wish I could put a copy in the hands of every editor, every Congressman and every other man who has any interest in the welfare of the church or the honor of his country.

We don't ask for revenge, but we do ask for justice and the protection which every American has a right to demand and which no civilized nation has a right to withhold from its humblest citizen.

Foreigners in China are unanimous in the belief that a little prompt and vigorous action would at once put an end to these things. We have lost all hope of help from the legation at Peking and we are now appealing directly to Washington. Will you not help us? Unless something is speedily done we shall have to abandon all our interior work, which represents so many years of toil and sacrifice.

In our opinion the action required at this time is the appointment of a strong commission with such rank and authority as will enable them to try and fix the guilt of the highest official. To punish a few of the coolies will be worse than useless. We must go to the source of these troubles, which is found in some of the highest officials in the empire.

(Signed.) C. F. REID.

TURKEY'S CONCESSIONS

Not Likely to Meet the Approval of the Powers.

Constantinople, Sept. 9.—The dragomans of the British, French and Russian embassies have received the decision of the porte with reference to the enemy. It is not believed the concessions will satisfy the powers. It is pointed out that owing to the prosecutions the Christian population is so diminished in many districts that it is now in a minority. The officials would therefore always be Mohammedans.

EVERLASTINGLY CLEANING PERU.

New Government Expurging, Annulling and Prosecuting.

Lima, Peru, September 4.—The new government has set about the work of undoing some of the acts of its predecessors, from which it took the reins of government in April last. In the chamber of deputies to-day a motion was made to declare null and void all the acts of the congress for 1894, to expunge fro mthe army lists the names of Generals Caceres and Borgono, and to annul the acts of their government. Provision is also made to prosecute them by the supreme tribunal and also the ministers who are guilty of the coup d'etat in 1894.

WITH GREAT AVIDITY

Britons Purchased California Peaches, Plums and Pears.

London, Sept. 6.—To-day's sales of California fruits, comprising 475 cases, which arrived at Southampton by the American line steamer Paris late Wednesday night, drew a large number of dealers to Covent Garden. The prices realized were better than those obtained at the sale of last week, English and French fruits having become scarce in the interval. The fruit put on sale to-day consisted of peaches, pears and plums in half cases and cases.

BOMB SLINGER IS SILENT.

Man Who Attempted to Blow Up Rothschild's Bank Unidentified.

Paris, Sept. 6.—The man who attempted to explode a bomb in the vestibule of the Rothschilds banking house in the Rue Lafitte yesterday still refuses to reveal his identity. All he will say about himself is that he is a deserter from the army. In the hope of obtaining information as to the man and his antecedents the police will distribute 500 photographs of him in the various tribunals throughout France. Analysis of the contents of the bomb taken from the prisoner shows that it was composed of 60 to 70 grammes of chlorate of potassium and 15 to 20 grammes of ordinary gunpowder.

ROTHSCHILD'S BOMB

Was Thrown by a Dismissed Employe of the Northern Railway.

Paris, Sept. 9.—The Liberte to-day says that the identity of the miscreant who attempted to explode a bomb in the vestibule of the Rothschilds banking house on Thursday has been discovered. He was formerly in the employ of the Northern Railway company and belongs to an honorable family.

He was actuated by motives of personal revenge, for his dismissal from the railway's employ.

BARBAROUS TURKS.

Sacked Armenian Towns and Ravished Women.

London, Sept. 10.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Kars, Armenia, says that the entire district of Kemaks is surrounded by Turkish troops dispatched by Zekki Pasha under the plea of arresting Armenian revolutionaries. The villages of Carni, Triguener, Horopoul and Marig are reported to have been completely sacked, and the population, aggregating 5,000 people, were foully treated. The men were tortured and two women and children were ravished. The four monasteries of Aukwauk, Sourphop, Thervorithchoga and Supphaghop were sacked and the altard and images wert destroyed.

TURKS STOP BIBLES

In Violation of Turkey's Convention With America.

Constantinople, Sept. 10.—The Turkish authorities at various points, notably at Beyrout and Samaun, are again subjecting packages sent by the American Bible House of this city for the mission stations to fresh examinations and delays at the ports of arrival, notwithstanding the fact that all packages are carefully examined by the custom authorities at Constantinople and duly sealed by that body, so that a second examination at the port of landing becomes quite unnecessary.

Mr. Terrell, the American minister, has addressed a note to the porte protesting against this violation of the convention and demanding the release of the consignment in question.

GERMANY ANTICIPATES PEACE.

Significant Act of the Ministry of Finance on Its Loans.

Berlin, Sept. 10.—The German ministry of finance has decided to immediately convert the outstanding 4 per cent loans into three per cents. This conversion is expected to have a favorable effect, politically, for the government, it is represented, would not be likely to undertake such an operation unless diplomats were looking forward to a period of unbroken peace. The amount of four per cents outstanding aggregate $1,000,000,000, of which sum Prussia stands for $900,000,000.

Conspirators and Bombs in Russia.

London, Sept. 5.—The Daily News Vienna correspondent says: It is reported from Cracow that a revolutionary conspiracy has been discovered in several parts of Russia. In Moscow dynamite bombs, arms and nihilist pamphlets have been seized at the lodgings of several members of the secret league.

Canada Tired of Chinese.

London, Ont., Sept. 5.—The dominion Labor Congress, at its session today, passed a resolution calling on the government to further restrict immigration of cheap coolie labor from China by raising the poll tax to $500.

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SAVE MONEY!
Send for our new 1895 Catalogue, illustrated in colors, containing full descriptions of all our Pianos and Organs. REMEMBER, we are the only firm of actual manufacturers selling exclusively to the general public direct, at factory cost—the only firm where you get the Real Exact Value for your money. There are no agents', dealers' or middlemen's profits added.
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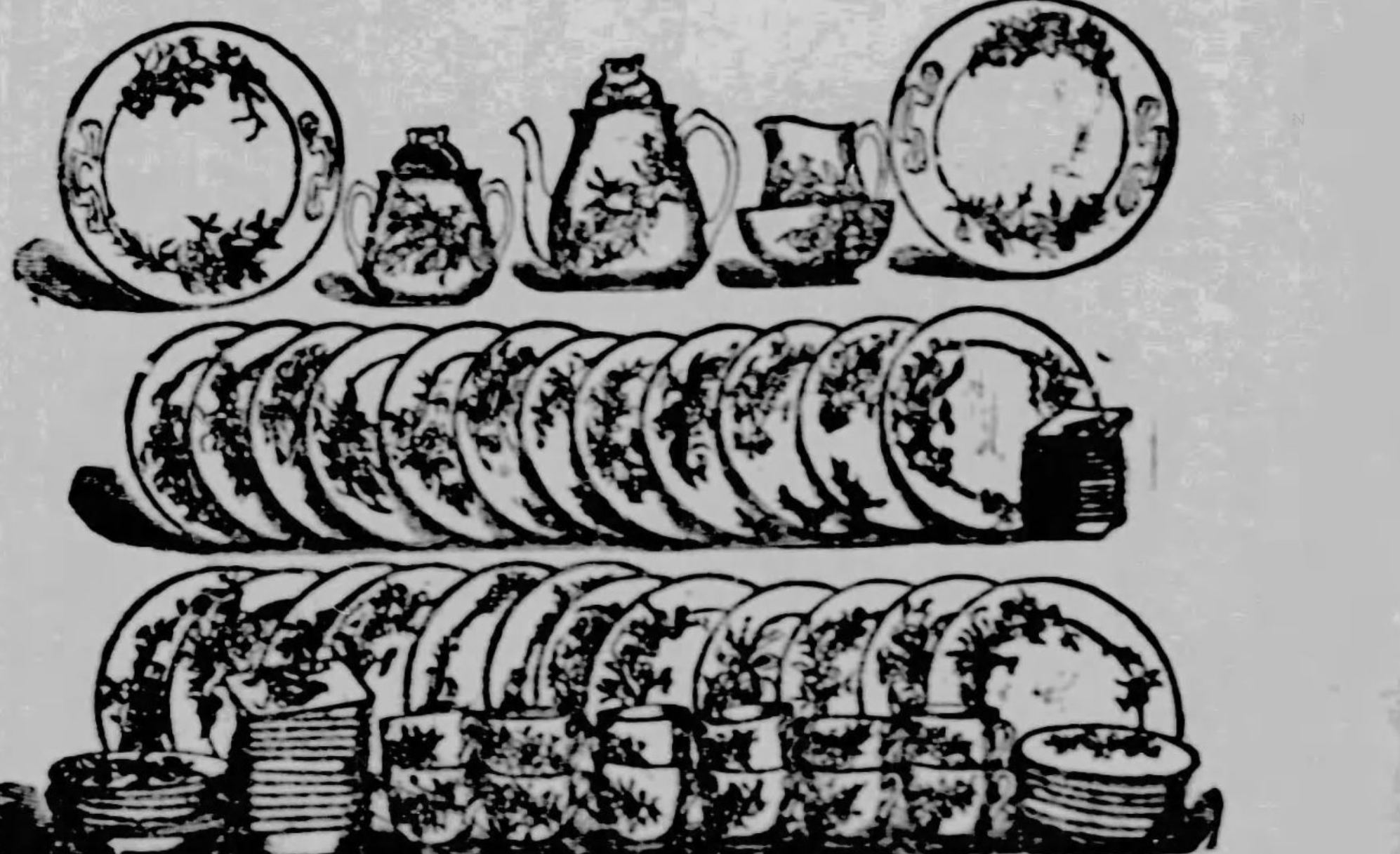
Don't fail to write at once to
CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey. Established nearly 50 years.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction--Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight Pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces, as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also we give better material and color than formerly.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (the illustration above) Standard because it is the same Tea Set we offered last year in connection with the WEEKLY BLADE. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over FIVE THOUSAND SETS. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $5.10 (former price $7); or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4, (former price $5.50); or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of six Subscribers and $6. The club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 eight-inch dish, 1 twelve-inch dish, 2 eight-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces) and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $9.25; or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of 16 Subscribers and $16. The club of 16 names all to be sent at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup-plates, 1 eight-inch dish, 1 twelve-inch dish, 2 eight-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $5.00; or we will present one of these Assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we sold two years ago, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION.

ORDER BY NUMBER. The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best stone china in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house of every reader of THE BLADE, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of ten to twenty for THE BLADE in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

WASHINGTON.

CONSUL WETTER'S STORY.

Bears on the Waller Case, and Will Be Investigated.

Washington, Sept. 4.—A spice of interest is to be added to the Waller case by an investigation of Consul Wetter, who was Waller's successor and is the present consul at Tamatave, Madagascar. This investigation is the result of charges made by Charles T. Lyons, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was temporarily in Madagascar on business last September.

Mr. Lyons went to the island as the agent of a Boston firm of exporters, and it is alleged incurred the enmity of Wetter through the fact that in taking the place there he necessarily ousted a man who was a personal friend of Wetter. Wetter had Lyons arrested on the charge of opening mail addressed by the consul to the governor of one of the provinces of Madagascar, and at his trial insisted upon sitting as Lyons judge as well as acting as prosecutor. Lyons became so convinced that he was doomed to imprisonment through this process that he forfeited his bail and left the island before the trial terminated. He claims to have notified the State Department promptly of what he had done and to have filed charges against Wetter, and complains that his charges until recently have received no attention from that quarter. The State Department authorities explain the fact that no acknowledgment has been made of Mr. Lyons' communication by saying that they did not know of his whereabouts until notified very recently of his arrival in Brooklyn. It was stated at the same time that Mr. Lyons had now been notified that any charges he might have to make would receive due consideration at the hands of the department.

Mr. Lyons is represented by his friends as still determined to press the charges, but he has decided to await the return of Assistant Secretary of State Uhl who has charge of consular affairs in the department. It is understood Mr. Lyons will then file a sworn statement of the case and press it to conclusion. His defense against Wetter's original charge is that the letter he opened was addressed to himself, and that the letter to the Madagascar official was enclosed under one seal with various other letters to himself (Lyons).

The investigation will bear directly upon the Waller case. Waller and his stepson Paul Bray sat with Wetter as members of the court, and it appears themselves gained the ill-will of Wetter because they resisted what they conceived to be Wetter's desire unduly to punish Lyons. This was one of the questions touched upon by Waller in one of the letters to his wife which were intercepted by the French authorities, and this fact, it is asserted, accounts for Wetter's alleged supineness in defending Waller's rights.

PUBLIC DEBT INCREASED.

Report Just Issued Places It at $942,924,323.

Washington, September 4.—The public debt statement issued by the treasury department to-day shows the public debt on the last day of August, less cash in the treasury, to have been $942,524,323, an increase for the month of $2,815,418. Following is a recapitulation of the debt:

Interest bearing debt, $747,360,610; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,695,870; debt bearing no interest, $377,906,998. Total, $1,126,963,479.

There are also certificates and treasury notes outstanding offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury amounting to $602,384,693.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows:

Gold, $149,410,926; silver, $511,417,334; paper, $150,284,534; bonds, disbursing officers balances, etc., $15,817,539. Total, $826,960,345, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $642,921,189, leaving a cash balance of $184,039,156.

The decrease in the cash for the month was $3,110,374.

FRENCH CATTLE BRING DISEASE.

France Was Quick Enough in Barring Out Our Cattle.

Washington, Sept. 6.—The indifference shown in the United States to the prevalence of dangerous diseases in France and their possible effect on American cattle through importation of Norman breeds is discussed in a communication forwarded to Secretary Morton by Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry. The communication is in response to a letter of inquiry from the secretary concerning the advantage which an importation of the Norman breed of cattle might be to the farming and dairy interests, etc. Dr. Salmon says in part:

"There have been a few importations of Norman cattle which are prized for their milking qualities, for the flavor of the butter produced from them, and also for their value as beef producers. Such cattle have proved very satisfactory, and no doubt a larger number would have been imported but for the danger of introducing contagious diseases with them. The district in which the Norman cattle are bred comprises the departments of Calvados, Eure, Manche, Orne and Seine-Inferieur, where diseases abound.

"These facts are sufficient to show that Norman cattle cannot be safely imported from France under the present condition of affairs in that country. As the French government is so sensitive concerning the existence of less dangerous diseases of cattle in the United States and has prohibited the landing of American cattle on that account, it is surprising that so much indifference has been shown in regard to the prevalence of dangerous diseases in that country, and the danger of exporting them with their pure bred cattle which are purchased by the breeders of other countries."

SPAIN AGREES AT LAST.

Will Pay the Mora Claim in Washington.

Washington, Sept. 7.—The Spanish government has yielded to the representations of the United States in the matter of the place of payment of the money in satisfaction of the Mora claim and will pay it in Washington on the date agreed on, the 15th instant. As the amount is large, the payment will be made in exchange on London, and the transaction will be conducted through the State department.

It has been represented that the claimant, Antonio Mora, has assigned so much of his claim that he would receive practically nothing from this settlement. It is authoritatively stated in his behalf that this is not true, and that, on the contrary, after all assignments are satisfied he will have left between $700,000 and $800,000. Forty per cent of the total amount, or $600,000, was consumed in payment of the lawyer's fees and expenses of the prosecution of the claim. A small part of the remaining amount has been anticipated in meeting expenses of living.

THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

Will Withstand the Projectiles of the Best Twelve-Inch Gun.

Washington, September 5.—The new battle ship Iowa will withstand the projectiles of the best 12 inch gun afloat. That was the conclusion drawn yesterday from one of the most important tests ever made at the government proving ground at Indian Head.

Yesterday the United States for the first time since the use of modern guns and modern armor began experiments to determine the actual strain and injury to which a battle ship would be subjected if struck by a projectile. For that purpose a side armor plate of the battleship Iowa, now building at the Cramps yards in Philadelphia was fitted up on an actual reproduction of a section of a ship.

On the whole the result of the test with the plate and frame work was considered remarkable. The plate withstood the government test for a 14 inch plate splendidly and constructively the test of a 17 inch plate. The resistance of the framework really astonished all. Secretary Herbert was greatly rejoiced at the result and Captain Sampson, chief of the ordnance bureau, said the injury both to the plate and frame was very minimum.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TOM REED'S DAYS

Not All Given Up to Fun and Fishing.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.—What Thomas B. Reed is doing these days is pretty well understood here. He takes it as beyond question, as everybody does, that he is to be made speaker of the next Congress, and he is simply taking time by the forelock and getting some of his work on house committees done at leisure.

In forming the committees Mr. Reed will naturally do those things which will be of advantage to him in the prsidential contest next year. It is believed that the particular friends of other prominent Republicans who are named in connection with the presidential nomination will be well taken care of by the speaker in the belief that they will, therefore, be less active in opposition to him than they might otherwise be.

A serious problem will confront the house at the very opening of the session. Increased revenue muse be had from some source and that source must be discovered by the house of representatives. Speaker Reed's idea is said to be not to seek, at present, to increase the receipts of the government by attempting to remodel the Wilson-Gorman tariff law. That would, he thinks, disturb the business of the country to some extent, and would, too, be a waste of energy, inasmuch as the President would probably veto a measure having for its object a higher tariff. Mr. Reed is said to advocate an increase of the internal revenue tax on beer as the easiest means of relieving the country from the embarrassing financial position in which it has been placed by the Democratic administration, and it is likely that the ways and means committee will be formed with the idea of putting forward a measure of that kind. Serious opposition is expected, but it is believed that a bill embodying that idea will meet with favorable consideration.

SPOFFORD VINDICATED.

Congressional Librarian Said to Have Been Found Guiltless.

Washington, Sept. 9.—It is understood that the treasury department has, after an interval of several months, resumed the payment of funds for the expenditures of the Congressional library. This would appear to show that Librarian Spofford's accounts have been settled and that, as his friends have always believed there has been no ground whatsoever for the sensational story in regard to the administration of his office and the charges that wrong had been committed there.

The department's refusal to pay Mr. Spofford the money he needed was due to a delay in making reports of funds collected, which delay was caused by the fact that Mr. Spofford had too much to do. He should have had a financial clerk long ago, and an effort will be made when Congress meets to have such an official authorized. These witheld payments caused the apparent and increasing deficiency in his accounts.

DRAWING THE LINES.

Government Will Strictly Enforce Customs Rules.

Washington, Sept. 9.—Acting Secretary Hamlin, in response to an inquiry from the auditor for the treasury, has decided that under section 4, of the act of June 10, 1890, importers of all cases are required to furnish collectors with pro forma invoices bills or statements of merchandise, whether the value of the importation is more or less than $100. Hitherto this action has not been enforced in all cases.

The acting secretary has also issued instructions to customs officials that hereafter no animals shall be permitted to be entered at any port of the United States without the deposit by the importer, owner, consignee or agent, of a sum sufficient to defray the expenses incident to their quarantine, or the filing with the collector by the quarantine officers of a certificate to the effect that satisfactory arrangements have been made for the keeping of the animals during the 90 days' quarantine period.

WILL GO UP HIGHER.

The Sugar Bounty Question Will Go to Supreme Court.

Washington, Sept. 6.—There seems to be no doubt that the Oxnard sugar bounty question, which was yesterday decided by Comptroller Bowler adversely to the Oxnard company, on constitutional grounds, will go to the supreme court of the United States for final determination. Within the next few days Secretary Carlisle will certify the case to the court of claims under section 1063 of the Revised Statutes, stating to the court that it is alleged by the claimants that a right under the constitution has been denied them, and asking that, as great public interests are involved, the court pass upon the matter at an early date.

BRITISH LION GROWLS

Because America Gives Bounties to Her Own Ships.

Washington, September 5.—Second Assistant Postmaster General Neilson has returned to his desk after a voyage to Europe on the new steamship, St. Louis, which he pronounces to be a fine vessel in every respect, and well fitted for the work of carrying the mails.

"The British are growling a little," said he, "because we are giving bounties to our own ships instead of paying them to the fastest vessels which happen to be ready at any given time. They will not send any mail by our subsidized steamers unless it is especially directed to go by them."

PENSION DENIED A VETERAN

Because the President Did Not Call Out His Company.

Washington, September 9.—The pension appeal of John Godfrey has been rejected by Secretary Reynolds. Godfrey served in company F, Third Kansas Volunteers, which was called into service by the governor of the state. The secretary holds that no person other than the President of the United States has authority to call the militia of any state into the United States' service; and a militia organization called into service by any other authority is not thereby in the service of the United States for pensionable purposes.

COTTON LEADS.

American Importations to Germany for Six Months.

Washington, Sept. 5.—The department of agriculture has received from its agent at Berlin a statement of the imports of agricultural and other products into Germany. It shows that during the first six motnhs of 1895 the following percentage of the total imports of the German empire of the articles specified were obtained from the United States: Cotton, 80 per cent; wheat, 15; maize, 56; grass and timothy seed, 10; dressed beef, 59; oil cake, 33, and lard lanelin, 93.

TO BAR OUT CHINESE.

Government on Its Guard Against Illegal Entries.

Washington, September 4.—The treasury department to-day received a telegram announcing the arrival at Vancouver, B. C., of 150 Chinese destined for the Atlanta Exposition. It is supposed these Chinese will enter through the United States at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the collector there has been instructed to be on his guard for illegal entries as the department has received information that an effort will be made to effect the entry of several Chinese not legally entitled to come into the United States.

SIX COMPANIES DISRUPTED.

Boycott Now Extends From Ocean to Ocean.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 5.—Chinatown is in a turmoil, and a boycott war is fiercely waging. The Chinese Six Companeis, which for so many years have controlled matters in the Chinese quarters, no longer work in harmony and will probably never again be united. The quarrel has spread all over the country among Chinese from here to New York. The trouble originated in the murder of Chang Wai, a member of the Sam Yup company. Mok Tai, a Cay See Yup man, was arrested for the murder, but his company believed him innocent, and asked the Sam Yups to call off the prosecution. This they refused to do, and the Chinese consul sided with the Sam Yups. Then a boycott was declared against the Sam Yups by the See Yups. The Sam Yups comprise the wealthier classes of Chinese, who do a big business as butchers, while the See Yups are composed of the laboring classes, mainly customers of the Sam Yups. The See Yups have started rival shops and a strict boycott is being waged against the Sam Yups.

Bow Yee is studying the situation, and it is believed he is awaiting the arrival of instructions from the Chinese minister at Washington. The Chinese consul here, generally a man of great influence among his countrymen, is now treated with contempt by all except the Sam Yups, and he will probably lose his position if the wishes of the majority of the Chinese count for anything. No matter what decision may be arrived at, the Sam Yups are ruined, for enemies have been engendered that cannot be removed, except by their fiananacial ruin.

TO CLEAR DURRANT.

Defense Claims It Has Testimony That Will Do So.

San Francisco, Sept. 10.—An evening paper prints a sensational story about the defense which will be offered in the trial of Theodore Durrant for the murder of Blanche Lamont. The statement is credited to a person connected with the defense:

"The alibi will be strong, but the defense has witnesses to show that Durrant not only did not commit the murder, but will indicate who did it. There will be more than one implicated in the murder. Witnesses will testify that they saw the girl enter the church on the fatal afternoon with a certain man, and at that time a second man was in the church. There the defense will rest its inquiry. It will not attempt to prove that these parties did commit the murder. The statements as to this are so direct that they will leave no ground for the prosecution to stand on, so far as Durrant is concerned."

PERILS OF A SEALER.

Victoria Sealer Seized for Alleged Violation of Regulations.

Victoria, B. C., September 10.—The Victoria sealer Beatrice arrived here yesterday under seizure for alleged violations of the Bering sea regulations. She reports seizure of the schooner Ainoko. The Beatrice was boarded by the Rush August 20. A few sealskins marked as if by duckshot were found aboard. Although no guns were found the vessel was seized on the charge of having used firearms in the sea, towed to Unalaska and turned over to the British ship Pheasant, by whom she was ordered to report to the naval authorities here.

The Ainoko was seized on the charge of going inside the sixty mile protective zone after seals. The Ainoko left Unalaska before the Beatrice, but is not yet here. Both cases will be tried in the admirality court. Their value, with fittings, is about $9,000 apiece. The Beatrice reports a light catch of seals. She had only 700.

FOUR MARBLE MONUMENTS

Ordered by the Tennessee, Chickamauga Park Commissioners.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 4.—Tennessee Chickamauga Park commissioners met here yesterday and awarded the contract to Muldoon & Co., of Louisville, Ky., for four monuments for the Chickamauga Park to cost $2,000, the monuments to be the best Tennessee marble and bronze.

Preparations are going forward vigorously for the dedication of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga national park. Indications are already abundant that there will be from 35,000 to 40,000 people. Provision has already been made in hotels and private houses to take care of 2,000, and temporary buildings for from 10,000 to 15,000 more. The governors of 22 states and their staffs have already reserved quarters during the three days. The first detachment of United States regular troops arrived from the Columbus, O., barracks yesterday and went into camp on the Dyer field.

TO PENSION LETTER CARRIERS.

Association Votes to Petition Congress for Such a Measure.

Philadelphia, Sept. 6.—At to-day's session of the National Association of Letter Carriers the tenure of office bill was brought up for discussion, and the legislative committee was urged to do their utmost for the passage of the bill.

The delegates from Chicago were eloquent in their demands for the convention to approve of petitioning Congress to pass a measure for the pensioning of letter carriers, and said if a measure of that kind was passed by Congress 1,400 letter carriers of Chicago would join the National Association. This measure was then referred to the committee on resolutions.

MASONIC TEMPLE BURNED.

Loss Will Probably Reach $400,000 at the Lowest.

Boston, Sept. 7.—A fire in Masonic Temple threatens to destroy the building. The flames have reached to the upper stories of the temple, and the prospects are that the building will be almost entirely destroyed.

The fire has practically destroyed the building above the second floor. The fire is not yet under control, and the roof of the building is burning fiercely. The temple is one of the most magnificently furnished Masonic buildings in the country, and the loss may reach $400,000. The building cost about $750,000. Valuable papers in the safes on the second floor are saved.

AWFULLY SPLIT UP.

Democratic Leaders Pull One Way and Party the Other.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 7.—Ex-Congressman Bland was here yesterday. He was asked: "In case the Democratic national convention refuses to adopt a free silver platform what will be the result?"

"There will be a division between the Eastern and Western Democracy. It is, it seems to me, inevitable anyway. The party is inharmonious. Its former leaders are one way and the party is the other. War issues, the tariff and other things have kept the party together heretofore, but they are being lost sight of. No one can tell the outcome.

SMALL ORANGE CROP.

Florida Will Yield Best in the Manatee River Section.

Jacksonville, Fla., September 5.—Secretary Turner, of the Jacksonville fruit exchange, estimates the crop of oranges in the state at not over 100,000 boxes, against 5,000,000 for the season of 1893-94. The greater portion of the crop this year will come from Manatee river section on the gulf coast, where the freezing of last winter did comparatively little damage. Cincinnati fruit dealers have already bought the entire stock of the region.

QUAY AND PLATT.

They Propose to Name the Next President.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 4.—In his dispatches to the Times-Herald Walter Wellman to-day has the following:

Senator Quay and ex-Senator Platt have an agreement concerning next year's President making. The agreement is that they will go together, throwing their combined strength in the Republican national convention for the same man. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of this combination. Senator Quay, thanks to his recent remarkable victory at Harrisburg, is likely to control nearly all of the Pennsylvania delegates next year. Three years ago at Minneapolis 45 of the 46 delegates gave their allegiance to him. Next year perhaps 55 will follow his leadership, and possibly the whole delegation will vote as a unit. In New York Mr. Platt's control is not quite as absolute, but the delegation from the Empire state is usually controlled by the "big four" delegates-at-large, and these are likely to be dominated in their turn by the statesman of Tioga. Even should he meet with opposition in carrying out his programme Mr. Platt will probably be able to direct the casting of fully 60 votes in the convention. At the least, Platt and Quay together are pretty sure to control from 100 to 125 votes in the Republican national convention of 1896—a powerful factor in a body where about 450 votes will constitute a majority.

Quay and Platt are now more than ever determined to name the next Republican candidate for President. They want no repetition of Minneapolis, where this man, with the power which they had placed in his hands, rode rough-shod over all their protests against him. This time, profiting by bitter experience, they propose to have no failure, no mistake; they are out for the presidency, and my information concerning the nature of their agreement and their general plan is from the inside and wholly trustworthy.

Who is the candidate of these two men, who are likely to have under their control a fourth of the votes necessary to a nomination? He has not been decided upon. It is too early. Both Platt and Quay will carefully watch the various shifts of public sentiment and personal popularity. They have had too much experience in the President making business to choose a favorite early in the running and attempt to land him winner, whether or no. To the contrary, they are willing to wait for the atmosphere to clear and for men to rise or fall in the popular scale. This much, however, may be said with confidence: Mr. Platt's first choice is Thomas B. Reed, while Mr. Quay is strongly inclined in the same direction, with Senator Allison as his second choice. Reed, therefore, is the candidate now most likely to receive the Quay-Platt support, but they are not as yet pledged to him, and the field is open. It comes to me very straight that down in his heart Quay likes Senator Allison better than Reed, and that nothing could please him more than the nomination of the Iowa Senator. Mr. Platt does not know Allison very well, and, besides, has a New Yorker's prejudice against a Western candidate.

Senator Quay feels very friendly toward Governor McKinley. The Ohio man is, without much doubt, the most popular of all the Republican Presidential aspirants in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Quay would find it very easy, and, perhaps advantageous, to give McKinley his support. Mr. Platt, on the other hand, had conceived some sort of a prejudice against the buckeye governor. He persists in holding McKinley responsible for what he calls "the Ohio business" in New York City, the rising of Strong and other reform Republicans in opposition to the Platt machine.

INDIANS ON A STRIKE.

Threatened to Scalp and Burn Their Employer at the Stake.

Deer River, Minn., Sept. 5.—One hundred and fifty Indians who have been working for Frank Vance gathering his hay crop went on strike yesterday afternoon, and capturing Mr. Vance, threatened to burn him at the stake unless he acceded to their demands. More than this, the Indians declared they would scalp him before the torture was begun. Mr. Vance, who was badly frightened, got away from the Indians and remained in hiding until the red men had gone back to their reservation. The Indians were hired by Mr. Vance to cut hay at a rate of $2.50 a ton. This price was satisfactory to them until they learned the price of hay had advanced and Mr. Vance would make a good thing out of his contract. Now they claim they were only in fun.

GOOD FOR CINCINNATI.

Selected as the Location for a Great Scientific Library.

Cincinnati, Sept. 4.—Good fortune continues to smile upon the University of Cincinnati. Local financial recognition, so long needed, has been scarcely accorded when the institution is signaled out for a great and special favor from the highest scientific body in America.

Yesterday at Springfield, Miss., the council of the American Society for the Advancement of Science adopted resolutions favoring the selection of the University as the location for its library. This latter contains many thousands of the most valuable scientific literature in America, or in the world, for that matter. Its acquisition by the university is of great practical benefit to it and to the hundreds of students and investigators to whom it can not but be an attraction.

BECAUSE OF PARTY ROWS

Gen. Buckner, of Kentucky, Withdraws From the Senatorial Race.

Louisville, Sept. 5.—Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, in a card in his home paper, announces his withdrawal from the race for United States senator. The general states that in many legislative districts personal interests are arrayed against party success, and that candidates supposed to be favorable to him are nevertheless a target for opposition in the party. He says that untrammeled with any candidacy of his own he can the more earnestly urge the whole support of the whole Democratic ticket and advocate the platform of principles as construed by every member of the party at the time of its adoption.

CHINATOWN WILL BE CLOSED

If Cholera Signs Are Found by San Francisco Officers.

San Francisco, Sept. 5.—With cholera raging in Japan and Honolulu, the local board of health has determined to take every precaution to prevent the disease from obtaining a foothold in this city, and to that end Chinatown will be subjected to a rigid examination. The board will hold an informal meeting to-night and make all the arrangements for a close house to house inspection of Chinatown to-morrow. If the condition of the quarter shall prove as bad as the doctors think it will, no time will be lost in ordering a compulsory closing of Chinatown.

Cuticura FOR THE HAIR and SKIN

A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great Skin Cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

GATHERING AT LOUISVILLE.

DIED.

Commander-in-Chief Lawler Predicts a Large Reunion.

Louisville, Ky., September 9.—The twenty-ninth encampment of the G. A. R. was opened with a fine parade on the arrival of Commander-in-Chief Lawler and staff, at 7:30 a. m. Gen. Lawler and the Columbian post, of Chicago, and other organizations on the escort special Monon train, were met at the depot by members of the committees on invitation and reception in carriages. The Kentucky national guard, local posts and other civil organizations were formed on Broadway, awaiting the arrival of the special train, which was on time to the satisfaction of the multitudes assembled along the line of march from the Union depot on Broadway, Third and Main sts., to the Galt House. In the first carriage, with Commander-in-Chief Lawler, were Col. R. W. Kelley, editor of the Louisville Commercial, and commander of the G. A. R. department of Kentucky, and the chairmen of the invitation and reception committees. The Louisville legion was a feature of the parade. At the Galt House, the headquarters of the national officers are beautifully decorated and elaborate arrangements were made for receptions during the day. While the reception of the commander-in-chief and his staff was the most inspiring event of the day, the receptions at the depots of G. A. R. troops, and veterans arriving in other groups, were equally interesting. Special trains arrived as fast as they could be handled in the depots and the local escorts were kept busy. Many veterans recognized old comrades at the depots. From early morning and throughout the day drum corps were heard in all directions as the veterans were being escorted to their respective headquarters on their arrival. Reports from all the railroads indicate that the roads are full of extra trains and the arrangements here are certainly equal to the entertainment of all that are coming.

"This will undoubtedly be the largest reunion the Grand Army of the Republic will ever hold," said Commander-in-Chief Lawler. "It will be the first time an encampment has ever been held south of the Ohio river for one thing, and many of the boys will embrace the opportunity of revisiting the country that was their stamping ground in war times. I expect that from 50,000 to 75,000 out of the total membership of 360,000 in the organization will be in Louisville. The ranks are thinning out, our death loss during the last year, according to the reports received, being 8,000. I expect that the boys will rally at this year's reunion as they have in the past, but there will be no gathering of the same size in years to come.

"There are several things that will also operate to make the attendance large at Louisville. The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its reunion in Cincinnati on the 16th and 17th of the month, the Sons of Veterans will meet in Knoxville on the same dates, and then there will be the exercises connected with the dedication of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga battlefields September 18, 19 and 20. The Naval Veterans' association of the United States will have its meeting at Louisville Monday and Tuesday, and during the Grand Army encampment the Woman's Relief Corps will also have its business meeting. These various events of interest to the old soldier, coming so close together in point of time and location, and the Atlanta exposition, which opens next week, will attract many thousands, for there is seldom an opportunity to take in so many things in one trip. Undoubtedly large numbers of the Grand Army will remain in the South for the purpose of attending the dedication of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga battlefields under the direction of the secretary of war.

"I know of nothing," said Mr. Lawler, "to prevent this being one of the most harmonious, as well as largest encampments, ever held. We will have a good deal of important business to transact, but there is nothing so far as I can see now to cause any sort of friction. I am not a candidate for re-election. We have a sort of unwritten law that no man shall hold the office more than one year. I have no idea who my successor will be. Vice-Commander Ivan N. Walker, of Indianapolis, is in line for promotion. I understand that T. S. Clarkson, of Omaha, is a candidate, and there may also be others."

AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Official Programme of Dedicatory Exercises.

Columbus, O., Sept. 6.—Governor McKinley to-day received a copy of the official programme of the Chickamauga dedicatory exercises from Gen. Grosvenor. It is as follows:

The meeting will organize at Snodgrass Hill promptly at noon on Wednesday, September 18, Gen. John Beatty presiding.

First—Prayer by the Rev. Bishop Joyce.

Second—Brief speech by General Grosvenor reciting the history of the movement to establish the monuments.

Third—Address by ex-Governor Campbell, who was Governor when the law creating the commission was enacted.

Fourth—Brief reports of Hon. John S. Gill, secretary, and J. C. McElroy, financial agent of the commission.

Fifth—Address of Gen. Acquilla Wiley, who will turn the monuments over to Governor McKinley.

Sixth—Address of Governor McKinley, transferring the monuments to the secretary of war as the representative of the government.

Seventh—Address of acceptance by Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war.

Eighth—Brief addresses by Hon. Andrew Jackson, Col. James Watson and Fred Wendell, members of the commission.

General Grosvenor informs the Governor that if he goes to Knoxville on the 18th, as proposed, it will not be possible for him to reach Chickamauga in time for the exercises. So the Governor has abandoned his trip to Knoxville.

ROW WITH CATTLE MEN.

They Demand Their Rights of Governor Morrill.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 5.—A big fight is on in Kansas between the stock men and Governor Morrill. Yesterday the commission men at the Kansas City stock yards telegraphed the governor demanding the re-organization of the board. They give as a reason the fact that two members of the present board constituting a majority published broadcast every report of Texas fever in any community in the state in order to justify the collection of 2 cents a head inspection fees on all cattle shipped from Texas, New Mexico and Arizona through Kansas to the market.

FOR A BURIED TREASURE.

Romantic Expedition of Four Californians.

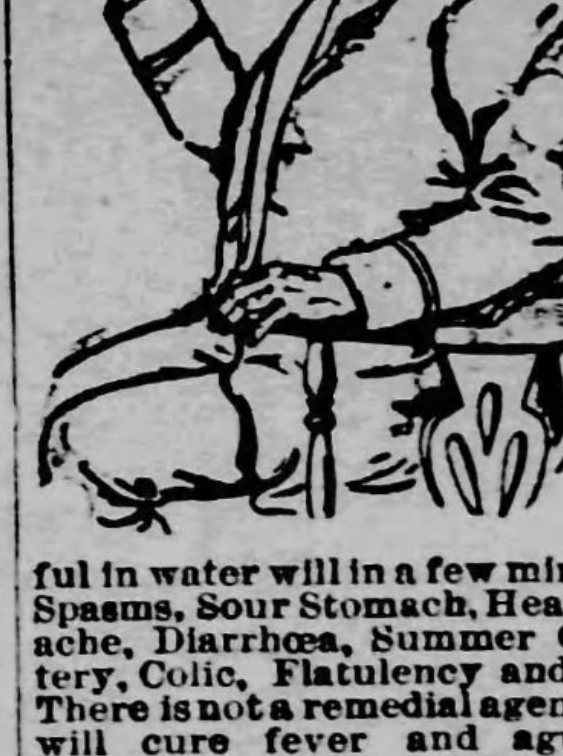
Santa Cruz, Cal., September 4.—T. D. Hughes, R. F. Davis, R. I. Mann and Pete Chrismann, of Gonzales, and H. N. Mohrman and P. Jennings, of Gilroy, to-day sailed for a lone island in the Pacific ocean about 800 miles west of Peru in search of a buried treasure. Forty-three years ago Mr. Jennings was a sailor in the south seas, and as he is said to have been one of the six who buried on a lonely island in the Pacific three large jars of Spanish doubloons valued at between $300,000 and $1,000,000. Mr. Jennings is the only man alive that knows the location of the money, as the other five died in his presence on the Peruvian coast.

WHITNEY FOR PRESIDENT.

Ex-Speaker Crisp Favors Him on Account of His Record.

New York, Sept. 7.—Ex-Speaker Crisp was surrounded by newspaper men as soon as the steamer New York on which he was a passenger, arrived at her dock. Mr. Crisp expressed himself in favor of the nomination of Wm. C. Whitney as the Democratic nominee for President.

"His record as Secretary of the Navy was good, and showed him to be not only a capable, but a most desirable candidate at the present juncture," said Mr. Crisp.



Radway's Ready Relief.

His life-long friend.

It is the only PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures congestion.

Internally a teaspoonful in water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS), so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY & CO., New York.

COL. BOB INGERSOLL.

Beautiful Tribute Paid to the Soldiers Mustered Out.

Elmwood, Ill., September 6.—Col. R.G. Ingersoll came here yesterday to participate in a reunion of his old regiment. His old friends and comrades gave him a great reception and escorted him from the train to the reviewing stand, where the cheers were tremendous as he appeared upon the platform.

After the cheers and shouts had subsided Colonel Ingersoll began his address by thanking the citizens, the old soldiers, his old neighbors, and friends for the reception he had received.

In speaking of the causes of the late war he did not blame the South for the stand it took, as the Southerners were creatures of circumstances, and did what any other people would have done had they been in the same place.

In paying a tribute to the dead he said:

"This day we remember the heroic dead, those whose blood reddens all the paths and highways of honor, those who died upon the field or in the prison pens, in famine's fleshless clutch; those who gave their lives that liberty should not perish from the earth. And we remember the great leaders who have passed to the realm of silence and shadow, firm and faithful Sherman; daring and reckless, prudent and victorious Sheridan, fit to have stood by Caesar and uttered the words of command; Grant, the silent, the invincible, the unconquered, greatest soldier of his time; and, rising above them all, Lincoln, the wise, the patient, the merciful, the grandest figure of the Western world.

"To you, comrades, my heart goes out; to you, survivors of the death-filled days; to you who bared your bosoms to the storms of war; to you who left the ones you loved to die, if need be, for the sacred cause; to you I pay the tribute of respect and love. May you live long in the land you helped to save. May the winter of your age be as green as spring, as full of blossoms as summer, as generous as autumn; may you be surrounded by plenty with your wives by your sides and your grandchildren on your knees, and when at last the fires of life burn low, when you enter the deepening dusk of the cost of many happy days, when your brave hearts beat weak and slow, may the memory of your splendid deeds that freed your fellow men, that kept your country on the map of the world, and the flag of the great republic in the air, fill your souls with peace and joy. Let it console you to know that you are not to be forgotten, that centuries hence your story will be told in art and song, and upon your honored graves flowers will be lovingly laid by millions of men and women."

TO RECOVER ARIZONA LAND.

A Syndicate Representing Five Millions Formed in Chicago.

Chicago, September 9.—Henry Criss, of Nogales, A. T., member of the Republican national executive committee for that territory, has succeeded in forming a $5,000,000 syndicate to irrigate and reclaim several hundred thousand acres of so-called arid lands in Arizona, along the Mexican border. Mr. Criss left to-day for home, with the syndicate formed and money enough subscribed to insure the success of the work.

Nebraska Democrats Meet.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 6.—When State Chairman Martin, of Omaha, called the second Nebraska state convention to order 631 enthusiastic delegates, out of a total representation of 634, were present. These nominations were made:

Supreme judge, T. G. Mahoney; regents state university, W. H. Ashby and John E. Ames. For secretary of state, Fisher Harris; treasurer, Alma Greenwood; attorney general, A. J. Weber; superintendent instructions, C. G. Maeser.

Money, Crops, Trade.

GENERAL TENDENCY TO CURTAIL

PURCHASES ON HIGH PRICES.

Bradstreet Remarks on the Financial Doings of the Week.

New York, Sept. 7.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade says: There is no real reaction in business. Gains which were recognized as temporary are vanishing, but there is a decided increase over last year at this date, though prices average 8.8 per cent lower than a year ago. It needs no keen observer to see that reaction against rapid advance of prices is strong. Hides were the first to rise, but a decided break has come. Coke was suddenly raised to $1.40, but has recently sold at $1.10. Wheat jumped over 20 cents, to 84 cents, but is now slow of sale at about 65. Wool was late in rising, but has lost about an eighth of a cent in average price within the past fortnight. Iron still rises, the miners' strike having hindered shipments of ore, but with troops guarding, the ore begins to move. Cotton is strong, but has paused. The general tendency to curtail purchases where prices have notably advanced grows clearer in boots and shoes, in wood and in some products of iron.

The combinations have again advanced prices of bar iron $2 per ton, and of wire nails 20 cents per keg, while Bessemer is quoted at $17.40 at Pittsburg and Eastern manufacture from imported ore has again commenced to supply Western consumers. Special causes are the wholly unprecedented bridge building, the continued demand for building in cities, and heavy ship building on the lakes.

The cotton market has been strong, because of certainty of a short yield, rose from 8.19 cents for cotton last week to 8.25 on Tuesday, but has since been weak in spite of concerted official statements that the decrease is 33 per cent in some states and 27 per cent in Texas. The public observes much organized and skilled labor in these reports, and also sees, what many speculators refuse to see, the 3,000,000 bales of old American brought over. It is earnestly hoped that Southern agriculture has not sustained so great a calamity. The annual reports showing a larger yield last year than has been supposed, only indicate that more cotton must remain in the country besides the unconsumed stocks abroad. A quiet market with much change of prices for a time would be a blessing to the South.

BRADSTREET ON FINANCE.

Professional Manipulation Attracted Outside Buying Power.

New York, Sept. 7.—Bradstreet's stock review says: Up to last Thursday the market continued to advance and to broaden in a remarkable way, and though attention seemed to pass from one group of stocks to another, there was evidence that the professional manipulation which at present does duty for speculative leadership in Wall street, attracted outside buying power sufficient to maintain the bullish temper. The high level at which exchange holds and the continuance of gold exports, with continuous selling from London, constituted, however, a serious obstacle to a permanent bull market, and justified the hesitation of conservative interests. The market seemed for a time to disregard these influences, but it became apparent that the market had not become sufficiently broad, and that the rapidity of the recent improvement on the narrow market had resulted in a good deal of "pyramiding" and bidding at the top prices on weak margins. Some of the larger bulls evidently took profits in the early part of the week, and by Thursday last the market was ripe for a reaction, which accordingly appeared and caused a good deal of liquidation, with a sharp, but not very serious, decline in prices, which the bear traders helped along to the extent of their power. On Friday, however, the fact that the gold shipments were not as large as had been expected, caused a considerable bear covering and gave a strong tone to the close.

THE COTTON CONDITION.

President Lane Places the Crop at Seven Million Bales.

Galveston, Texas, Sept. 9.—The following address was issued by Hector D. Lane, president American Cotton Growers' Protective association:

"To the Southern Cotton Growers:

"In the discharge of my duty to you as the president of your association, I have personally examined the cotton crop in all the cotton states, as far as one can reasonably do such a thing, and have received many communications from entirely reliable sources in every part of the Southern cotton region. The crop is now here, and in all, save in favored localities, is below the average. All possible causes, except frost, have combined to produce this result, the causes varying with the locality—drought, rust, boll worms, army worms, excessive rains and shedding. It is generally three weeks late, and in such a condition that a frost at the average frost date, would be disastrous, and before that time, a calamity. The plant is not only deficient in fruit and the bolls are small and badly developed. I don't pose as a statistician, and no one but a reckless guesser, can make any accurate forecast of the size of the crop before frost, but from my knowledge of present crop conditions. I venture the opinion that this crop can not in any event exceed 7,000,000 bales, while 6,500,000 bales is by no means improbable."

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 10, 1895.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 10.	Sept. 3.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	122½	123¼
U. S. 4's (new), regist'd	122½	123¼
U. S. 5's, coupons	116	115¾
U. S. 5's, registered	115¾	115¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	112¼	112½
U. S. 4's, registered	111½	112½
U. S. 2's, registered	96½	96½
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened lower to-day, the factors being large stocks and large receipts. Afterward there was a better tone on fair buying, but the big receipts in the Northwest and light exports, comparatively speaking, started the markets down again, and the course of trade was toward a lower basis. On last transactions the markets were without strength.

Corn started in a small fraction under the preceding day's prices, but soon exhibited a little better feeling under reports of threatened frosts, but afterward there was an easier tone in sympathy with wheat. At the close there was a shade better feeling. At Chicago September corn opened at 32¼c, rose to 32⅝c, fell to 32⅛@32¼c, rose to 32⅜c, and closed at 32⅜c; October corn opened at 31⅞@31½c, fell to 31⅛c, rose to 31¼c, and closed at 31⅛c asked. May corn at New York opened at 35⅛c, rose to 35⅜c, fell to 35⅛c asked, and closed at 35⅜c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	60	60	59½	59½
Chicago	57	57¼	56⅝	56⅝
St. Louis	60	60	58⅛	58⅛

December wheat opened at 58⅛c at Chicago, and closed at 58⅝@58⅝c. December wheat at New York opened at 64¼c, fell to 63⅞c and rose to 64⅛c bid.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 440,000 bushels, of which 304,000 bushels went to the United Kingdom and 136,000 bushels to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1894 were 440,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 aggregate 14,360,000 bushels, of which 10,696,000 bushels went to the United Kingdom and 3,664,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 7,588,000 bushels, of which 4,570,000 bushels went to the United Kingdom and 3,018,000 bushels to the Continent.

The government report gives August condition of grain as follows: Corn—Area, 82,000,000; condition, 102; yield, 2,460,000 bushels. Winter wheat—Area, 22,601,000; condition, 66; yield, 234,000,000 bushels. Spring wheat—Area, 11,307,000; condition, 96; yield, 169,000,000 bushels; Oats—Area, 27,887,000; condition, 84; yield, 719,000,000 bushels.

European wheat decrease, 648,000 bushels. Northwestern interior elevators increased, 1,613,000 bushels.

Wheat east of the Rockies increased 2,857,000 bu. during the past week.

Primary receipts of wheat to-day, 1,074,000 bu.; last year same day, 847,000 bu. Receipts corn, 399,000 bu.; last year, 293,000 bu.

Cronenberg & King received the following to-day: The world's wheat shipments are larger than New York announced them yesterday. Argentine, 34,000 bu.; Russian, 2,136,000 bu.; sundry ports, 1,760,000 bu.; India, 440,000 bu.; America, 2,360,000 bu.; total world's shipments, 6,728,000 bu.

The world's visible increased 2,209,000 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 880,573 bushels, with 1,764 cars on track; on track same day last year, 680.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 71,289 bushels; flour, 31,838 barrels, or wheat and flour as wheat, 214,510 bushels.

Pork for October opened at Chicago at $8.15 and closed at $8.25; January, $9.45; close, $9.40.

Oats for September opened at Chicago at 19 1-4c, and closed at 19 3-8c.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday at the Toledo Produce Exchange, cash and September wheat is about 3-4c lower, December 3-4c and May 5-8c down. Trade was light. Cash closed weak and futures a little steadier.

No. 2 soft red wheat 60@59 1-2c, latter to close; No. 3 soft red, 58c; No. 3 soft red, Lake Shore, 58 1-2c; No. 4 soft red, 56c; rejected No. 2 red, 47c. September wheat, 60c, afterward worth less; December, 62c, 62 1-2c, 61 1-2c, and finally 61 7-8c.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

There was a steady trade for corn; market dull. No. 2 mixed, 36c; No. 3 corn, 36c; No. 3 white, 36 1-2c; No. 3 yellow, 36c.

Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 20c.

Rye—Dull, steady; No. 2, 42 1-2c.

Clover Seed—Active and about 25c lower, closing weak; prime, cash and October, $4.35; March, $4.50; No. 2 seed, $4.15; buckhorn, $4.10. Receipts, 900 bags; shipments, none.

Rye—Prime, nominally $2.10.

F. N. Quale reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 58c; No. 2 white, 55c; Corn, 38c. Oats, mixed, 18c; white, 20c. Rye, 40c.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market was active for all products this morning. Butter is steadier, supply only fair for best. Eggs sell well; stock not large; prices hold steady. Vegetables in good supply, and about unaltered in price. Poultry a little scarce, although there is no sharp demand. Fruits plentiful; in peaches the Smoks, late Crawfords and Salways are now being placed on the market from the Lake Erie islands; stock plentiful. Dressed meats steady.

Butter—Ohio creamery, lb., 19@20c; Western creamery, 19@20c; best grades dairy, 17@18c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 12½c.

Poultry, Dressed—Spring chickens, lb., 11@11½c; fowls, lb., 9@10c; turkeys, lb., 12@12½c; ducks, lb., 10½@11c; geese, lb., 8@9c.

Vegetables—Onions, doz. bunches, 7@8c; radishes, doz. bunches, 8@10c; beets, doz. bunches, 15c; cauliflower, doz., 60@75c; green peas, bu., 50@60c; green beans, bu., 35@40c; wax beans, bu., 40@50c; tomatoes, bu., 20@25c; mushrooms, lb., 20@25c; rhubarb, doz., 8@10c; carrots, bu., 25c; parsnips, bu., 25c; turnips, bu., 25c; spinach, bu., 25@30c; lettuce, lb., 3@5c; cucumbers, doz., 8@10c; cucumbers for pickling, per 100, 15@20c; potatoes, bu., Early Ohio, 30@35c. Cabbages, home grown, bbl., 35@45c; beans, bu., handpicked medium, $1.40@1.50; handpicked marrow, bu., $2.00@2.10; unpicked country, $1.00@1.25.

Cheese—Ohio, best, 7@9c; New York state firsts, 9@10c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., light, $6.25; heavy, $6.00; mutton, $4.00@5.00; lambs, spring, $6.00@7.00; calves, $4.50@8.00, according to quality.

Timothy Seed—$2.00@2.40 according to quality.

Straw—Ton, $4.00@4.50.

Hay—Timothy, ton, $14.00@15.00; No. 1, $13.00@14.00; clover, mixed, $10.00@12.00; hay on the market, $12.00@15.00.

Corn—Ear, per 100 lbs., 60c; per bu., 40c.

Mill Feed—Bran, $16.00; middlings, $16.00; shorts, $15.00; coarse cornmeal, ton, $21.00; No. 1 chop, $22.00; No. 2 chop, $18.00.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, $4.25@4.75; winter wheat patents, $4.00@4.50.

Fruits—Peaches, clings, per peck, 15@20c; free stones, 15@20c; pears, bu., 50@60c; apples, bbl, 75c@$1.00; plums, bu., $1.25@1.50.

Hides—Green, No. 1, 8c; No. 2 grubby bulls and damaged, 6c; No. 1 cured, 9c; No. 2 grubby and damaged, 7c; green calf, No. 1, 12c; cured calf, 13c; No. 2, 10c; shearlings, 10c; lambkins, 15@20c; tallow, 3@3½c.

Wool—Washed, 8@12c; tub washed, 16c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, $13.00; light mess, $14.00; short clear, $15.00; hams, sugar cured, heavy, 12c; light, 12½c; breakfast bacon, 12½c; shoulders, 8c; dried beef, 12½c.

Petroleum and Products—Prime white Ohio state test, 6¾c; water white, 7¾c; silver light, 8c; headlight, 150 test, 8½c; eocene, 9½c; 63 test naphtha, 8c; stove gasoline, 10½c; blue blaze, 7c.

Turpentine—31½c.

60c.; old process, car lots, 58c; in bbl. lots, 60c; boiled oil, 62c per gal.; lard oil, extra W. S., 51c; extra No. 1, 57c; No. 1 oil, 37c; No. 2, 32@34c; neatsfoot, extra, 65c; No. 1, 45c.

Oil Meal—Old process, per ton, $20.00.

Grain and Produce.

New York, Sept. 10.—Butter—Receipts, 10,362 pkgs.; steady; Western dairy, 9½@13c; Western creamery, 13@20c; Elgins, 20c. Cheese—Receipts, 4,152 pkgs.; market quiet; state, large, 5¾@7¾c; small, 6¼@8¼c; part skims, 2½@6½c; full skims, 1½@2c. Eggs—Receipts, 12,179 pkgs.; steady; state and Pennsylvania, 16@17c; Western, 14@16c. Sugar—Raw firm; fair refining, 3c; centrifugal 96 test, 3⅝c; crushed, 4 7-16@5 1-16c; powdered, 4⅝@4 11-16c; granulated, 4⅜@4 7-16c. Coffee—Dull; No. 7, 15¾c.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Hogs—Receipts, 13,000; left over, 5,500; official receipts yesterday, 19,745; shipments, 7,457; estimated receipts to-morrow, 25,000; market active and 10c lower than yesterday's closing; light, $3.90@4.45; mixed, $3.90@4.45; heavy, $3.80@4.40; rough, $3.80@3.95. Cattle—Receipts, 5,500, including 700 Texans and 3,000 Westerns; official receipts yesterday, 21,760; shipments, 4,729; market quiet but prices steady; beeves, $3.50@5.75; cows and heifers, $1.40@3.80; Westerns, $2.80@4.30. Sheep—Receipts, 15,000; official receipts yesterday, 18,771; market steady.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, Sept. 10.—Bower & Bower say: Hogs—Receipts, 16 cars; market active, easy, but closed weak and 5@10c lower; mediums and Yorkers selling generally at $4.40@4.50, mostly $4.40@4.45; pigs, $4.00@4.25; all sold. Cattle—Steady, with light receipts. Sheep—Weak to shade lower; receipts, 8 cars; best sheep, $2.50@2.90; good lambs, $3.25@4.00.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10.—(Eirich Bros.' report, exclusive to The Blade.)—Hogs—Receipts, 3 cars; market lower, closing weak; Yorkers, $4.55@4.60; prime heavys, $4.50@4.60, weak. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5 cars Canada lambs; market slow; choice lambs, $4.75@5.00; best sheep, $3.50@3.75; common grades weak.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Condition of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, Sept. 10.—The stock market opened active and weak. Louisville & Nashville and Reading were freely sold, and at 10.15 were off ⅛ and ⅜ per cent respectively.

The reactionary movement was stemmed directly after 10.15 by liberal purchases of the industrial shares. Tobacco improved ¾ per cent, Sugar 1⅛, and Tennessee Coal 1½ per cent. The railway list also appreciated, the gains, however, being confined to fractions. The market at 11 a. m. was quiet and steady at the improvements noted.

Speculation developed marked weakness after 11 o'clock on realizing sales, and declines were recorded throughout the general list. Sugar selling off 1⅜, Tobacco, General Electric and Leather pfd. 1, Colorado Fuel 1⅛, Tennessee Coal 1¼, Erie Telegraph 2, St. Paul and New Jersey Central and Michigan Central 1; Illinois Central 1½, Missouri Pacific 1¼ and Erie pfd. 1⅛ per cent. Toward noon a firmer tone prevailed, and slight gains were made.

Sales to midday, 144,600 shares, including 119,500 listed and 25,000 unlisted.

New York, Sept. 10.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3½@5¼ per cent. Sterling exchange steady and dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.89⅜@4.90 for demand, and $4.88¾@4.89 for 60 days; posted rates, $4.89½@4.90 and $4.90@4.91; commercial bills, $4.88¼@4.88¾. Silver certificates, 67¼@67¾c; no sales. Bar silver, 67c. Mexican dollars, 53¾c.

	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Close
A. C. O.	24⅜	....	....	24¾
Atch	21⅜	21⅝	21⅛	21⅛
Sugar	110⅜	111⅞	110⅜	111⅝
Gas	62⅜	62⅝	62⅛	62⅝
B. Q.	89	89⅝	89	89⅛
C. C. C.	48⅜	48⅜	48⅛	48⅜
D. L.	163½	....	....	163¾
Erie	9	....	....	8⅞
J. C.	113⅜	113⅜	112¼	112⅜
L. S.	150	150⅜	150	150⅜
L. & N.	64	64⅜	63⅝	64⅛
Lead	35	....	....	35
M. P.	41	41	39¾	40⅛
N. Y. C.	103⅜	103⅜	103⅛	103
N. P. pfd	18⅜	18⅝	18⅛	18⅛
N. W.	104⅜	105⅛	104⅜	104⅞
O. M.	44	....	....	43⅞
P. M.	33⅜	33⅝	32⅞	33⅜
R. G.	19⅛	19⅜	19⅛	19⅛
R. I.	80⅜	81⅛	80⅜	81⅛
St. P.	77⅛	77⅜	76⅜	77⅛
U. P.	15⅛	15⅜	15	15⅛
W. P.	24⅛	24⅜	24⅛	24⅛
W. U.	93½	93⅞	93⅛	93⅝
G. E.	39⅛	39¾	38⅜	38⅝
D. C. F.	30⅛	30⅛	30⅛	30
Man	111½	112⅞	111½	111⅝
T. C. & I.	46⅛	46⅜	45	45⅛
D. & H.	132	132¼	131⅜	132¼

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Sept. 9.—Market very active. Red Burley trash weakened considerably under the large offerings, and there was an advance on common red leaf and medium and good colory lugs. There was a good demand for fine tobacco. Dark tobacco trash and lugs were easy. Official quotations are:

1894 CROP.

Red Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$1 50@ 2 75
Trash (sound)	2 75@ 4 00
Common lugs	4 00@ 4 75
Medium lugs	4 75@ 5 50
Good lugs	5 50@ 6 50
Common leaf (short)	5 00@ 7 50
Common leaf	7 50@10 00
Medium leaf	10 00@12 50
Good leaf	12 50@16 00
Fine and selections	16 00@20 00
Colory Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	3 50@ 4 50
Trash (sound)	4 50@ 6 00
Common lugs	6 00@ 8 00
Medium lugs	8 00@10 00
Good lugs	10 00@12 00
Common leaf (short)	8 50@10 00
Common leaf	10 00@12 50
Medium leaf	12 50@16 00
Good leaf	16 00@20 00
Fine and selections	20 00@25 00
Dark.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$1 00@ 1 75
Trash (sound)	1 25@ 2 00
Common lugs	2 00@ 2 50
Medium lugs	2 50@ 3 00
Good lugs	3 00@ 4 00
Common leaf (short)	3 25@ 4 00
Common leaf	4 00@ 5 00
Medium leaf	5 00@ 7 00
Good leaf	7 00@ 8 50
Fine and selections	8 50@ 9 50

Trade.

There was no gain in general business over the preceding week. Iron and steel have advanced. The gold exports and bearishness in London tended to check the bullish feling that has prevailed in a speculative way.

Wool.

Dun says of the past week's wool market: Prices have yielded a little, and the average of 104 qualities quoted by Coates Brothers Sept. 1, is 14.68c, against 14.81 August 15, with common fleece, combing wool, unwashed light and Western wool a shade lower. The situation is exactly what was expected, with manufacturing restricted in many directions by heavy imports, while unusually large stocks of wool, bought for the rise, are waiting for buyers. There is noticed more desire to sell, although most quotations are unchanged. Sales at the three chief markets for the week have been:

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
1895	3,120,400	2,260,100	5,380,500
1894	5,176,300	2,381,000	7,557,300

Ohio XX is still quoted at 18@19c, and No. 1 washed is 21@22c, but buyers and sellers do not readily agree.

Bradstreet's says: Trade shows some falling off, and an easier tone is noticeable in domestic wools. Dealers generally maintain a fair amount of steadiness, but there have been some concessions made. Buyers are testing the market on round lots, and in numbers of instances only ¼@½c has stood between the seller and buyer on big lines, running into the millions of pounds. Foreign wools are very firm, and values are held even higher than a month ago. The advance in London since the close of the last sale has been about 5 per cent on merinos and 10 per cent on crossbreds, and holders on this side are not generally disposed to sell below this advance. Other foreign fine wools are quiet but firm. Carpet wools are quiet and steady. Domestic fleece wools are quiet, but prices are held about steady. Pulled wools are quiet and scarce. About 1,200 bales foreign wool, largely Australian, were destroyed or damaged by fire at East Boston on Wednesday morning.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Sept. 10.—Cotton futures opened steady. Sales, 5,200 [illegible] January, $8.28; February, $8.32; [illegible] April, $8.43; May, $8.48; Sept. [illegible] October, $8.10; November, [illegible] ber, $8.22.

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